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Dr. Lindsay, Principal of the Glasgow College from 1902 to the time of his death late in 1914, and author of that famous work *A History of the Reformation,* was born in 1843. In 1881 he made a spectacular appearance in the lists of theological controversy as a defender of his friend Robertson Smith, who had been removed from his chair in Aberdeen College as a result of articles on the Bible in the third volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica,* which raised violent controversy.

Mrs. Ross, an intimate friend of George Meredith, has already written volumes of reminiscences. She first met Dr. Lindsay in 1906 and remained his close friend until his death.

To the collection of letters now published she adds little in the way of commentary or introduction, stating that the letters "tell their own story and depict the learned, witty, broad-minded and kindly man far better than any words of mine can ever do."

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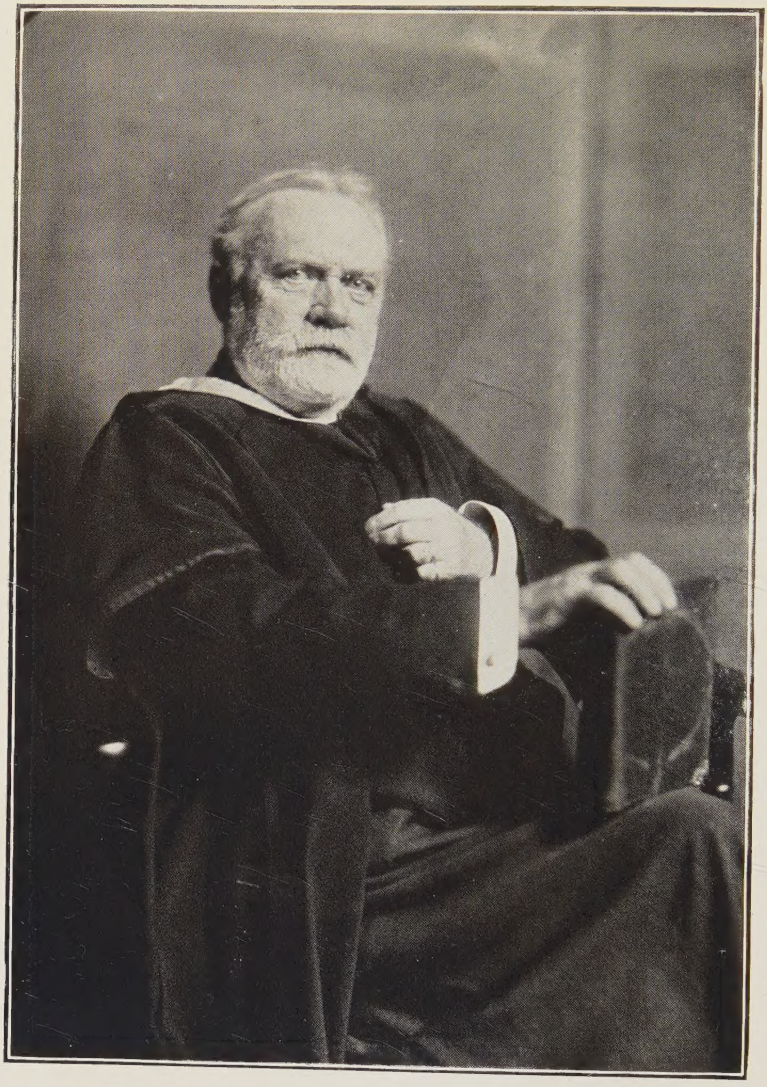
LETTERS OF PRINCIPAL T. M. LINDSAY TO JANET ROSS



Yours very
Thomas M. Lindsay.

LETTERS OF PRINCIPAL T. M. LINDSAY TO JANET ROSS

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PREFACE

THESE letters do not need a long introduction; they tell their own story and depict the learned, witty, broad-minded and kindly man far better than any words of mine could ever do.

Principal Lindsay was born in October 1843, at Lesmahagow, where his father was minister. His career at Edinburgh University was a remarkable one. For many years there had been no such brilliant philosophical student. After completing his Arts course he obtained the Ferguson Scholarship in Philosophy and the Shaw Scholarship (two distinctions which years afterwards were gained by his eldest son Alexander), and was appointed Examiner in the University and Assistant Professor of Logic and Metaphysics. He early grasped the importance of the philosophical movement in Germany from the days of Emmanuel Kant, and his study of German philosophy led him to translate Ueberweg's *Logic*, with notes and appendices, which was published in 1871. When only twenty-nine, he conducted the classes of Dogmatics and Church History in the Free Church College, Glasgow, with such success that in 1872 he was appointed to the chair with which his life-work was to be identified.

In the same year he married Miss Anna Dunlop, of Corsock, a remarkable woman and a real helpmate to her husband in his efforts to foster the higher education of women, and in his ardent support of the movement for improving the condition of the Highland crofters. During this time he wrote many articles for the new edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, including that on Christianity.

When in 1871 Professor Robertson Smith wrote his famous articles on the Bible in the third volume of the *Encyclopedia*, which raised such violent controversy and ended in the removal of Robertson Smith from his chair in Aberdeen College in 1881, Lindsay entered the lists in defence of his friend; a born fighter—and a wary one—there was no more

strenuous defender of the rights of Biblical criticism within the Church. He always regretted, and I believe blamed, the action taken by the General Assembly.

For several years (1886-1890) Dr. Lindsay was Convener of the Foreign Mission Committee—work into which he threw himself with heart and soul. In 1890, as he writes in the preface to *The Church and the Ministry in the Early Centuries*: "It was my good fortune to spend twelve months in India, examining there the methods, works and results of the Missions of the various branches of the Church of Christ. One seemed at times to be transported back to the early centuries, to hear and to see what the earliest writers had recounted and described. Portions of the *Didache*, of the *Sources of the Apostolic Canons*, of the *Canons of Hippolytus*, were living practices there. One lived among scenes described by Tertullian and by Clement of Alexandria. The *Arabian Nights* tells us of the fortunate possessor of a magic carpet who, when seated on his treasure, had only to wish to be carried anywhere in space he desired. Historians might long to be owners of a similar mat to carry them anywhere backwards and forwards throughout the past centuries. A visit to the Mission field, especially to one among a people of ancient civilisation who have inherited those original speculations which were the fertile soil out of which sprang the earliest Christian Gnosticism, is the magic carpet which transports one back to the times of primitive Christianity. The visitor sees the simple meaning of many a statement which seemed so hard to understand, with nothing but the ancient literary record to guide him. He learns to distrust some of the hard and fast canons of modern historical criticism, and to grow somewhat sceptical about the worth of many of the 'subjective pictures' which modern critics first construct, and then use to estimate the date, authorship and intention of ancient documents. He learns that the modern western mind cannot so easily gauge the oriental ways of thought as it persistently imagines. Modern missionary work appears to me to be full of helpful illustrations of the life and organisation of the early centuries."

In 1902 Dr. Lindsay was elected Principal of the Glasgow College, and until his death never a cloud darkened his relations with his colleagues and his students. Few men understood students as he did. As the years went on he became more and more popular as a lecturer; by good-humour and genial irony he maintained perfect discipline, and so gained the affection of his students that when he was very ill I have been told they waited outside his door in relays in order to

carry messages, or to fetch something that was wanted for their beloved Principal.

The first volume of his greatest work, *A History of the Reformation*, appeared in 1906, the second in 1907. This at once placed him in the first rank as a Church historian. His wide reading, especially of rather unfamiliar contemporary literature, enabled him to connect the religious movement of the sixteenth century with the social condition of the people. As Professor Rait aptly remarks : " Above all it was a humanistic survey of the influences that brought about the Reformation. It was impossible to imagine anything more unlike the conventional treatment of Church History than Principal Lindsay's opening chapter of the Renaissance and the social conditions of the time, the family, and the popular religious life immediately before the Reformation . . . but all those topics were treated by a master who saw things where so many of his predecessors had only seen facts."

I may add that the book is not only wise, but witty, as for instance his delightful description of Erasmus. " Every line of the clearly cut face suggests demure sarcasm—the thin lips closely pressed together, the half-closed eyelids, and the keen glance of the scarcely seen blue eyes. . . . The dainty hands, which Holbein drew so often, and the general primness of his appearance, suggest a descent from a long line of maiden aunts."

I first met Dr. Lindsay in 1906, at the house of a mutual Florentine friend, Mrs. MacDougall, and was at once attracted by his very blue eyes. He was introduced as Dr. Lindsay, which said little to me, as there are many Drs. in the world—of medicine, philosophy, law, etc.—and after a little conversation I felt sure that we had much in common, and invited him to come and stay at Poggio Gherardo. That was the beginning of a friendship which lasted until his death. Would that I had known him sooner!

He spent May with me and returned for some weeks in the autumn—visits which were repeated every year. At first it never occurred to me that he was a clergyman, but a friend saw my letter addressed to Dr. T. Lindsay and asked why I did not give him his proper title. " Title, has he a title? " I enquired. " Of course, he is the Reverend Principal of Glasgow College." This is what he alludes to in his letter of the 10th November, when apologising for coming to me as a wolf in sheep's clothing. Never was a more delightful companion—interested in everything, a profound scholar, incisive and witty in speech, hating sentimentalism and pretence, yet

abounding in kindliness. In spite of oft-recurring severe fits of asthma he had been a great traveller in Greece, Asia Minor, the Lebanon, India and Italy, making friends wherever he went with men of every class.

One year when his daughter Susie accompanied him, we went a pilgrimage to Lucca, to see the festa of the Volto Santo which was uncovered on the 14th September. The town was crowded, chiefly with peasants from the surrounding villages, and the church of San Martino was filled with worshippers of the miraculous crucifix, fashioned by Nicodemus on Mount Kedron and brought to Lucca in 742. Lindsay scrutinised the image intently and discovered what none of our party had observed—the curious difference in the expression of the face from various points of view. "Look," he said to me, "seen from the right the face is stern and severe, with large protruding eyes, that will account for the stories of the terrifying effect of the first sight of the Volto Santo. From the front the face is emaciated and full of sad compassion. On the left side you see nothing but yearning pity."

We were struck by the beauty and graceful carriage of the peasant girls as compared with those of the town, and amused at the joyous delight with which they ate various coloured ices in the cafés, while their fathers solemnly drank beer, rather a novel drink for a Tuscan peasant. We seemed to be the only "forestieri" in Lucca; very different, as Dr. Lindsay remarked, from the olden times when kings and emperors made pilgrimages and brought rich offerings to the holy image, and our Norman King William Rufus and Earl Godwin swore "par le saint Vou de Luques."

With some difficulty we found an ivory diptych which had been moved from its usual place in the Archivio Capitolare. Dr. Lindsay wished to see this undoubted relic of very early days made, according to the inscriptions, for Areobindus, an exarch in Africa who was murdered in 545, and probably sent by him as a gift to some Luchese, as the name "frigiani" (St. Frediano) occurs in the list of saints. The late Miss Erichsen and I were writing the *Story of Lucca* for Mr. Dent, and Lindsay was good enough to write a couple of pages about diptychs for our book.

One summer we went together to Ravenna, and were fortunate enough to find the mausoleum of Theodoric quite dry. As we stood in the upper storey Dr. Lindsay talked about the great Ostrogoth, whose name and career were celebrated centuries after his death in Teutonic and Scandinavian Sagas. He built St. Apollonare Nuovo in 500 for his Arian

bishops; the superb mosaics were executed some fifty or sixty years later, under Justinian. On the left is the town of Classis by the sea full of ships, and a long row of virgin martyrs holding crowns in their hands, a touch of nature being the pet dog of St. Agnes looking up lovingly to his mistress. On the right is the city of Ravenna, with St. Vitalis and a building marked *Palatium*, not in the least like the so-called palace of Theodoric in the town, and a long row of saints. The whole is most magnificent.

But the mosaic portraits of Justinian and Theodora in St. Vitale interested Dr. Lindsay more, as they showed the costume of the time. The great Emperor with a smile on his weak, rather cruel face, has curiously arched eyebrows; he wears a purple and gold embroidered mantle fastened with a very large fibula and a jewelled diadem. In his hands is a bowl full of offerings and by his side stands St. Maximian, bald, with half-closed eyes. Opposite is the Empress Theodora clad in the purple imperial mantle, an elaborate crown on her head with long strings of jewels hanging from it, and a broad necklace of jewels. She also has a bowl with gifts for the church in her hands. Lindsay noticed that the pale-faced woman with wide-open eyes looked older than Justinian, and talked of the long dead pictured people as though he had known them intimately. I listened entranced, and at last exclaimed: "My dear Doctor, you make me believe in metempsychosis. Who were you? Maximian perhaps?" Some of my readers will remember his unique power of calling up figures of the past and making them live again.

One summer when business prevented Dr. Lindsay from coming to Florence, I went to stay with him in Glasgow. The climate was detestable, but his delightful talk in the cosy studio lined with books, made one forget the cold and wet of an August in Scotland. A solemn-looking man came one day, and seeing that he had something on his mind, I left the room. Afterwards Lindsay told me with some amusement, that his visitor was troubled with the sense of impropriety he found early developed in children of tender years. He had been visiting St. Mary's school and began to ask questions in Bible history. "What did Daniel do in the lion's den?" he enquired. A chubby faced boy of twelve promptly answered, "Please Sir, he chased Susannah." "In vain," said Lindsay, "I tried to comfort him by saying that 'he chased Susannah' was simply a confused recollection of 'the chaste Susannah'; but he would not be comforted, and told me I was taking serious things too lightly." How we laughed!

The 8th of December, the day my dear friend died in 1914, is always a day of sadness to me. How desolate his death left one. The ready help, the kindly interest he took in everything that concerned his many friends, his joyous courage when knocked down by asthma, his wit, wisdom and varied knowledge, made Thomas Lindsay loved by all who had the good fortune to know him.

JANET ROSS.

LETTERS OF PRINCIPAL T. M. LINDSAY

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, November 10th, 1906.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

Very many thanks for your delightful long letter. You need not fear to tire me with your Pisans. I enjoy all your references to them. I do not know about Rutilius, but I have asked Susie, who is at present at Oxford with the Cairds, to enquire of some learned pundit there, and I have no doubt I shall be able to send you the information soon.

I really ought to apologise for coming to you as a wolf in sheep's clothing; but I dislike uniform of all kinds and never wear clerical dress out of Scotland. They are quite a nuisance in travelling. A clerical garb is a sort of placard, "Enquire here for everything," especially to ladies, who demand strings, paper, ink and pens, the names of hotels, the proper tips to give, etc., etc. I remember once at Waterloo station, when I was in uniform, a very ecclesiastical lady accosting me. "Are you a Churchman, Sir?" I naturally said, "Yes," forgetting for the moment that I was in a foreign land—then recollecting said: "I am a presbyterian." The poor thing was quite dismayed at contact with a schismatic and gasped out—"Bu—Bu—But perhaps you can tell me the way to the underground railway?" Apostolic succession was not needed to give correct information on that point at least.

As I must act up to profession I enclose a "tract," or what will do as well—some more jottings from the *Recueil des Historiens des Croisades*. I am sorry I gave you its name and set you hunting for it. It consists of eight huge folios, but contains after all but little information. The same things are repeated over and over again without variation. I think that with this last set of extracts I have taken out all that can be of any use. The *Resgesta*, on the other hand, is full of information; but I have sent you the cream of it. I hope to send

one sheet more. I am not sure that I have translated all the words correctly. *Casale* I have always translated "site": but I suspect that it sometimes means "farm with buildings and serfs." Then *Curia* I once translated "space of ground without buildings"—that was, if I recollect rightly, the "Curia" at Babylon; but on reconsideration I believe that there, as in other places, it means "law-court," and the privilege granted was that all disputes among the Pisans were to be settled in a law court of their own, and according to Pisan laws.

I am glad you liked the address on Buchanan. It is to be published in a memorial volume, some time, I do not know when—and I must remember to send you a copy. One or two of the Essays will interest you, I am sure.

Your description of your climate makes me envious. To-day we have frost and biting east wind. Yet I am remarkably well. The lazy holiday I had at Florence has done wonders for me.

Yours truly,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 16th, 1906.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I am very glad to think that the jottings I sent you are to be of use. Do not thank me for them; but thank tobacco. I read over the books while I take my morning smoke, and write out the extracts in the half-hour after dinner. I enclose the last—which treat of the Pisans at Acre (the Accon of Mediaeval geographers). Of course there are many other references, some fifteen in all—but they contain nothing very interesting, save one which summarises in a sentence a letter of Pope Innocent III., who congratulates a bishop of the Kingdom of Jerusalem on news which has come to him through bishops of Cyprus—that he has been able to make peace between the Pisans and the Genoese, whose quarrels all down the Syrian coast were a scandal to Christendom. But the action of Pope Innocent is very fully described in the book whose name I sent you—Caro, *Genua und die Mächte am Mittelmeer*, 1267-1311.

Yours truly,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 27th, 1906.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

I am inclined to doubt the story of the Pisans carrying away the Pandects from Amalfi in 1135. The pros and cons are as follows :

On the one hand the story is always connected with the statement that the seizure of the Pandects by the Pisans at Amalfi was the origin of the revival of Roman Law in Western Europe (including Italy)—that when the Emperor Lothar II. heard of the discovery of the lost Digest of Justinian by the Pisans, he commanded that its contents should be taught in all law schools, and that its decisions ought to be enforced in all law courts. Now, as a matter of fact, Roman Law had never been lost in Italy, especially in Northern Italy or Lombardy. Of course the mistake about Roman Law being lost does not invalidate the fact that the Pisans did bring a MS. of the Pandects from Amalfi. But as one part of a whole story is wrong there is a certain amount of doubt cast upon the other.

Thus a certain Italian chronicler Odofredus, who died 1265, has an entirely different story about the celebrated Pisan MS. of the Pandects. He says that the Pisans brought their precious MS. from Constantinople (a very probable thing when we remember how they were continually sending ships to the capital of the Eastern Empire) ; he adds that they got the copy from the ancient Emperor Justinian himself (which is much less probable) ; but he affirms that the precious codex was in the possession of the Pisans at least fifty years before their conquest of Amalfi.

The famous copy of the Digest, or Pandects, which the Pisans possessed (however it came into their possession), is the one in the Laurentian Library now, and is now called the Florentine MS. It was transferred to Florence after the sack of Pisa in 1406. It is the One Complete MS. of the Pandects or Digest of ancient Roman Law, and dates from the sixth or seventh century. Experts say that it must have been written in Greece, and probably in Constantinople. It is from this old MS., now Florentine, that all the printed editions of the Pandects have been made. There are other, but imperfect MSS. All were collated by Mommsen and other scholars to produce the now unchallenged text contained in the editions of 1870, which lawyers in all lands now accept as authoritative.

Thus, whether the Pisans brought it from Amalfi, or had it in their possession long before the attack and conquest of that town, or brought it from Constantinople, it is to the Pisans that belongs the honour of having preserved for modern Europe the real text of Justinian's famous Digest or codification of old Roman Law, which goes by the name of the Pandects.

I suspect that the whole meaning of the quotation you give from the *Resgesta* on page 11 lies hid in the words "voltas prodromi"; and what that is I cannot tell. The words do not occur in that almost exhaustive dictionary of mediaeval latinity—Ducange. A note to Röhricht says that they are explained and expounded in a volume of the *Berlin Royal Academy Transactions*. But there is no copy of these *Transactions* in Glasgow.

Yours truly,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 5th, 1906.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

So many thanks for your two letters. It is delightful to hear that Miss Erichsen is better. I am glad you have got from Ritter, *via* Sir W. Markby, the meaning of Voltas prodromi. The *Säulen strasse* ought to have made me guess it, but it did not. Dictionaries gave many a meaning for *volta*, but nothing like what it really does mean in your text; and when they also informed me that *prodromus* meant the earliest shoots of a tree, the scouts of an army, and the wine which flows from the press before the grapes are trodden, I was completely non-plussed. Now that we know the meaning of the words, I wonder whether *voltas prodromi* were the *bazaars* of Antioch. These pillared arched ways are usually the places of shops. Antioch had been for centuries one of the chief emporiums of the Eastern trade—the articles conveyed to it along many an inland route on long camel trains. What a prize for the Pisans if Tancred (was it Tancred?) dislodged the native merchants and installed them in the immemorial centre of all that lucrative oriental trade. What stores of highly priced spices, and silks and dried fruits, would have been at their command! I wish I could get hold of Ritter's note.

As to your troubles about statistics, I think no one can accept mediaeval or even classical statistics—only no one can

correct them. Of course, it has to be remembered that hordes came from Europe on foot. Pope Urban himself confessed that if the first hordes did not recover the Holy Sepulchre, their march east-ward benefitted Europe. It was a general jail delivery of Europe, he said. And Bernard said something the same of a later Crusade. Then on ship-board men packed close in those days and later. Think of the number Francis Drake stowed on board his small ships. Still when all is said, I never read about the crusades without recalling the confession an old Admiral made to me, a stripling. He was a devout old naval officer, and read his Bible with great assiduity—most of it, that is, not all. He got no spiritual contentment out of Joshua or Judges. "When I come to these books," he said, "the numbers get so *high* and the morals so *low*, that I can't stand it." The narratives of the crusades are not unlike Joshua and Judges.

I had meant to send you my *History of the Reformation* at Christmas, but the second volume will not be ready in time. So I shall send you the first volume soon and the second when it appears—if you will pardon the break in continuity. The first has been received with too great approbation, and there is a glowing, if brief, review in this month's *Contemporary* which speaks of my "dignified and unobtrusive style." Don't you like the adjectives?

Yours very truly,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 21st, 1906.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Your gift of a second dozen of Vermouth came safely last night, a delightful Christmas box! Many, many thanks.

I have just finished the hateful, almost interminable task of making an Index to the second volume of my *History*, and am now at work on an historical map for the same. It is curious to see a map in the process of making. Three great sheets, drafts, have been sent me, all photographed from hand-drawn sheets. In these I have to insert names which have been omitted, because the map-drawer could not find them. Though why any professional map-maker could not find Gorlau I cannot understand. I forgive him not knowing *Cues*; because the poor man may never have heard of the famous wine, "Berncastel Doctor," still less tasted it; its vines grow within the commune.

Then I have to shade the whole with coloured chalks to show where the various "forms of error"—whether of Canterbury, Geneva or Münster—most thickly gathered. So to-morrow I shall be seated at a big table with a box of chalks beside me, and shall be able to fancy myself quite equal to Miss Erichsen as an "illustrator of books," that is what I think she calls herself. Lastly, I have to mark all the names to be printed in black. *They* make a sort of aristocracy of names, for they have the honour to be mentioned in my book. The mere commonalty—*i.e.* those not mentioned—are only fit to be represented in grey. Class distinction will appear even in this democratic age.

That reminds me that I went in this morning to College by the tram-car, and found in the car a Mr. Miller, who is a master-mason and a great politician. He regards with mingled sorrow and anger the action of the House of Lords in throwing out the Education Bill, and his mingled feelings caused him to coin a new and expressive word, which I mean to treasure for use in other circumstances. He said, "that House of Lords is a fair *abnomably*" which I guess to be a mixture of "abomination" and "anomaly."

Yours truly,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 22nd, 1907.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I am ashamed that I have left your last letter so long unanswered. I was delighted to hear that Miss Erichsen is able to resume work.

The last fortnight has been a "knot" in life—all manner of things great and small coming at once or nearly so, and demanding to be done and finished off. First a gentle reminder from Cambridge, that my chapter on the "New Learning in the England of the sixteenth century" was due, and a request for the MS. I got that done, but it was not sent off when there came the first proofs of my Index, which the printers had kept six weeks in their hands with "urgent" marked on it. So the whole weary work of verifying every figure in twenty-two pages of Index had to be gone through. It was not finished when Dent sent word that the first 20,000 of the *New Testament* in Everyman's Library was exhausted, that they wished to print a new edition, and therefore a

thorough revise. With this a shoal of letters and p.c.'s with corrections and suggestions from correspondents in England and America. That was not finished when there came demands for an account of the new facts in the newly discovered MS. of the Minister of the Lisbon Inquisition trial of George Buchanan. However, all is over now, and I can resume the even tenor of my way.

I had picked up two things for you—too late I fancy to be of any use. One is the exact meaning of the word " casale," in the *Historians of the Crusades*. It means the *suburb* of a town or the part outside the municipium boundary. The second is about Lucca and a recent archaeological discovery there. There seems to be in the cathedral at Lucca an old Diptych. But I had better send you the paper of the *Révue Benedictine* for Jan. 1907, which tells the story, and with it some pages from the same review about Tuscan Hagiography. A few years ago I wrote a book entitled *The Church and the Ministry in the Early Centuries*, which was reviewed in one or two German and French Roman Catholic reviews. They praised my scholarship, but detested my principles. Since then unknown friends send me every now and then French or German Roman Catholic journals and reviews ; and this one came a fortnight ago. I have kept the few pages which interest me and send you those which may interest you.

Perhaps I ought to say, to make the Lucca article clearer, that it was the custom in the earlier Christian centuries for some churches to preserve a list of persons to be mentioned in what is now called a " bidding prayer." Such persons were called *communicantes*, and it is supposed that the list of names discovered on the Diptych at Lucca were the *communicantes* to be mentioned in the " bidding prayer " there.

I have made a curious discovery here in Glasgow of all places in the world, which I suppose is more interesting to me than to you. It is the Hymn-book of a mediaeval sect who were in England called Lollards or Wiclifites, in France Picards, in Germany Hussites, and in Italy and Provence Waldenses. I knew that such a book had been printed about 1530 and hunted for it in vain—in the British Museum, the National Library in Paris, and the Royal Library in Berlin. The last contains an imperfect copy. Here it is in the Library of a *Technical College* devoted to electricity, chemistry, and the like. It may interest *you* to know that it once belonged to Sebastian Bach the composer, who seems to have been much struck with the plaintive character of the music. If I can find time I mean to write a short monograph upon it, which

will be very dry. You see I wish to keep true to the motto which an old friend said ought to be mine:

> "Plague on't, quoth Time, to Thomas Hearne,
> Whatever I forget you learn."

Yours very truly,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Feb. 1st, 1907.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I am glad you think the information I gave you from the *Révue Benedictine* may be of use. I fear my hurried explanation was not very enlightening; so I enclose what I trust will let you see what is the exact meaning of the discovery.

I do not know how the book which belonged to Bach got out of his library. All that I have learned about its history is that it was bought with many other books on music and hymnology by Humphrey Ewing of Strathleven, a Glasgow merchant and Dumbartonshire laird, at the sale of the library of Canon Havergill of Worcester. How the Canon got hold of it I do not know. The copy was known to Dr. Burney, who wrote a history of music. All that, and the fact that the volume belonged to Bach, are recorded on fly leaves of the work itself. I cannot begin to work at it till I have more leisure and until the weather gets warmer; and it is possible that I may have to seek the aid of the British Museum ere I know what needs to be known *before* I begin any research.

I could work at it in leisure moments if I could get it home with me; but that is against the rules of the library; and besides, as the copy is unique, I should not like to incur such a responsibility.

The "bidding prayer" in the Church of England is not a very good analogy to the *communicantes*; but it was the only one I could think of. It is used at some University functions, such as the Bampton Lecture, also in some Churches and Institutions on founder's day. It consists, in part at least, of a recitation of the names of benefactors, and the congregation is "bid" thank God for them and for their generous gifts. I suspect it is all that remains of saying masses for the souls of founders and founders' kin.

In the notes enclosed about the *communicantes*, I have given the usual explanation of the meaning and intention of the recitation of the list of names—but I suspect that the

custom was earlier than the explanation. In old pagan times among the Roman "guilds" or confraternities it was the custom on certain memorial days to recite the names of deceased "guild-brethren," and I think the custom, like many others, was taken over into the Christian Church.

I have not read Fraser's book on the Adonis cult; but must do so soon. He is always too fanciful for me—and perhaps that is what makes him so interesting.

I am ashamed to say that I have not read Lucan; but mean to do so. I have had to make lists of the classical authors most read in England and France at the introduction of the New Learning, and was surprised to see what a favourite Lucan was. It is interesting to know that you find him so modern. What weather we are having here—cold, several degrees of frost, constant work to keep the water-pipes from freezing. Then to-day there has been a dense yellow fog, and the amount of charcoal we swallow with every breath drawn in is detestable. The streets are covered with ice and have been so for weeks, and it is difficult to get a cab to take me to my lectures. Indeed, I have had to walk almost every day. But my children are enjoying skating and my colleagues delight in curling—so it is useless to moan.

The Vermouth is not done yet. I have still five bottles left. It is such a treat in this cold weather, and I thank and bless you every time I take a glass. It is really very good for colds. Though I am breathing in a somewhat laboured fashion neither asthma nor bronchitis has laid me low—which is somewhat surprising. That five weeks in Florence in May did me real and lasting good. Even my doctor, who wished me to go again to that wretched place Contrexeville, admits that he was wrong.

I have been reading in the half-hours when I smoke my pipe, *Les Dernières Poesies de Marguerite de Navarre.* They are very interesting as the study of a brave woman's inmost soul. Is it not strange that the best work of a woman who has been so much written about should have lain absolutely neglected for three and a half centuries—that all her learned biographers thought that they knew all that could be known about her—that eleven years ago Abel Lefrance, secretary to the College of France, should have accidentally come on an iron-bound box, bought incidentally along with some valuable MSS. and never opened, should have got it wrenched open and discovered Marguerite's last poems? The MSS. were bound, as she did all her bundles of MSS., in black velvet with gold threads. Her daughter, Jeanne d'Albret, on her mother's

death had, presumably at her mother's request, packed all her last and most private writings into the iron box—hidden everything away so well that they remained in darkness for so many centuries. I wish we had a portrait of her when young—though I like the old face, it was after trouble had set its mark on her.

Well—I have been running on at a great rate—but it is such a pleasure to talk to you.

Yours ever truly,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Feb. 24th, 1907.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Now, please do not put my name into the introduction of the book (Pisa). May friend not help friend? Must the one hand know what the other is doing? I always thought of myself as one of those rotatory book-cases and you as turning it round every now and then for a book of reference. Let me be your rotatory book-case. You would never mention a book-case in your preface! Besides you cannot tell how very delightful it has been to answer questions and look up references for you. My winter's work is always apt to be monotonous, and it does me good to be made to share in something else. I believe that your Lucca and your Pisa have kept me in the state of health in which, to the wonder of the doctor, I have been during this winter, with all its vile weather. Poor man, his bill will be but trifling this year compared with the last five or six.

We have had such a winter, and it is not passed away yet by any means. It has been singularly regular in its iniquities. Violent winds and rain, snow, ten days' hard frost (just enough to make curlers and skaters encourage expectations and no more), then rain, soft wind, then it all begins again. A fortnight ago we had heavy snow, which fell at intervals during three days—then came ten days' severe frost. Yesterday the mercury was several degrees below the freezing point. To-day it has rained, and all underfoot is slush.

I confess to feeling somewhat dull and weary now. The last six weeks of the session always drag somehow, and there is a specially aggravating week when the lectures are over and yet a thousand and one things—trifles—have to be done. I never hope to get free until ten days after the session nominally ends. Susie has ordained that I leave this on

April 8th or 9th, and that I go to Italy. I hope she may be right.

I can sympathise with your distaste for work on the Pisan chronicles. I am at work I dislike—two articles for the *Encyclopedia Britannica.* It's dull making bricks without straw. But I hope I shall finish them next week. Then I shall have five dreary weeks at a book for Dent on the social side of Christianity during the first three centuries—dreary, not because of the subject, which is very interesting to me, but because all work will be dreary now until I get a good holiday of six or seven weeks. I flatter myself that I deserve it, for I have been at work pretty regularly since the beginning of June. Will you take me in part of the time—part of April or part of May? I cannot say which yet, for circumstances are still puzzling, but a fortnight should bring light.

I do not wonder that you find Lucian interesting. When you first mentioned him I thought you meant Lucan—whom I have never read, much. I could not understand how you found the *Pharsalia* modern, but Lucian is another matter. He is intensely interesting. He makes the life of that decadent second century visible as no one else does. I always class Lucian, Erasmus and Voltaire together. They *see* and can describe what they see as none others can. I have not read Mr. Fowler's translation. My copy is an old-fashioned edition with Greek on the one side and Latin on the other. His description of the Christians is very interesting, but I think that the late Bishop Lightfoot did not display his usual cautious accuracy when he says that Lucian took one of his characters from Ignatius of Antioch. He (Lucian) makes one *see* that age as no one else does.

How am I to thank you for your kindness in sending Vermouth. I am quite ashamed to receive so much, and ought to have said so in my last letter.

What an interesting time you will have in June and July at Lucca and Pisa. I wish I could share that tour with you, and be your secretary or even type-writer.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, March 11th, 1907.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Your letter was very welcome, telling me as it did that you had recovered from your illness and were again able to

go out and see the delights of your garden. I only hope that winter has not come back again to Florence and given you a relapse. The weather has been wintry in the extreme here. Yesterday morning broke with six inches of snow on the ground. The milkman's horse passed the door splashing the dry snow as high as its shoulders—just as if it had been wading in a stream. My married daughter passed through the north of Italy on Wednesday and Thursday—saw the ground ice-bound between Verona and Milan and experienced a snow-storm at Como. Her Ayah arrived on Tuesday half-dead with the cold of the journey, and is scarcely thawed yet. The voyage to Port Said was delightful, but cold and stormy from Egypt to Trieste. The advent of the Ayah has aroused the romance of the maid-servants. The housemaid set herself to invent a language of signs in order to hold communication with the stranger from the East ; and all had dreamt of dread heathen incantations performed in the pantry. The disappointment was great, I fear, when the Ayah was found to speak intelligible English, and to be a strict presbyterian like themselves. The dark skin and the *sari* are their only consolations.

Is it asking too much to enquire whether I may bring my daughter Susie with me to Poggio Gherardo? You encouraged me to hope that this might be, and she means to come with me to Italy and to leave me there to return to her sister, who keeps house in her absence. We really hope to be in Florence about the 10th of April ; but what makes uncertainty is that this house in which I have lived as tenant for more than a quarter of a century is to be sold, and that I must buy it or quit. I am proposing to buy it, now, if need be ; but lawyers are so dilatory. However, we must hope for the best. If you cannot take Susie in along with me, we can go to Bonciani's and I can come to you when she has departed. I shall be only too glad to give you three weeks, if you can endure me so long. I wonder if I could be of any use aiding you to summarise your Pisan chronicles. I fancy not much, as my Italian is too feeble. I do not wonder you find your task irksome. It is worrying having to force oneself to do dry work when one is weary in body. I'm finding my *Encyclopedia* articles a heavy burden.

By the way can I ferret out anything for you in the British Museum on my way through London? I must spend at least two days there to correct a bibliography or two. Those dilatory Cambridge people have never sent me my proofs yet ; so I must warn them to hurry. What has come over the

second volume of my *History* I do not know. It was out of my hands, proofs, maps, etc., weeks and weeks ago. Buchanan is not published yet.

The University of St. Andrews has given me an honorary LL.D. I'm bracketted with the Master of Trinity and a learned Hebrew pundit. We receive the Degree on April 2nd. It is a mercy that it is not April 1st!

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, June 9th, 1907.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Yes, I have been ill; and in what way? I've had, and for that matter still have, influenza. It is perfectly atrocious. Just think of it. Here am I, who, whatever my politics may be, am a thorough conservative in the matter of bodily ailments, who have been accustomed since I was a child to be taken possession of and thoroughly cared for by the old family disease of bronchial asthma, suddenly seized, throttled, violated by this new upstart Influenza. I never had it before; I feel as if I had been doing something quite improper. For a man at my time of life to be seduced by a new ailment is quite as bad as if I had fallen a victim to the fascinations of some flaunting young person who had resolved to make a fool of me. It is no consolation to be told that I ought to be thankful the attack has been comparatively slight, that my temperature was never over 102°, that the pain in my bones, the wracking headache, the outpouring of my eyes in tears, the disgusting condition of my nose, did not last more than three days—all that goes for nothing when weighed against the fact that I have shamefully deserted my old love asthma and fallen a victim to the snares of this huzzie of an Influenza. It is enough to make me lose all sense of self-respect.

You know what weather greeted me when I got through the Alps at Modane. I got to Scotland determined to do the work I had given up so much to perform. Well I did it; and got it well done. Settled down to my books, looked up your references, typed the two letters I sent you, had resolved to get your "Swedes" seed (I dare not say turnips) on Tuesday, and also got the *Religion of the Semites* for you, when next morning I could not get out of bed. The physician came, a young paragon like your Giglioli, made my unfortunate body

a receptacle for some odious liquids, and I must say stayed the fever in three days. But here I am confined to my room; forbidden to work, etc., etc. Can you guess how I am amusing myself? I have around me a collection of continental Time-tables, and I am laboriously trying to discover the shortest possible route between Glasgow and Poggio Gherardo. I have actually discovered one by which, leaving Glasgow, say on Thursday at 10 A.M., I could reach Poggio Gherardo on the following Saturday about 6 P.M., and that with only one night in the train. It seems incredible, but so it is.

I wish I had been with you at Lucca. I have only once seen it from the train. It must be a charming place. Do send me the pages about the *Volto Santo*; I should like to see them. Also, do not hesitate to send me *any* pages. You know how much I enjoy that kind of work, indeed enjoy doing anything I can for you, which is not much. You did not tell me what the Provençal MS. is about. That is a language which always beats me. I've tried it over and over again, but can never make much of it. People say it is very easy.

How very delightful that you have got Repetti for me. What is the price? The postage I'll learn from the stamps on the packages. I owe two valuable Italian treasures to you—Antonio De Nino's works—and now this invaluable dictionary.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, June 11th, 1907.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

(1) I enclose your note; I do not see the good of transcribing the Latin; I have made two corrections.

(2) The account of the *Volto Santo* cannot be omitted. But might it not be shortened a little and printed in a smaller type? You have said that you have condensed the story; so you need not hesitate to omit repetitions. I have tried my hand at a condensation, which saves half a page I think. This is perhaps somewhat presumptuous—but there is always a waste-paper basket at your side.

(3) I have written a post-card to a pundit on Anglo-Saxon history to learn if any light can be cast on your king and saint, Richard of England.

I can easily send you a note on Offa; but wait the pundit's reply. So much for business. I think the influenza is almost

gone. As for September, I have begun to count the weeks already. Susie and I are simply longing till they pass. Mr. Dent has just been here. I read him your notes on the guilds, and he was much impressed with your careful research. Then I fetched him completely with the story of the *Volto Santo*. I read it to him in the most impressive way possible. He considers it a beautiful story—quite like St. Francis. If Miss Erichsen is still with you she will tell you that this is the highest possible praise.

Your book on *Studi sulle Istituzione Comunale di Pisa* must be interesting. I wish you had had it when I was at Poggio Gherardo. By the way, am I to look up the Jewish *Cyclopaedia* for information about the Jews at Pisa, or has the Professore at the Archives, of whom Miss Erichsen made a conquest, supplied all your needs ?

Yours in haste,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, June 19th, 1907.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I have two letters of yours to answer ; one came the day before I left for Oxford, and the other the day before yesterday morning.

Let me be business-like and answer questions first. No, I do not think there is much need to expatiate on the study of Roman Law in Pisa in the second half of the twelfth century, and to give a list of names on such a side issue is simply to bore the readers.

I have ordered my German bookseller to get *Le Saint Vou de Lucques*, and will tell him to get the publisher to send it right on to you. I'll order a copy for myself ; it is just the kind of out of the way thing I like to have. We really must go to the Festa of the Volto Santo.

I should have liked to have seen you entertain those carriages full of American women. I have no doubt that you charmed them ; but at what a cost ! Why does the average American do two very objectionable things ?—Pay one compliments to one's face in the most deliberate way, and also demand categorical answers to conundrums of thought or what they consider thinking. I went one day to lunch with an American lady and her companion. What do you think of this ? " Dr. Lindsay, will you give me in one clear succinct paragraph, a summary of your views on the bringing up of children ? "

"Certainly, I'll give you them in two words. 'Wholesome neglect.'" "Oh Maria" (this to the companion), "would not Amelia D. Parkes call that answer perfectly lovely?" What can you do with such people, save resolve to keep as far away from them as possible?

But some Americans, men and women, are the most delightful persons one can meet.

I am sending you the Buchanan volume. It is out at last. I think Dr. Neilson's notes on the "Franciscans" will interest you. The real feature of the book is the wonderful and careful bibliography. I saw ten days ago in a German catalogue a book—*La Vie de Scipio de Ricci, Evêque de Pistoie et Prato.* I had read of him as a reformer of the end of the eighteenth century, and sent for the book. It contains in the first volume, in the *Notes et Pièces Justificatives*, the most awful revelations of the disorders in the Italian nunneries of that time that I have ever seen. They are not general statements, such as one is accustomed to, but extracts from judicial examinations ordered by the Grand Duke Leopold. The questions and answers are given, and the depositions are signed by the nuns examined. One curious thing is that, while the nuns frankly confessed their own irregularities, they obstinately refused to implicate their monkish corrupters and paramours. The book is otherwise an interesting one. Do you know it?

I send along with this notes about the Jews in Pisa. They do not amount to much.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, June 30th, 1907.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Yes! I should like to have Volpi's *Studi sulle Istituzione Comunale in Pisa.* But ought it not to be near you, within reach, until you have finished the proofs of your book? It is more than likely that you may have to consult it again. You may find an ambiguous sentence in something else and wish to refer to your authority. At least that is my experience, and I always try to keep the books I have used till my first proofs are finished. I have just seen Heywood's book, *Palio e Ponte*; but have not really read it. I turned over the leaves and saw how interesting it ought to be. Miss Erichsen, too, spoke about it when we had a drive round Pisa, when I stayed there on my way to Florence. We saw children

playing two different kinds of games with a ball—that brought the mention of the book.

I am glad you liked the Buchanan sketch. It has been rather praised in reviews which have appeared. I think my insertion of three pages about Buchanan in Portugal rather spoiled the symmetry of the article, but the Editor thought that as the true account had never been given before in English —could not, for those Lisbon MSS. had only been published in December, and I had received an early copy—that it was almost necessary to add them.

Yes! I agree with you about Robertson Smith's involved sentences; such sentences do not occur in his earlier writings; but this—his greatest work—was written after that fell disease which carried him off had seized him. I often wonder how he was able to write it in any way. It is only the first half of what he meant to do. For the second he left only a mass of unconnected notes, which no one but himself could have reduced to order. The last time I saw him, about ten days before his death, he told me that he *did* wish to live a few years longer for two reasons—for two only—he did not wish to die before his mother, for his death would give *her* so much pain, and he wished to finish his book. But he knew then that he had but a few weeks to live.

I envy you your Tuscan weather. We have had no heat at all and scarcely any warmth. "Three months of abnormally cold weather" is the heading of our last official report on the subject. It rains and rains. We are now reduced to calling it "a very fine day" if we have three hours without rain. Hitherto the crops, strange to say, have not suffered. They are remarkably heavy. But now the heavy rains are beginning to spoil the hay, still uncut. I do not feel it much. I sit for the most part in my study beside a good fire. It is true I have had a multitude of odds and ends of semi-public work to do, which has forced me to go out and get drenched. But notwithstanding, Poggio Gherardo so strengthened me, that all that has done me no harm.

All my family have gone to spend July in a farm house in Wigtownshire. It is called "Waterside"—a name appropriate to the weather. So I am left alone in charge of the cook, who is very attentive, attentive to the extent of intercepting me when I try to go out to post my letters. She tells me that I must not go out and get wet—that is her business, she thinks. So I am getting my work done and can say with Southey

"How happily the days of Thalaba went by."

We *must* see the Festa on the 14th September, and I shall send you word by the end of August at the latest. So far as I am concerned I could tell you my plans now; but sons and daughters dislocate the even tenor of my life, and I must possess my soul in patience. You are to be in Silesia until September 3rd, are you not? You will tell me where you are, will you not? It is such a pleasure to hear from and to write to you that I would miss it, if I did not know where a letter would find you.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, July 7th, 1907.

MY DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I suppose that you have received some days ago Förster's *La Sainte Vou de Lucques*. Mine came on Thursday. The pamphlet is interesting: the editor is learned in the dry-as-dust fashion: he searches through the Romance literature for analogies, illustrations, etc., etc. Indeed, I think he lugs in too much: I do not see any connection between Sacchetti's tale (Nov. 73) and *the* Volto Santo—it concerns *a* Volto Santo, one in Florence. But Herr Förster has the faults of his kind. There is a book which might have solved some of his difficulties—von Dobschütz on the "Iconographie of Christ"; but a specialist like Förster would never think of looking among *Texte und Untersuchungen zur Geschichte der Altchristlichen Literatur*, to find von Dobschütz, *Christusbilder: untersuchungen zur christlischen Legende* (1899). If he had he would have got some light on his Kümmerniss problem. Then he has not the faintest ghost of a glimmer of the human heart of the story. I read page after page of his text and notes and annotations and corrections, always expecting him to come to the real heart of the story, and when I found not a trace of it, I could have wished to have held Herr Förster by the ears and shaken him till he tingled. There, there,—when shall I ever get rid of the impetuosity of my race?

> "Wha rides sae fast down Coulter brae?
> The Deevil or a Lindsay."

It's too true. These old ballads are abominably true—sometimes!

To my mind the story is a sort of version of the Parable of the Good Samaritan—crude, quaint, whimsical as early mediaeval things always are, but intensely human and true

for all that. Of course I admit that one requires spectacles to see it; but what is the use of being a mediaeval specialist, if you have not the spectacles, and Herr Förster never had them astride his venerable nose. I fancied he was getting them out of their case at the top of p. 21—when he began to speak of the Roman *histriones;* but no!

As I see the story, the starting point for a sympathetic understanding is the fact that minstrels, troubadours, trouvères, minnesingers, glee-men, fiddlers, etc., were all as a class under the ban of the mediaeval Church. No matter how acceptable they were in courts, camps, or private houses; they were ecclesiastical outcastes. This continued long after the Middle Ages were over. In France, for example, no actor or actress could contract a legal marriage without great difficulty and without expending a great deal of money. But during the Middle Ages they were really ecclesiastical outcastes. Now with this fact in view take the story.

Génois was not merely a minstrel, but a poor man; not high in his profession, for he played all day without appreciation; an ignorant one, for he asked stupid questions about the crucifix. The picture is skilfully coloured. When he was told how Our Lord had suffered, pity for it all seized him. But what could he do—a poor minstrel? One thing only he could give, and he gave it. He played a tune to the Volto Santo. Then came his reward. The bishop, unworthy representative of the All-Merciful, wished to deprive him of it. The bishop was put aside by the Volto Santo. What pity the minstrel showed to Christ, Christ would show to him. Then the real likeness between the ecclesiastical outcaste and the Saviour is further shown by Génois' death. His human sympathy with his Lord brought him the double reward of miracle and martyrdom. A genuine mediaeval thought.

It seems to me that if you start with the real fact that a minstrel was an ecclesiastical outcaste you get the real human story—a worthy pendant to the beautiful Nicodemus legend: if you leave it out you have only a ridiculous tale.

Well I hope all this has not bored you too much. I am so grateful to you for calling my attention to the pamphlet. It is to me an interesting instance of the way in which the *people* protested against the narrowness and hardness of the clergy. I'm glad I have got it for myself.

I am delighted that you are to have a really good time in Silesia. I daresay it is not good to be alone too much; but if it has made you selfish, as you say it has, I really wonder what you were before you were so much alone—a perfect

rara avis for unselfishness you must have been. Even now you seem to me to be among the most unselfish persons I have met. It does me ever so much good to know you—I know that. Your letter, as you will have seen from my reference to its contents, came this morning.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, July 18th, 1907.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

It seems such a time since I have written. Your news that you had delayed your departure came just a day too late to permit a letter reaching you before you left. I hope I have not miscalculated in thinking that this will reach Halbau about the same time as yourself.

Then about the *Bianchi*. I think the account you send is quite enough for your purpose. It is really very interesting. Only one thing I would suggest for your consideration. Do any of the lauds and hymns you refer to contain references to the plague which was rampant, or do any of them suggest actions done by the pilgrims? If so, what do you think of translating four or eight lines and inserting them in the middle of the narrative. It would lend a touch of vividness. Some fifty years earlier there were similar pilgrimages all over Germany on account of the terrible plague called the Black Death (only the pilgrims were Flagellants and crowds who followed them). A Strassburg chronicler describes a visit to his town and gives a sort of liturgy of hymns, prayers and actions which they performed. I'll try to find out time to copy out the old German and send it to you before you leave Halbau, and if the old German beats you as much as it beats me, you may find some one to translate it for you. Among the short hymns is one which is very vivid:

"Nu hebent uf die uwern hende
Daz Got diz grosse sterben wende:
Un hebent uf die uwern arme
Daz sich Got über uns erbarme.

Jhesus durch diner namen dri,
Du mach uns, Herre, von Sunden fri.
Jhesus durch dine wunden rot,
Behut uns vor dem gehen not."

The chronicler tells how when they entered the churches they all knelt down and sang, then they fell prone on the floor

and stretched out their arms so as to make a cross of their bodies, and beat the ground with the palms of their hands. Then they stood up and sang the above first four lines and flung up their hands. It is all very vivid.

I am working away hard at my new book, and am alone and under the charge of the cook, who is devoid of the fatal gift of beauty, but has many excellent counter-balancing qualities.

It would be nice to meet you at Milan, and we shall arrange it if possible; but, as I said, I cannot say when we can start. But we shall try to be as soon after the 1st September as possible. I do not want to miss the *Festa* of the Volto Santo.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, July 28th, 1907.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I hope that long ere this you have reached Halbau in comfort and are at rest. I do trust that you are feeling better and enjoying the more bracing air of the north.

Here our weather has been changeable as usual, but since the 18th July not unpleasant. There is in Glasgow a long-established custom that work-people of all conditions have a holiday of ten days from the 15th onwards. Generally speaking those days are the wettest of the summer. This year the rain, which has been continuous for months, suddenly ceased with the holidays. It was pleasant to think of these artisan families scattered over the whole of the west coast, as they do scatter, having for once ten days of warmth and dryness.

I got to read a review a few weeks ago of a book translated and edited by a Miss Newett, of Manchester—*Canon Pietro Casola's Pilgrimage to Jerusalem in the year* 1494. It deals with a period much later than yours, and I do not think that there is much in it that would help you. But there is one thing may interest you. She quotes the regulations of the Venetian magistrates who were appointed over the ships which carried pilgrims from Venice to Palestine—the Cattaveri—and says that they made it a rule that each passenger was to have a berth to sleep in as long as himself and eighteen inches wide. She adds that the same regulations existed in the time of the crusades—at least in St. Louis' crusade—only

that then each berth was supposed to hold two persons. "Each with the feet towards the head of the other." That shows how closely they were packed. I think you once expressed wonder at the numbers the vessels held.

Miss Erichsen seems to be worried about the course of the walls at Pisa. She is bitter at her authorities. These respectable persons, your favourite Repetti among them I am sorry to say, all use an old map of the thirteenth century. When the map agrees with their theories they say it is correct: when it does not confirm them, they say it is spurious. It is no comfort, as I thought it might be, for her to hear from me that that is exactly how the "higher critics" treat the Book of Acts, so how can one soothe her outraged feelings at the inconsistency of man. I'm to see her on Friday at Lamington, where I go for a week-end on August 20th. There I shall have the pleasure of being posed with questions about things I am entirely ignorant about.

I'm hard at work at my new book, and really making more progress than I had expected. After I once got started things went smoothly; but it was hard, hard to start. Some days I have actually written 2500 words—not much to you, I fear, but a good deal to a slow worker like myself. Four chapters are done and I tackle the fifth to-morrow.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Lamington, Aug. 4th, 1907.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I am at Lamington, in a small but very convenient and comfortable country house, owned by a friend, Mr. James MacLehose. It is raining hard, but I am sitting in a low arm-chair beside a nice coal fire, with my writing pad on my knee.

My book is not one that interests me very much—though it is beginning to take hold on me. It is a history of Christianity during the first two centuries and a half, saying as little about doctrines and institutions as possible and describing its social influences. I've stuck for the moment at two chapters—one on the curious medley of oriental cults in the first and second centuries—Isis worship, Mithraism, the Dea Suria—that syncretism which Juvenal calls the Oriental Philosophy; and the other on the usual conditions of the Roman Empire. This three days off is fixing my ideas about both, I think I shall be able to start again when I get back to-morrow.

I fear that I am writing it, occasionally at least, too much in the style of a novel—*e.g.* when I describe Paul's entry into Corinth I make him see a procession of Isis worshippers, which I take verbatim out of Apuleius, who was at Corinth within ten years of Paul, and describes one that he saw. Is that legitimate?

I have been living for four weeks in charge of the cook and a charwoman—finding the ways of my jailor interesting and quietly amusing. She is not endowed with the fatal gift of beauty, but she has many excellent qualities which compensate —one of which is her extreme attention to what she thinks ought to be comfortable for me. Her reign is now over, for Susie has returned. Just before she came back, I found that the cook was quite as amused at me as I was at her. You must know that by some freak of the Doctor's I take a cup of warm milk at breakfast instead of coffee. So one morning she entered the study demanding—"Was there anything wrong with your milk this morning, for if there was I must see to it." "No," said I, "it was very good. Did I not drink it all?" "Nothing but the smallest of mouthfuls," said Jessie. "I thought I had drunk it all," I said; "I do not know I did not drink it." She turned sharp round, made for the door, and I saw her shoulders heave. As soon as she got outside I heard her kackle, kackle, on to the pantry, where she said to the charwoman, "I never saw or read about or heard tell of such a man." "Whisht, woman, he'll hear you," said the other voice. The loud voice sank to a whisper—so I cannot tell you what amusing picture of absent-mindedness she furnished to the charwoman. It would have been nice to know what I really am like. Would it not?

I have been chasing through inscriptions the presence of a multiplicity of confraternities for the practice of oriental cults within the Roman Empire in the first century, to prove how in that restless age of religious enquiry men and women belonged to ever so many secret cults. I've just found one lady on whose tombstone it was recorded that she belonged to nine. The whole subject of that curious pagan syncretion is still very obscure, and the history of it has still to be written. First, however, we need exhaustive monographs on each, and we have as yet two only thoroughly done—Mithras worship by Cumont and the Attis or Adonis worship done by Helbig. So there is no work to crib from, and one must work it out for one's self. So the work for *one* chapter of from twenty to twenty-four pages is rather extensive.

There is here a fellow week-end guest, a very quiet but

interesting man. By profession he is a photographer, and his speciality is the photographic reproduction of paintings. His reproductions of such difficult things as Corot's works is really wonderful. But at heart he is an enthusiast for engravings. He was one of the starters of the Dürer Club and has just started a Vasari Club. His conversation, when you can get him to talk at all—which is only when you have him to your self—is extremely interesting. You would enjoy to hear him on Japanese art. He is full of that subject and of many others. He tells me that a man in Glasgow, Arthur Kay, has the third best collection of fine Japanese lacquer work in Europe, and I am to see it some time under his guidance.

I can't tell you yet when we can start, but I hope we may meet you in Milan on the 1st or 3rd of September. I hope I shall have ten chapters of my book done by that time.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Aug. 11th, 1907.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

So many thanks for your last letter. I've been down with asthma again for a week. Of course I got it by going to breathe the upland air of Lamington. I really thought the dear old companionable thing had forgotten me. But the thought was base ingratitude. It returned to choke me in its embraces. It has gone suddenly—sometime during the night.

I suppose you know all about plumbers. What an interesting class of men they are, and so capable of strong attachments. I imagined I was quit of them. Indeed, I told the last remaining plumber with many apologies, that his back was a delightful view. "You may say that, Sir," he said, "yet I've seen folk glad enough to see our faces." So it proved. Here they are again. All the pipes belonging to one bathroom had been put right, when the other bathroom, jealous of the attention paid to her pitiful neighbour, insists on the same polite attentions and courtesies. *Its* feelings have to be soothed, or it threatens all kinds of things. Two bathrooms are as bad as two wives—such jealousies and outcries at lack of attention and all that sort of thing. So the plumbers are back again. I told the foreman yesterday that the second bathroom must be finished before my daughter

and her bairns return. "Yes, Sir," he said, "that must be, for they and we would scarce agree in a house together,"—a sensible man, with a sagacious face and a long softish nose which seems to curl round a gas-joint when he wishes to detect a possible escape. His sense of smell has absorbed that of hearing. He is

> "as deaf as any Frenchman appears,
> When he puts his shoulders into his ears."

Did I tell you about Miss Erichsen and the walls of Pisa? These walls of Pisa are much worse than the walls of Jericho. She has built them up solid and safe. Then she takes three books, written by three infallible archaeological specialists and a thirteenth-century map. She twists books and map into a trumpet, and like the children of Israel marches majestically round the walls, and they fall down flat. Then they are built up again. The trumpets blare again; and down go the walls. The children of Israel did it once; but Miss Erichsen has done it three times. They are all built up solidly for the fourth time, and were standing firm and secure when I had the honour of inspecting them last Monday. I trust they are still standing; but if I had been able to steal two of the infallible archaeological authorities I'd feel more certain of the security.

This week, as I have been barred by asthma from writing, I've been digging into the inscriptions again—and got very many facts illustrating the religions of the first century. The old gods, Jupiter, Venus, etc., etc., were as dead as door nails. But what searchings after some religion—what seeking after expiations—what strange ideas about the cleansing power of blood! Poor Madame Paulina Agoria Praetextata, for example, was, among other things, a *Taurobolista.* I'd like to tell her story, yet I fear that I dare not give a realistic sketch. This generation has such a respect for clothing—a thing Madame Paulina scorned when it came to religion. Many of these first century tombstone inscriptions to pious ladies read better than the eighteenth century one on a young lady of the time who lived at Bath:

> "She was bland, courteous and affectionate;
> She drew in crayons, painted in water colours, and was
> niece to Lady Jones.
> Of such are the Kingdom of Heaven."

Fancy what dear Madame Paulina forced herself to do to find expiation! This was the first ceremony for initiation of a *Taurobolista.* A great pit was dug into which Madame

Paulina got with her "nodings on," as Hans Breitman says. Then planks, an inch or so apart, were laid over the pit. On to the planks a young bull was led and securely fastened. Then the priest plunged a broad-bladed dagger into that part of the neck of the beast from which the blood would flow more freely. The blood spouted out, fell on the planks, dript down their edges into the pit, and Madame dodged about to get as much blood as possible on her poor naked body. These old mysteries have all sorts of initiations; but I know of none so thrilling and disgusting as that of the final *Taurobolia*.

I hope to write about the time we start in my next letter.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Aug. 12th, 1907.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Everything is at last clear, and we can meet you at Milan on the 1st September. Please let me know your hotel and we will join you there. The rain still falls, steadily, incessantly. What a summer! Not that it troubles me; for I don't go out. I sit by my fire and work. I have been reading again the last edition of de Coulanges *La Cité Antique*. When a Frenchman is a great scholar, as de Coulanges is, how clear and vivid he contrives to make things. Do you know the book? I am sure you would like it.

Later.

Many thanks for your post-card. We may also be detained a day beyond what we meant. It is the plumbers. Susie rightly declares that she cannot leave till she sees them out of the house. We have had such a time. Did I tell you that with the help of a young Oxford man I think I have tracked down your King Richard, whose grave is at Lucca? He seems to have been the mythical son of a legendary King Offa (not the King of Mercia). Offa was a hero among the English before they reached England. He fought against the Danes. They made him one of their heroes. There seems to have been a double set of legends about him—one English and the other Danish—these legends went down as far as north-central Italy. We hope to start for London on the 29th.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Oct. 19th, 1907.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

At last I have an hour free to write to you. I have been in a perfect flurry of small uninteresting occupations—all connected with the beginning of College. Such an accumulation of odds and ends, to say nothing of an opening address, provoking the inevitable leading articles. You seem to be having frightful weather in some parts of Italy. I trust for your sake that Florence and the region round are not visited by the floods. Nice as it would be to have you near enough to be able to see and hear you often, I have too much regard for you to wish you here. Since our home-coming we have had a constant succession of bitter winds and rain. If this continues, I must have a cab daily to and from College.

I fear Italian books are somewhat of a drug on the English market. I have just bought Heywood's *Palio e Ponte* for 6s., and the English edition of Villari's work on the *Barbarian Invasions of Italy* for a like ridiculous sum. I am rather disappointed in the latter; for it has not a reference from beginning to end.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has been holding visitations in his Diocese—he has a small Diocese all to himself I believe. He was at Croydon on Thursday, and the theme of his exhortation was masculine and feminine religion. He seems to think that the Church of England religion is becoming too feminine and needs an infusion of the masculine element. How that can be made is of course the question. His Grace has the goodness to think that the best means is to read my *History of the Reformation.* I quote the condensed report of his speech in the *Times*: "The remarkable history of the reformation just issued by Dr. Lindsay seemed to him to supply just what they had wanted for a long time—to give them that history in its setting in the world's story, in the history not merely of England, but of Christendom and of Europe: and he was perfectly clear that the more they studied that and saw what the relation of the new-found robustness of thought was to the needs of the world then they would find its bearing upon the needs of England to-day." What a wise man! It is melancholy to think that the guineas which this speech will make to flow into the publisher's cash-box, will all remain there—none of them coming to the poor author.

I think I told you that when in Paris I met a lady authoress.

So this week I have received two communications from her—a book of Bernard Shaw's, and a letter in which she asks me to give her great credit for not sending me her own novel. Of course, politeness required that I should ask her to send the novel. So I wrote that Bernard Shaw certainly needed a "chaperone," and that her novel, in the interest of Mrs. Grundy, ought to have accompanied his book. I gathered from something I heard that this novel had been severely reprobated. What an alarming vista is disclosed! Is a respectable old man like myself to become the private critic and consoler of all women who write risky novels? You will be quite pitiless and say that I have brought it on myself; and you will be right as usual. I have, I confess abjectly. I wonder what the novel will be like, and what the accompanying letter. Yet they say, curiosity is a feminine failing. I must have the failings of both sexes, alas!

As the days pass in monotonous trifling occupations I feel myself every now and then wishing that Poggio Gherardo were not so far away, and that I could see you and hear you. But such are the ways of an "unscrupulous" providence. I'll soon get into real work, but I do not think that will altogether cure the longing. May seems very far off!

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 6th, 1907.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

It is quite worth while being ill, if only to find out how much one's friends care for you. So many, many thanks for your delightful letter, which has just come and has made me feel ever so much sprightlier; and that is what I need now. The illness has gone completely, but of course the languor mental, and especially bodily, remains, and letters like yours, or rather your letters specially, are driving it away.

You are not to think, however, that I am going to do everything you say. If I were to, then your letters would not have their proper effect. They would make me a tame-cat sort of being, instead of my self-willed "self." So I am not going through a course of novels written by "lady-novelists" of the "poor-dear" unappreciated kind, who inculcate the highest morality by spurning domestic virtues, and believe in and practise the art of cleaning one's face by washing it in the dirtiest water within reach. I *have* had one sent me "by

the authoress," and I have tried to read it; but it must wait till I am stronger. Browning's *Sordello* is easy in comparison.

No! I have a delightful pastime. I sit in an armchair by the fire and have the dozen or so of the volumes I possess on *Marguerite of Navarre* beside me, and I am search, search, searching through all the notes, etc., for any indications in what libraries in Paris one may sometime look for letters of hers, or where one ought to search for her replies to the sonnets addressed to her by Clement Marot and others. It is a sort of game of hide-and-seek. There is no sense of hurry in it. It does not seem to matter whether the search is successful or not. It has the distinctly immoral "flavour"—a salt which makes it tasty—of appearing to be work, when it is really not. What am I saying? I am as bad as a "lady-novelist." My small grandchild is somewhat like that. "Must we always be good in heaven?" she asked her mother yesterday. "Yes, my dear." "But it is nice to be naughty sometimes." This generation may despise or be afraid of the Shorter Catechism, but there is a lot of common sense in the grim old book.

Yes, I have long thought you had a special "saint" somewhere about Poggio Gherardo. Your peasants are perfectly right. I'm so glad that "he" or "she" has been properly attentive in your time of thunder and hail. The patron saints, like children, are best brought up on a system of "wholesome neglect." It gives them an early and proper sense of responsibility. Lewis Carroll had a delightful short story—a ghost story—in which the ghosts were afraid of the humans. Don't you think you can start a saint-story *apropos* of your hail-storm, showing *your* patron-saint dreadfully afraid of *you*, and so doing "his" or "her" work in a proper responsible fashion? You will forgive a short letter, will you not? Kindest regards to the Berensons.

Yours ever,

Thomas M. Lindsay.

P.S.—I have never told you about my health, that is unpardonable in the circumstances, is it not? The Doctor has just been here. After I had put out my tongue at him (curious how courteous behaviour takes different forms with varying people), and other ceremonies had been gone through, he declared that the disease had departed. Convalescence in the real sense had begun. Then he went on as usual about my wonderful power of recovery, mingled with cautions to take care of myself. I told him that to my idea the Doctor's

ideal of human life was the unemotional limpet. However, he graciously permits me to get into my Study to-morrow, and to begin lecturing on Monday. A pet student of mine has been taking my class in my absence, and has been doing the work well. He reports that twenty-seven men from Canada and the States are in one of my two classes, and that they are very enthusiastic over the new lectures I wrote this summer. His own idea is that they (the lectures) are better than my old ones on the Reformation. So I suppose I shall get a welcome when I get back to my work.

I would fain be at Poggio Gherardo or any where near that Saint-protected spot; but my heart warms to my students and to my work. You will not blame me for that. What matters climate so long as one can do one's work.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 11th, 1907.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

Here I am back in my Study, lunch consumed, after my two lectures at College. I have begun joyfully my work again, have finished it for the day, and may now dawdle. Many, many thanks for your delightful letter. I hope that you will be able to set out on your proposed expedition to the ancient island of Modea. I wish I were going with you. Excursions to discover traces of remote Phoenicians have a fascinating sound, and would, I doubt not, be a more fascinating sight. Do you know Boni's exhortation to all who go to inspect Italian excavations before noon during the winter—*take a dose of quinine first.* That was his advice to me; I pass it on to you. You will like Sicily too; but I am not sure of Palermo for any one who has a tendency to bronchitis; being in that part of Sicily from the beginning of December to the end of February is to undergo a trying experience. The Conca d'Oro is very beautiful, but the semi-circle of hills which surround it to the south acts somewhat disastrously in my opinion. A low fog rises all over it at sun-down and remains on it all night, for the sea-breeze, which might disperse it, is rendered powerless by the hills which confront it.

This morning came a *Review* from America, sent by the courtesy of the editor, because it contained a criticism of my book. The review was laudatory enough, but ended with the exasperating statement that the book contained a good many mistakes which the reviewer would not mention. I would gladly have exchanged a list of mistakes for all his praise.

It was not the review which struck me so much as the name of the reviewer, W. J. M'Glothlin. Did you ever hear of such a name? Where do the Americans get those weird names of theirs? They cannot invent them, for they have not much imagination. Were the original settlers such very bad spellers, that they made a mess of their own names, and their descendants, knowing no better, stuck to the malformations. There must be some occult reason for the surprising variety of hideous names which that great nation every now and then tosses over to us in letters, books, reviews, etc. etc.

John Macmillan, member or connection of the firm, is a stout Church of England man, and appears to wander from one meeting of bishops to another. The speeches he hears are mostly on the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, or on the Congo Atrocities, or on Education. He is also privately worried by a drunken Irishman, a gardener of his, whom he is trying to reform. As a result of all he confessed to his brother-in-law last week, that he has continual night-mares which always take one form.—He sees Donovan (that is the name of his drunken Irishman) chasing the Deceased Wife's Sister down the river Congo, while English children throw slates, ink-bottles, Church of England catechisms, at the pursued and the pursuer, miss them and hit him. What disordered minds these episcopal conferences must produce.

I do trust that your languor is gone, and that you are as sound now in body as you always continue to be in mind.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 19th, 1907.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I am so very sorry to hear that you have been ill again. When such news arrives, I wish I had that *Arabian Nights* carpet, that I could get on it, and find myself transported to Poggio Gherardo. I hate to think of you alone—sick—and nobody with you to cheer you a little. I trust the Markbys will be with you early in January, if not earlier. They will be such a comfort to you.

When am I to have you in this quiet Study of mine? I'd make you sit in the cosy corner with your back to the light—the corner in which my friends, if they are women, sit: when men are with me I sit there myself. I long to have you here, but it must be in summer or early autumn; for we have frost

in the mornings, which in Glasgow generally means fog in the afternoon and evenings.

I've been in full work at College for more than a week now, and am none the worse for it; I still feel somewhat tired in the afternoon, but I am rapidly getting back to my usual health and strength—not much to boast of at any time, but sufficient for work.

Susie was in such a worry on Friday morning. You know we had the plumbers in our house for weeks and weeks during the summer, and the bill has just been paid. It was disheartening, I admit, when on Friday morning the cook announced another pipe had burst. The men were very obliging. They worked on overtime and had things finished and the mess cleared up by 7.30.

I think I am behaving very well. I am not even reading hard, and am letting my writing drift—letting "the world slide" in short. Of course, I did wish to do one foolish thing—but Susie sat upon me so promptly and determinedly that I had to give in. When a man is a widower, he is frightfully henpecked. It is all very well to be pecked by one's own particular hen: that is all in the way of a great natural law; but I have now to submit to be pecked by ever so many hens. Yet I have no doubt that you will have no pity and will say it is all for my good. Such is life!

We had a telegram yesterday from Sir William Fraser, my old friend, who is Lieut-Governor of Bengal, to announce that Jim, my second boy, was safely married. He and the bride stayed with the Frasers for the ceremony. Sandie is to be married on December 14th. Two in two months. Susie's turn *may* come soon. I wonder if the cook, promoted to be housekeeper, when Susie goes, will hen-peck me also.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 25th, 1907.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Your welcome letter and post-card arrived this morning, together with a beautiful box of Kaki. How kind you are to me.

I fear you and I are not going to have a very good winter. My severe illness has left its mark on me, and I am rather fragile. I was tempted and I fell! The temptation came in the shape of an invitation to meet Sir W. M. Ramsay, of Asia

Minor fame. As we have always a good deal to say to each other, I accepted, and a slight attack of bronchitis was the consequent punishment. That was Friday. I kept to my warm Study on Saturday and Sunday; to-day I have been to College, lectured twice, and got home without being the worse. The weather is wretched—frost and a little snow yesterday; a thick fog and frost to-day. It was hard to keep warm. I'd like some of your sun—but why wish for the impossible?

I received a few days ago the second edition of my *History of the Reformation.* It is little altered—only purged of what slips I had found out. The publishers say the demand for it keeps up. *Apropos* of it, you will be amused to learn that after some little discussion a copy has been bought for and placed in the Vatican Library, while Prof. Marucchi was instructed to review it in a Vatican Roman review. This news came on Saturday from a friend in Edinburgh, who knows intimately one of the Vatican coterie in Rome, and keeps up a regular correspondence with him. I have asked him to get for me the name of the review. I shall be curious to see what Prof. Marucchi has to say. I met him in Rome and had some talk with him. I remember asking him point blank why he had written that the Scala Santa was a staircase brought from Palestine, when it was manifestly mediaeval, and he told me, with a movement of the shoulders, that the faith of the people must not be disturbed. We had another talk about a catacomb painting—when he made the same answer. A man who is not bigotedly truthful—*non superstitiose verax*, as Erasmus said.

What a triumph for Poggio Gherardo, oil for Cuba! I trust it will render the inhabitants less explosive. Their rancid oil is quite enough to make them revolutionists. It explains a great many things.

A friend has lectured me gravely on my lack of commercial spirit, and instructed me as to how to make money by writing books. "You know all sorts of history," she said; "well it does not matter much whether you write it in the form of a novel or a biography or a history; only spice it well with improper stories and you will see how it will sell." I told her that I did not need her to tell me that; but that I would not be the author of such a book for £10,000. "You are nothing but an old fool, and I could stamp my foot at you; think what you might give to Susie," she said. So we talked and abused each other with great good will and cheerfulness.

Goodbye. I wish you were nearer—not a very kindly wish with our present weather.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

By the way, I got this morning the catalogues of a Paris bookseller, one of which gives a list of no less than 249 different books and pamphlets, all of them about Louis XVII.—the son of Marie Antoinette. What is more, there seems to be, or rather there is, for one number came in the parcel, a *Revue Historique de la Question Louis XVII.* It is published monthly. The number sent me is that of May 1907. I had no idea there was such an interest taken. It is evidently held by most of the contributors that the boy did not die as history commonly asserts, but escaped and could get none of his relations, including the Duchesse de Berri, to recognise him as the heir to the throne.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 30th, 1907.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I was forced into bed again on Tuesday afternoon. It was not a relapse into my serious illness—just the ordinary bronchitis. But *the* illness had left me weak, and two days of yellow fog and severe frost did for me. So on Friday (yesterday), my Doctor insisted on a "consultation." A consultation is such a comical thing. First your own Doctor, the eminent expert called in standing by with intense gravity, taps you all over breast and back, then he stethoscopes you, then his fingers go poking your ribs, feeling about your breast-bone, squeezing your stomach. Next the eminent expert does the same thing, putting questions to you, which you answer. Then the two gravely leave the room. They return in the same solemn manner. The expert gives you a lot of information—your own answers put into medical and therefore obscure language, but delivered with an air of originality about them. Lastly, the eminent expert assures you that there is no doctor like your Doctor, and that what he has been doing for you is what he ought to have done, and departs. Then your own Doctor returns with a conscious air of proud humility —modest assurance—and expresses himself as wonderfully content with the consultation. *Floreat res medica.*

However, their main prescription is a very sensible one, that for this winter I am to get an assistant who will relieve me of

all work for two days in each week, and will be ready to read my lectures on any day that is foggy. I have meekly promised to obey. What a lazy dog I am going to be for the next four months. I forgot to tell you the serious advice my lady friend gave me the other day about my mode of life, when Susie marries. "What are you going to do when Susie leaves you? This house is too big for you living alone by yourself." "It is not too large for my books," I murmured. "Books! a house is not for books! What are *you* going to do?" "I'm going to have a housekeeper, of forbidding aspect and kindly heart," said I. "No! that will not do, you must marry a nice young girl." "I'll do no such thing. It's grossly immoral to my mind, for an old man to marry a young wife." "Well, some one between forty and fifty, with about £400 a year." "Widow or single?" asked I. "There's much to be said on both sides," said she. I refused, however, her tempting offer to look out for some one for me. What a chance I have missed!

The cook and the housemaid vie with each other in solicitude for me in my illness. The panacea of the former is a fireplace heaped with blazing coals: while that of the latter (she is Highland) is, as naturally, whiskey. The consequence is that I cannot leave my Study for five minutes without the cook rushing in to pile on coals (how she discovers I have gone out is more than I can tell, for the kitchen is not near my Study), which I have to remove laboriously when I return. The housemaid's zeal comes out in secretly pouring in half-a-glass instead of the medically ordered table-spoonful into every cup of milk I imbibe. If I become a confirmed toper, it will be all her fault. Neither command nor entreaty has any effect. The affectionate regards of one's womankind are no doubt beautiful, but—they are trying. I do trust you are better.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 10th, 1907.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

If I could fly to Florence for the remainder of this winter I would do so gladly, but where would I be without my salary as professor and principal: and where would my salary be, if I did not do my work? So I must stick to my post. No work, no pay, is our Scotch system. I've got to pay for my

assistant out of my own pocket. It is a concession, gladly and courteously given, I confess, to be allowed to have an assistant.

I think I told you that the doctors advised me to get an assistant to relieve me of a third of my work for this session. I have got one, and the students have quite taken to him. So my mind is at rest. I had to make them a little speech, and told them that I knew they had the bad taste to prefer me to anyone else, but that the best of us could not get all we wanted at all times. These students of mine are inconveniently fond of me. They pled, however, that I would keep one part of the work in my own hands and not discontinue it, and I readily consented. I lecture four days in the week, and on the fifth I have an examination. But my examination is of a peculiar kind : instead of me examining my students, they examine me. I stand the fire of all manner of questions, relevant or irrelevant, the students like to put to me on anything suggested by the week's lectures. This professor baiting delights them. They exert themselves to put posers. If I cannot answer them, which I confess is but seldom, I do not stand on my dignity of professor, but confess at once that I do not know. I always think that the worst use one can make of his dignity is to *stand* on it.

I've been reading two books on the Grande Mademoiselle, the cousin of Louis XIV., and came upon a custom which I had forgotten—the custom that grand ladies and gentlemen had of writing out " portraits," as they called them, of themselves. They generally say something of their moral and intellectual qualities, but men and women dwell on their physical charms. The gentlemen, not the ladies, usually refer to their taste in dress. Here are some to amuse you :

La Duchesse de Chatillon thus describes herself (she had the description elegantly printed and sent round to her friends, male and female, especially male as far as I can gather).

" I mean to describe myself with the greatest ***naïveté*** possible. This is why I can say that I have the most beautiful and best formed figure that ever was seen. There is none so regular, so free, so easy. My bearing is entirely agreeable, and in all my actions, I have an air infinitely *spirituel.* My face is a most perfect oval, according to all standards—my forehead is slightly elevated, which aids the regularity of the oval. My eyes are brown, very brilliant, and very deeply set ; I have a well-made nose, and as for the mouth, it is not only fine and well-coloured, but infinitely agreeable, made so by a thousand little natural expressions not to be seen in other

mouths. My teeth are very beautiful, and regular. I have a very small chin. I have not a very white skin. My hair is a clear chestnut, and very lustrous. My neck is more beautiful than ugly. As for my arms and hands I am not proud of them; but the skin is soft and smooth. It would be impossible to find a thigh better made than mine or a foot better turned."

Here is a gentleman's "portrait." It is that made by le Duc de Candale:

"My eyes are blue and well made. My features are somewhat irregular. My mouth is rather large and somewhat disagreeable; but I have very beautiful teeth. My hair is the colour of gold; and I am sure that no one has such a quantity as I have. My figure is admirably formed. I dress so well that my most fashionable friends attempt to copy my attire. I have above all the air of a perfect man of quality."

What a pity the fashion has gone out, and that we have to content ourselves with the "portraits," notoriously inadequate, which others make of us.

Goodbye. I am so glad to know you are better.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 24th, 1907.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I have occupied the time since last writing to you in indulging in one long spell of bronchial asthma, a disgustingly commonplace sort of thing. It has not affected pulse, temperature nor tongue, which are assiduously examined by the Doctor. But it *has* my temper, inside I mean. I trust that I have not shown the internal fire. I know that I have slammed no doors—indeed, I am too glad to pass through meekly and breathing heavily. I have thrown boots at nobody—they are all kept in places too far away. I might have thrown books—but they are too precious.

This asthma of mine has driven me to desultory reading. I've read Herbert Paul's *Biography of Froude.* I usually do not care for English biographies—but I enjoyed the book. It came from the Book Club. My other reading was furnished from my own shelves. The most interesting are the two volumes of letters by unknown correspondents. They give a minute account of all that went on at Versailles from week to week between 1777-1792. They are mainly political, but

are full of delightful gossip about Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. The Queen, in the anecdotes, appears a bright, pleasure-loving, kind-hearted creature, always ready to be imposed upon by worthless people, continually trying to interfere in political matters and, when she does so successfully, always working mischief. The King is well-intentioned, laborious, benevolent, very slow, always upright, generally weak.

A delightful book is *Philippe Mounier ou Venise au XVIII. Siècle*, which describes in bright, piquant, non-moral French, the gay frivolous life of the city. Then comes a scathing last chapter.

More amusing is a book which appeared last week and was sent to me by our "Foreign bookseller," and which I have kept. This is the first volume. The second is to come in a month or two. It bears the title *La Civilité, l'Etiquète, et le Bon Ton du XIII. au XIX. siècle*, and treats of the intimacies of life. I always knew that there was not much personal cleanliness in the seventeenth century—witness the saying of Queen Margot to one of her admirers, "Look, my hands are much nicer than yours, and they have not been washed for eight days"—but I thought matters had improved a century later. Not a bit of it. A bath once a week or once a fortnight was permitted, but it was not thought proper to use water on hands or face every day. The custom was to rub them carefully with a dry serviette. Gentlemen and ladies were told that it was not good breeding for the hands to play with the hair, while at table, lest parasites might fall out. So I suspect we ought to add the adjective "dirty" when we speak of the "delightful, elegant eighteenth century." Before 1770, however, what are called "English customs" began to spread, and people, notwithstanding the opposition of the doctors, began to wash regularly. Asthma enables me to pick up quite a lot of useless information.

I'm so glad that Dobschütz pleases you. It's not a book, but a quarry. I've dug into it often, but never read it through.

By the way, I had a letter from the editor of the *Glasgow Herald* to-day. He wants me to write an article for him on some academic subject. He adds that he was delighted with the "Tuscan Festa," and the "Tuscan Vintage," and hopes that if I go to Italy again I'll give him an article once a week at least. Lots of editors are demanding articles, but I'm too tired or too lazy to respond—one wants one on "Marguerite of Navarre," another on the "Volto Santo," a third on "any-

thing, if it be only a collection of good stories." And here am I breathing like a school of porpoises. Why does not some one invent a machine which would enable you simply, by looking at a sheet of paper, to have your article neatly typed in half-an-hour. It would be much more useful to me than an aeroplane. But no—the consequences to the public would be too awful.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 25th, 1907.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Yours of the 20th came this morning. I think you are the very kindest friend any man had the rare good fortune to possess. Oh, yes! If my Doctors said that the state of my health absolutely required that I should have three months' leave the Committee would grant it at once; but then the Doctors do not say so. They believe that if I keep quiet, lead the life of a hermit, etc., and have an assistant, I can do my work quite well. I think that they are right. Of course, my illness was bad enough to leave traces. I must be rather weaker than usual, and the chances of one or two attacks of asthma are great; but that is all "in the day's work." Then I am very fond of my College work, it is meat and drink to me in more senses than one. Like Miss Mattie's maid-servant in *Cranford*, I like the lads; and what is more, strange to say, they like me. I should hate giving up my work: I did hate it when I was forced to do so in 1900. No amount of music, no amount of archaeological and historical conversation with experts in Rome made up to me for the loss of my session: not even Palermo, Taormina, Syracuse. Of course, Poggio Gherardo is more tempting and your company better—still I have not yet attained to the high moral elevation of dear old Miss Clementina Stirling Graham, who assured me (she was eighty-seven then) that the best way of resisting temptation was to yield to it. Conscience, or perhaps "Conshie," rules still within me—troublesome brat that it is.

As Susie is known to be away, kind ladies are sending me provisions by way of presents. I suppose they believe that Jessie, the cook, cannot market. If this thing goes on when Susie leaves me, my household bills will diminish quickly. I've had a chicken twice in the last three days. No half-starved, tough, sinewy birds—but plump, large, tender fowls.

Now chickens can be so cooked that they taste like sawdust, but Jessie turns them out juicy, succulent, and tasty. "Now, here's another chicken for you, Doctor," said Jessie, thrusting her ample person half-way in the Study door; "as you had one yesterday, you'll be needing something in between." "No, no, Jessie," said I, "I could eat chickens cooked by you four days running at least." She grinned delightedly and departed. I wonder how many more are coming? I must get Susie to stay away a few days longer.

Oh, this Yule-tide time! "Peace on earth and goodwill to men" indeed. It is anything but true when one has a daughter in Devon, another in Cheshire, and a son at Grasmere, and when all their several Christmas cards, letters, parcels come here, and have to be re-addressed. My fingers ache with the pen, and the lobby is a scene of confusion. I endeavour to cherish goodwill to men; but I have none for Christmas cards, which are a perfect nuisance. I have never sent off one of these detestable documents in my life, and hope that I never shall. As for peace—it may come in two days, but I am sure not before.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 27th, 1907.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I would wish you and yours all joy and comfort during 1908, were it not so like a Christmas card, and I've had enough of them.

I can quite understand how your grandmother was thought to act improperly when she washed herself all over every morning. Do you not know the maxim of the old Scottish dame: wash your hands often, your face once a day, but your back never? The grand dames of the eighteenth century in France took a bath once a week—received visitors while doing so and while they were clad in water and a little, but not much more, but they did not wash hand or face even once a day.

It is good of you to say that all my friends are welcome to you, but I'll take care not to give you away. Some of my friends would bore you, and rightly bore you, beyond measure. You would be amused to see how I am asked for introductions by people going to India. Two important persons there—the private secretary to the Viceroy and the Lieut.-Governor

of Bengal—are very intimate friends, and many people seem to have discovered that. So the only way to do is to refuse to give introductions at all, unless to very great intimates, and they, as a rule, luckily do not go to India. Indeed, it will amaze you to know that I have twice refused to give introductions to you—both times to ladies.

Have you ever read the *Correspondance de Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans?* She was a Princess Palatine and married Philippe, the brother of Louis XIV. She was the mother of the notorious Regent. I have had to consult it several times and perhaps foolishly, but such is my way, always made use of the only complete and critically edited edition—7 vols., published by the Stuttgart Verein, which is, of course, in the original and very difficult German. I never read it; indeed, it was labour enough to read what I needed. I got some time ago a French translation and abridgement, and have been dipping into it occasionally. It is about the raciest letter-writing I ever read—coarse often, but that was the custom of the time, witty, sarcastic, and eminently human. She hated Madame de Maintenon, and has no end of nicknames for her. She never ceased to be a German; hated French cookery; lamented that she could not get wholesome cabbage soup and other Palatinate luxuries. She was an indefatigable correspondent—wrote to cousins, to her old governess, sparing nobody though she knew that all her letters were opened in the post-office. Indeed, she seems to have thought of the opening with pleasure, when the letter contained anything exceptionally abusive of Madame de Maintenon. She draws her own portrait several times with great frankness: "Je dois être fort laide: Je n'ai aucune traits, de petits yeux, un nez court et gros, les lèvres longues et plates, tout célà ne peut former une jolie figure: J'ai de grandes joues pendantes et une longue figure: Je suis très petite, grosse et épaisse, le corps et les jambes courtes: en somme je dois être une vilaine petite laideuse. Pour voir si j'ai de l'esprit dans les yeux il faudrait qu'on les regardat avec un microscope ou tout au moins avec une lornette, ou plutôt il faudrait être sorcier pour le déviner." Her delights were hunting and letter-writing. She records that while hunting, she has fallen twenty-six times and been hurt only once. She tells a story well. She has one of an aged bride who came to church with such a very young bridegroom, "que le ministre demanda: Présentez-vous cet enfant pour être baptisé?" In short her letters are very entertaining reading for an idle person.

Your work at Lorenzo must be very interesting. I know

only the small edition of his poems published in Florence in 1859. Miss MacLehose got them for me. I suppose from what you say that it is not complete. Are his MSS. available or are you contenting yourself with the printed material? I suppose the latter are sufficiently scarce.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 2nd, 1908.

MY DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I'm glad you liked His Grace of Canterbury. *I* am compelled to think highly of him, ever since his visitation charge at Croydon, when he advised all his clergy to read my *History of the Reformation*—but that can scarcely be called an unbiassed opinion.

I've got to work again, and am "warstling" (only Scotch will express the fact) with a chapter on the condition—the religious condition of the Roman Empire during the first three centuries. If it were a book the thing would be comparatively easy—but how to condense it all in a chapter of thirty-two pages is the hard problem. I've stuck at this chapter ever since I was at Poggio Gherardo. I could *talk* by the hour on it—but how to write it out in brief compass, and yet make it clear, is the problem. I've read and read, and dug and dug into the volumes of inscriptions, but to put all down clearly and in a fashion that will make my readers see it seems to be utterly beyond me. I've begun writing in despair and finished five pages in *three* days. If the first ten were only done the remaining twenty would flow out I am sure. Pity the sorrows of a poor old historian who has a reputation for concise accurate statement.

Of course, I shall be glad to have your proofs to set right—if any are wrong—your references to the *Recueil.* I have the huge tomes at the College and it will be no trouble. By the way I forgot to send you a cutting from the *Times*, protesting against a proposed act of vandalism on the part of the Municipio of Lucca, who say they are going to knock down part of the old walls.

My days of solitude are ended. Susie has returned. The usual humdrum life begins. The cook will no more offer me choice of meats to dinner, and end by giving me what *she* thinks best. Miniature spring cleanings will be things of the past. Life will be well-regulated and monotonous. "Might

I have stayed away longer?" said Susie. "Indeed you might, my dear," I said.

My family are not going to trouble me much in the evenings. It seems that they are booked night after night for dinners and concerts. So I can still repose in luxurious solitude and read the racy correspondence of Madame, the Duchess of Orleans. She is strong on the education of children, and quite undeterred from expressing her views by the way in which her son turned out. His education was taken out of her hands by the *vielle guenipe* (Madame de Maintenon) and given to the Abbé Dubois, whose portrait, says Madame, "Looks like a fox crouched on the ground watching a hen." It is true that Madame's daughter, who became the Duchess of Lorraine, was a lily among thorns in that vile generation. So perhaps she had right. One of her maxims is that children should never be boxed on the ear, but that punishment should be given on a softer and safer place. She is constantly denouncing the drunkenness prevalent among ladies young and old in courtly circles, and says neatly: "s'enivre est chose fort commune chez les femmes en France; et Mde. de Mazarine a laissé une fille, la Marquise de Richelieu, qui s'en acquite à la perfection." She tells a good story of the Pretender: "Le Chevalier de Saint-George est le meilleur homme et le plus poli qu'il y ait au monde. Il demandait une fois à Mylord Douglas: Que puis-je faire pour acquerir la sympathie de mon peuple. Douglas lui répondit: Embarquez vous, prenez douze Jésuites avec vous, et, aussitôt que vous serez arrivé, faites les pendre publiquement: rien ne saurait être plus agréable aux Anglais." With all her sarcasm, she never fails to note good points in people, however otherwise objectionable. She had no liking for her notoriously profligate grand-daughter, the Duchesse de Berri, but she says that when her daughter-in-law, the Duchesse d'Orleans, was ill, de Berri nursed her mother night and day with the patience of a Grey sister. All together she was a clear-sighted, sharp-tongued, kindly old lady. "I never cared for dolls when I was a child," she says. "I liked to play with pistols and sabres. I wished to be a boy, and they told me I could become one by jumping. So I jumped and jumped in such a way that I marvel I did not break my neck."

Yes, I have heard of Stevenson's book, *The Crusaders in the East.* The author first offered it to the Oxford Clarendon Press. They refused it. Then he turned to the Cambridge University Press, and they accepted it. I am told the Oxford people wish that they had taken it, and that it is good; I have

not seen it yet, but I hope to soon, and will glance through it to see if anything can be gleaned for you.

It would be good if Glasgow were nearer Poggio Gherardo. I cannot wish Poggio Gherardo very near Glasgow. The fog is very thick and the thermometer below the freezing point. People say we are to have a hard winter.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 7th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Your nice long letter of the 2nd came yesterday morning. I can assure you, if I did not tell you before, that I did not go to Edinburgh, but remained safely within my Study at my fire-side. My courage failed me when I saw what sort of day it was.

It happens that Sandie was asked to review Dr. Prince's (Mrs. Berenson's *Dr. Prince*) book twice, and has two copies. He says that he will send you one of them. So you will know quite as much about Dr. Prince as Mrs. Berenson does before she returns from America.

Susie and Tom went to Edinburgh yesterday to hear Sandie's first lecture. They were intensely interested, not so much at the lecture—for being on the philosophy of Kant, it was beyond them—but in the class-room and the audience. Sandie had a large and rather distinguished audience. On the wall of the class-room the two saw, to their great delight, their father's name written up in gold letters on a green ground—as the most distinguished student of the year 1865. I've never seen the memorial tablet, but I hope to when I go there some day, probably to-morrow, to hear Sandie. Here comes the cab to take me to College, so I must stop sooner than I had hoped.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 8th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Your letter enclosing the account of the attempted assassination of Lorenzo came yesterday. The account is curiously interesting. One passage recounting the bravado of the would-be assassins is a singular instance of what

Horatio Brown, in his recent book, *Studies in the History of Venice*, says is characteristic of the whole renaissance period—the readiness to commit any crime simply from the delight in the daring to do it. You would like that book, I am sure. I think I should prefer the phrase "coats of mail" to "shirts of mail," though both are constantly used as synonymous. Strictly the "shirt of mail" was the protection of chain armour worn under the doublet or usual coat. Does not the context imply that they were cuirasses—at least a cuirass is spoken of as being in pawn?

Last mail brought me news about my second boy. About eight months ago he was transferred to a district where, to his annoyance, his predecessor had been so lazy that all kinds of government business—law cases, reports, taxation returns, were in a hopeless muddle, and about eighteen months behind. Jim made no complaint, tackled the arrears at once, and had them all worked off and order re-established in six months' time. Besides this, he managed to pass his examination in Bengali. Now, and very speedily, his reward is come. He has been appointed to one of the best districts in Bengal Proper, his pay about doubled, and his rank officially raised. The district is rather a difficult one to rule. It contains three extensive coal-fields, and various local interests tend to clash. But the Secretary's letter announcing the appointment was complimentary, so we are all delighted.

Last night we had our second Kaki and Vermouth banquet, which was even a greater success than the last one, in spite of the fact that our guests came at a day's notice. We had meant to have it next week, when Sandie would have been back from Edinburgh, as we specially wished him to partake of the good things from Poggio Gherardo. But the fruit would have spoiled by another week's waiting. So Susie invited the guests by telephone, and we sat down a small but highly delighted party of eight. We were all sorry that the real giver of the feast was not among us.

I think you would like Horatio Brown's *Studies in the History of Venice*. To me his chapters on the renaissance spirit and the origin of Venice in the first volume, and on "Paolo Sarpi, the man," on "Cardinal Contarin in Venetian Policy at Constantinople," and on "Shakespeare and Venice" were specially interesting.

I suspect we are going to have another cold snap. The wind is now out of the south-west into the north-east.

Yours always,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 12th, 1908.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

Here I am up to the ears in proof-sheets. Three days ago I got an urgent message from my publisher that Volume II. of my *History* was sold out, that they had not foreseen such a rapid sale: would I send them any corrections, etc., etc. An "unscrupulous" providence sends these messages when they are least wanted. Our house has been full to overflowing with sons, daughters, and daughters-in-law, while I have been breathing with difficulty. It is neither asthma nor bronchitis —simply a stuffing up of the windpipes since our awful prolonged time of fog. No coughing, nor doctor's mixtures seem able to clear them. However, I managed to send off 150 pages, and the rest will go in a day or two. Happy you to have finished and sent off three chapters of your *Pisa*. What a relief to know that they are out of your hands, swallowed up by the all-devouring post. But the worry will return with the proofs. I think it is harder work to see a book through the press than to write it.

I am discovering some mistakes in my *History* which escaped lynx-eyed critics. Among other enormities I have made a man marry his mother-in-law!! Luckily I do not think that there are any heirs to begin a process for libel. My defence would be that he *ought* to have married the mother and not the daughter. The bridegroom was sixty-seven and the bride under twenty. He had not even the excuse of being a widower. To think that he was a hero (second-rate) of the Reformation. Yet the Archbishop recommended the book to his clergy! He little knew what he was doing. Now do not give me away. The second edition will be very proper —propriety itself.

My foreign bookseller has just sent me nine catalogues, from nine several French second-hand booksellers. I do not know a more delightful way of wasting one's time than the perusal of this kind of literature. Not but what the reader gets a good deal of information in a lazy sort of way. They have all the delight to me, and more, that comes to a dressmaker from turning over fashion plates. They are greater sources of temptation. Think of "P. J. Marie de Saint-Ursin, L'Ami des femmes, ou lèttres d'un médecin concernant l'influence de l'habillement des femmes sur leurs moeurs et leur santé, et la necessité des bains . . . dedié à Madame Buonaparte, Paris, 1804, in-8. vaux fauve, dos orné, dentelle, tr. d'or, 12

francs." What a delicate insinuation to Madame Buonaparte, that, luxurious creole that she was, she ought to bestir herself; remember that her waist was not as high as her armpits, and that she ought to keep her hands and her face, to say nothing of her back, somewhat cleaner! How did Brother Fortin, "religieux de Grandmont," find time to acquire, to say nothing of publishing all the useless information his title suggests? (—Les ruses innocents dans lesquelles se voit comment on prend les oiseaux passagers et non passagers et plusieurs sorts de bêtes a quatre pieds, avec les plus beaux secrets de la pêche dans les rivières et dans les étangs, et la manière de faire tous les rets et filets *qu'on peut s'imaginer*.) To think that this treasure, bound in old green morocco, and richly gilt inside, can be bought for 50 frs. It needs all the will power on which votaries of "Higher Thought" plume themselves to resist the temptation to possess it. Fancy such temptations thickly strewn through nine separate catalogues, and then pray that I may have the strength to resist.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 14th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Your letters written on Thursday and Friday arrived together yesterday morning. A Scotchman, you know, according to the ancient saying, keeps the Sabbath day and everything else he can lay his hands on. So we've no Sunday delivery in Glasgow.

I've retyped your inscription and sent it off to my brother and to another Latinist, and will send you the translations when they reach me. I thought that "noets" must be "noste," and "ingegio" "ingenio," but it was safer to return the inscription to you, to make sure.

Friends, mostly feminine I must say, are giving me varied and energetic advice about what I am to do when Susie leaves me. One lady, whose letter came this morning, sent me a long lecture, with one part of which Miss Erichsen will not agree. "Go and live in Italy," she says. "Get a good cook, an Italian. Get a house with plenty of sun. Be sure there is a good sitting room with a fire-place, and windows that will not open. Then you will be perfectly happy." The best thing about getting so much advice is that one need not follow any of it.

I have always forgotten to answer your queries about oil. No, I do not need oil. My doctor now prohibits it. There's a fine variety in medical procedure; but I obey implicitly. There is no sense in keeping a dog and then barking yourself.

Such a catastrophe has just arrived in the shape of a letter that I have promised to lecture on the "Oriental Religious Philosophy of the Third Century" to the Philosophical Society *to-morrow night*, and that a large audience is expected. I thought I had arranged for a night in March. So I must quit letter-writing. Not a word of the lecture is written.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 21st, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

While you are having frost, and mist settles on your plains, we are enjoying mild spring weather. The languid sun shines a good part of the day and the air is soft and balmy. To-day, however, there is great aerial commotion. The west wind has evidently got word of some threatened attack, and it is hurrying up its battalions. When the battle is to be I do not know, but some big sky fight is threatening somewhere; if the west wind is beaten—then frost and fog again for us; I hope it will win, and that the north wind, chilled by arctic ice-floes, and the east, embittered by banishment to Siberia, may be foiled. We need a Hague conference for the skies; but I fear that, if summoned, it would not do much more good than the earthly one, which met, talked, dined, danced and dissolved.

Why should not a man marry his mother-in-law? Well I do not know, save that both Canon and Civil law forbids; and as I never had any inclination to do the deed, I made no further enquiries.

Do you believe in *Ju-Ju* (as it is called in Africa), or *Taboo* (as is the name in Oceania)? The witch doctor puts a spell on something and no man dares or can touch it. I'm beginning to have some faith in the mystery. Certain things which clearly ought to be done will not get done, however one tries. I have, for instance, a College Memorandum to write. It ought to have been finished during the Christmas vacation; and it won't. I've begun it several times, but something always happens. The post arrives; the bookseller sends up books on "approval"; some one calls; etc., etc. On Friday

I resolved to do it before anything else. The consequence was that I dawdled all that day and all Saturday. It is *Ju-Ju*. To-day I'm resolved to break the charm or perish in the attempt. Letters are often under *Ju-Ju*. I find especially those that one does not want to answer. They are often quite important. No matter how pressing they are *Ju-Ju*, *Taboo*. It is curious, is it not? Still *Ju-Ju* may be another name for sheer laziness. That is too prosaic and uncomfortable. I'll stick to the enchantment idea. It serves to keep quiet—not Conscience, but—that impertinent imp I call "Conshie."

We have quite an epidemic of enteric fever all round us—seventy-five serious cases. Children and maid-servants are the two classes most attacked. It has been traced to milk supplied by one farm in the neighbourhood. It is nearly thirty years since we were similarly touched in Glasgow. The epidemic of 1878 was traced in the same way to milk from *one* farm.

His Baliol tutors wish my youngest boy to spend two months of the Long Vacation in Paris, working in the University Laboratories there. Susie is keen to go with him, and it may be that I shall have to find a place for both there. It will not be difficult, as friends of ours had to do the like two years ago. The Baliol tutor thinks that Tom acquired a good working knowledge of German Laboratory methods at Göttingen during the three months he spent there, and wishes him to have the same acquaintance with French methods. As he means to try modern languages at the Indian Civil Service examination (for, unlike his father, the boy has the gift of tongues), the project may be of use in two ways. Now I must set to work to break the *Ju-Ju* spell.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 28th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I am glad you are going to let yourself go about the *Bianchi*, because no one seems to know much about them. Besides Sercambi the two authorities seem to be—Bishop Antonino of Florence, who wrote a chronicle, and a Leonardo Antonio, also a chronicler. Dr. Biagi may know about Bishop Antonino, from whom the other two seem to copy. My authority, Dr. Heinrich Schneegans (why should a man label himself a "snow goose"?) of Erlangen, is really writing about

the Hymns of the Italian Flagellants, and his occasion to speak about the *Bianchi* is that they sang in their processions many of their hymns. He does not say much; so I type it for you:

"Aus dem Ende des 14 Jahrhunderts und dem Anfang des 15 Jahrhunderts stammen die Lauden der Bianchi da Siena. Ganz am Ende des 14 Jahrhunderts bildete sich die Brüderschaft der Bianchi. Die bevölkerung war (wir wissen es aus dem Zeugniss des Bischofs Antonino von Florenz, Chronik XXII. 32, und Leonardo Antonio und Sercambi bezeugen dasselbe) im Jahre 1399 plötzlich wie von einem heftiger Fieber ergriffen worden; die Leute hätten weise Linnengewänder angezogen, die bis zu Füssen reichten und Kapuzen mit Löchern fur zwei Augen hatten, und hätten dann grosartige Processionen veranstaltet, von einem Ort zum andern, sie wären hinter dem Crucifix einhergezogen, 'pace, misericordia' rufend oder Lauden und Hymnen, besonders das *Stabat Mater gloriosa* Jacopone's singend. Die Bianchi verbreiteten sich über grössere Theile Italiens; die Bewegung ging 1399 Anfang August von Genua aus, von dort gingen sie einerseits nach die Lombardie, anderseits nach Lucca und von dort nach der Toscana. Aenlich wie die Flagellanten richteten sie ihr Hauptbestreben darauf, mit Jedermann Frieden zu schliessen und ihre Sünden zu beichten."

Dr. Schneegans refers to the *Chronicle* of Niccolò di Borbona Aquilano to prove that the Bianchi were in Aquila by September 12th, 1899. He also gives a collection of LAUDS which belonged to the BIANCHI movement.

The author explains that a LAUD, as distinguished from a Hymn, is a religious song meant to be sung by a company of laymen exclusively.

I think I have got out of a labyrinth in which I have been wandering for months. I have, I think I told you, to describe in a single chapter the state of paganism in the Roman Empire in the second and third centuries, and that I was unable to get on. Curiously, I scarcely know why I was so incapable. Now I have discovered, as by a flash of realisation. The one great fact is that oriental religions from Egypt (Isis and Serapis), from Syria (Dea Syra), from Asia Minor (Cybele, Attis, etc.), from Persia (Mithras), were driving out the paganism of Rome and Greece; and that while the old religions were officially maintained the people in mass flung themselves into the new cults. I had accumulated lots of details from contemporary authorities, but I always felt I lost the thread on which to string the beads. All modern writers on the

subject, German and French (there is no English), declare that these religions had no relation whatever to those of Greece and Rome. I could not accept this view: I knew I had some reason away in the back of my head—but I could not find the clue. It had gone completely. On Tuesday I suddenly remembered. When at Delphi, Sandy and I climbed Parnassus as far as the "cave of Pan and the Nymphs." It was there where the great triennial Dionysus festival took place. When on the spot Indian analogies came into my mind. That was the clue I had lost. So I am going over my authorities again and finding it very pleasant—as easy as it had formerly been difficult. I'll work it all out before I write. But what will the scholars say? Not that one need mind.

I should have liked seeing you arrest the slaughterer of small birds. I never did feel the emotion, "It is a fine day, let's go and kill something," but I quite admit the pleasures of the chase. To shoot sparrows, linnets, larks, etc., seems to me the most wanton cruelty.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 30th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Our weather has become strangely capricious; yesterday high winds and rain, and two showers of snow. To-day clear, bright sunshine and hard frost. I fear fog may come; it generally does come to us with frost.

Yes, it does seem strange that we cannot control our milk supply. So far as Drs. have tracked the disease it has been traced to one farm. There a member of the household was found to have enteric fever, and yet milk was daily sent into the town from that place. But a good deal of the evil is also due to the wide-spread reluctance of people to use boiled milk. The plague seems stayed. No new cases have appeared for eight days.

We have had word from my youngest boy that it is unlikely that he will be sent to Paris this summer; so our plans fall to the ground. But whatever plans had to be made I always meant to keep May for you. It would be sad for me to miss Poggio Gherardo and its chatelaine, and I do not mean to, if I can help it.

All that minute work of yours over *Lorenzo de' Medici* must

be very interesting—as delightful as it is laborious. Did I tell you that last week, after months of bewilderment, I had recollected the clue which, I believe, connects the strange enthusiastic religions of the East—of Egypt, Asia Minor, Syria and Persia—with that of Greece? Since it has come back to me, I am going over again the sources with rare delight. I have already attacked the details of the frenzied Dionysiac cult and its intellectual development into the Orphic mysteries. I am now going to re-read the *Bacchae* of Euripides to see what a Greek, in the intellectual age of Greece, made of it all. Then I shall trace it down to the Imperial time. It was so bewildering to feel sure that there was a clue and that I had lost it.

Most modern authorities say that there is none: so I may look out for some lively criticism and even denunciation.

My students seem exercised about my health. Some of them have confided to the janitor, who is a very privileged person, that even now they think I work too hard, that I ought not to do it, for they do not want me to become an old man. Very nice of them. But I must tell you of a compliment I received to-day—it is so amusing. We have Agnes Smith staying with us. She told Susie and me this morning that her table-maid treasures up my conversation at table, and retails it to the others in the kitchen, always winding up with: "I believe that was how Robbie Burns spoke." No one could receive a higher compliment than that, for Burns is quite a Scottish fetish.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 31st, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I'm quite absorbed in my study of the Greek religions which, according to my ideas, prepared the way for the flood of Oriental religions which swept over civilised Europe in the second and third centuries. They are so utterly unlike what books tell us about Greek religion, and they spread so rapidly, then died down and re-appeared again, only to die down and re-appear. Some of them, too, are so very like some sides of Hinduism without the grim earnestness of the Hindu devotees. I cannot think or speak or even write of anything else; I fear I shall be leading you among all sorts of weird religions if I write to you.

The whole state of paganism in the West at the end of the third century was so curious that I despaired of any illustration to make it plain to my readers. But I got some weeks ago a book newly published by the French savant, M. Cumont, which contains such a striking one that I mean to press it into my service. Here it is :

" Depuis longtemps, dans tous les municipes, les dieux romains s'étaient établis victorieusement, et ils recevaient toujours selon les rites pontificaux les homages d'un clergé officiel. Mais à côté d'eux s'étaient installés les représentants de tous les panthéons asiatiques, et c'était à eux qu'allait l'adoration la plus fervente des foules. Des puissances nouvelles étaient venues d'Asie-Mineure, d'Égypte, de Syrie et de Perse, et l'éclat éblouissant du soleil d'Orient avait fait pâlir les astres du ciel tempéré de l'Italie. Toutes les formes du paganisme étaient simultanément accueillies et conservées. . . . Cent courants divers entrainaient les esprits, ballottés et hésitants ; cent prédications contraires sollicitaient les consciences. Supposons que l'Europe moderne ait vu les fidèles déserter les églises chrétiennes pour adorer Allah ou Brama, adopter les maximes du *shinto* ; représentons-nous une grande confusion de toutes les races du monde, où des mullahs arabes, les lettrés chinois, les bonzes japonais, des lamas thibétains, des pundits hindus prêcheraient à la fois le fatalisme et la prédestination, le culte des ancêtres et le dévoûment au souverain divinisé, le pessimisme et la deliverance par l'anéantissement, ou tous ces prêtres élèveraient dans nos cités des temples d'une architecture exotique et y célébreraient leurs rites disparates ; ce rêve nous offrirait une image assez exacte de l'incohérence réligieuse où se débattait l'ancien monde avant Constantin."

Is not the picture a striking one ? I trust the Markbys will be with you soon.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Feb. 7th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Your welcome letter came yesterday. I am so very sorry to hear that you have been ill again. It is the weather I suppose ; your sympathy with nature makes you follow its changes, as I do. I wish that neither of us were so sympathetic. You ask about our weather. Who can tell its

changes—to-day calm, mild, spring-like; to-morrow rain, which pelts; the next day bitter cold wind; another day, threatening of snow; and in consequence of the continual and extreme changes abundant sickness and doctors over-worked. No one can say much for the future till February, usually our worst month in the West of Scotland, is over.

I wonder if your *Newnham Don* was Miss Jane Ellen Harrison? If so, she has done wonderfully good work—her last book, *Prolegomena to a Study of Greek Religion* (1903), is not quite on a level with the best French and German works; but it is by far the best in English. I've never met her.

8th Feb. Oh dear! I am "wae" to hear you are ill. I wish I had that *Arabian Nights* carpet. I'd get on it at once. Say Poggio Gherardo, and be off at once to see you, have a week-end with you and get back to lecture. I have my doubts, however, whether my conversation would be very improving, so steeped am I in Dionysiac mysteries and the company of eminently non-respectable women called Maenads, Thyaides, Phoibades, Lyssades, Mad ones, Rushing ones, Inspired ones, Raging ones, singing:

> "O glad, glad on the mountains
> To swoon in the race out-worn,
> When the holy fawn-skin clings,
> And all else sweeps away.
>
> To the joy of the red quick fountains,
> The blood of the hill-goat torn,
> The glory of wild-beast ravenings,
> Where the hill-tops catch the dawn."

To the Phrygian, Lydian, mountains:

> "'Tis Bromios (Dionysos) leads the way."

(This is Gilbert Murray's exquisite translation of part of the Maenad song in the *Bacchae* of Euripides.)

Though I confess that in my present breathless condition no one could be less capable than I am to join in such frantic orgies—still the law of contrast perhaps stimulates the imagination.

I am experiencing at present all the tortures of a visitor. He is an old College friend who is blessed with a memory for trivial details. He pours forth in a semi-articulate voice and by the yard, jokes *I* perpetrated forty years ago, stories (parables Miss Erichsen calls them) *I* retailed in an equally dim pre-historic past, advices, warnings, encouragements *I* inflicted on him. Why cannot he forget them all? Why does he not keep a sponge and wipe his memory slate clean?

He wrote and asked for a night's shelter, said he was to attend two receptions, and was to go out to breakfast on the following morning. I told him we would dine at six to allow him to attend his receptions, but would make no provision for his going out to breakfast—that anyone who did not breakfast where he slept was outside the pale of civilisation, a heathen man and a publican. He came; seized the telephone, cancelled his engagements, submitted more than willingly to the rule of breakfast, and poured forth his reminiscences. He has just departed, and I am as limp as a rag.

Now, do not worry too much over the Bianchi, simply because I said it would be well to know a little more about them; though I admit it might be well to see what Archbishop Antonino has to say, as he seems to have been the first to describe them.

I'm going to write to you pretty often so long as you are ill—the only way of showing sympathy.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Feb. 11th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Your letter which came yesterday was twice, thrice, welcome. Firstly, because it was from you, and yours are always delightful; secondly, because it relieved my anxiety, for Miss Erichsen had alarmed me about you; thirdly, because it announced the near arrival of the Markbys. I do not know that my advice is worth much—so far as your edition of *Lorenzo* is concerned; but still I am ready to give it. I should be inclined to say: Write your notes in English. My reason is that your purchasers will be chiefly English or American.

The monotony of life has been suddenly broken by the entrance of a mad-man on the scene. He is, I believe, a student, but not one of mine. I came into personal contact with him on Monday night. I had heard of him, however, and he had written to me a few days ago. I found that he was the same man who had come to me four years ago and discussed at length on his religion, powers and aspirations, and above all on his visions. As these last were somewhat erotic-religious, I concluded that he was insane; found out his relations, who were poor, and gave them an introduction to our west country expert in mental diseases. The result was that he was sent to an Asylum, confined there a couple of

years, and then dismissed as cured. I had forgotten all about him, when one of my colleagues told me that he was in the same tribulation. About five months ago the madman had called on him, told him of his literary aspirations and so worked on his sympathy that the professor gave him £5—a somewhat foolish thing to do. The maniac, who is the son of a poor market-gardener, and yet has very easy polished manners, spent the £5 in two days, and returned for more. When this was refused, he told my astonished colleague that he was unworthy to live. God, said the poor creature, has entrusted me with a great mission ; he has imparted some of His Divine Attributes to me ; I may even assume Divine Names. You ought to be prepared to sell all that you have to support me. He was got out of the house somehow, and sent letter after letter. At last, poor G. A. Smith's wife got frightened, and then Smith consulted me. The result was that the legal authorities were appealed to ; medical advice was taken. The latter declared that the letters were those of a man who, at any moment, might develop homicidal mania. So a detective in plain clothes shadows the maniac. In this stage he wrote to me, and eventually asked to see me. My housemaid, on plea of my health, did not admit him to the study. I went to the door and saw him there. He was very civil ; he had called simply to get assurance from my own lips that I had not felt insulted by receiving a letter from him. The assurance given, he departed. "Mary," said I to the maid, "that man is mad. He may call again. Don't let him in." Mary is Highland. Devotion to the "Chief" is in her blood. "Indeed, Sir, it will be over my body that he enters the room," she replied. This morning I have heard that the law's delays are at an end, and that the poor fellow is to be sent back to an asylum.

Your present work punctuating Lorenzo's poems I could not do. I cannot punctuate properly. I do not grasp the real inside principle of punctuation. My dear wife, with the quiet sarcasm that wives are entitled to use, was accustomed to chaff me about my punctuation. She said it was done on a principle—the principle of the pepper-caster. I peppered my pages when they were finished. She made me read what Cobbett says in his *English Grammar*. His instructions were as clear as the Ten Commandments ; the difficulty of carrying them out in practice was the same in both. I've noticed, too, another resemblance ; sins against the moral law and the rules of punctuation are always much more clearly visible in other people than in myself.

So Miss Erichsen has caught cold. If the attack is severe, I can sympathise. But, if it is slight, the fact fills me with a sad contentment. The sadnesses, both human and humane; the contentment quite inhuman. Of course, the cold must have come from the stuffiness of the rooms in Poggio Gherardo! The morning headache of the man who drinks too much is always due to the cucumber, or the salmon, or to the rice-pudding—to anything or everything but his pet failing. Your aero-maniacs are very like dipsomaniacs. Oh, that over-indulgence in fresh air; we must get Temperance Tracts written, quite a new set, to deal with the new evil which is besetting mankind. I've no objection to a moderate and temperate use of fresh air; but I do object to drunken revelling in it, to windows open day and night, to artificial draughts, and carefully manufactured hurricanes within peaceful houses. It is sad, sad! I do not like to see a drunken man staggering—but I have a sad content in it. It satisfies my feeling of just and natural retribution. So does Miss Erichsen's cold—if it is a slight one. It is like seeing a Christian Scientist with toothache. I can say, "there." All the same I do recognise that my sentiments savour of self-righteous Pharisaism. But we need say nothing about that. It is a duty to point the moral!—to the drunkards of both kinds.

So far as it has run its course, February here is much better than it usually is.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Feb. 13th, 1908.

MY DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Your letter came this morning. You have been ill again. I'm so very sorry. Oh, these aero-maniacs. Why do they not live, work, and sleep in small canvas tents with all the flaps up.

Do you know, among other experiences, what it is to feel tired *in your bones?* It is quite different from other kinds of weariness. I have it this morning, but as it is my day in, it does not matter much. Yesterday was the hardest day of the Session—our Visitation Day. It comes once every five years. The visitors examine into everything, including endowments. The "principal" has to be present all the time at this salutary visit, and it wearies. Now that it is over, one can think that the hardest day is past.

I'm still at Greek religions. To make my work permanent, I am going to type out my results—not to publish, but to have the record. I fear that I should surpass "Three Weeks" in impropriety if I printed everything, especially about the Dionysiacs. I am plagued by one thing. Only one German has investigated the subject of what may be called the Dionysiac "miracle-plays," and I bought his book some months ago and laid it aside till I should want it. It has mysteriously disappeared. I wasted hours and hours in looking for it—very provoking. I'd have had the Dionysian cult typed days ago but for this.

I've been reading rather a curious book at odd hours: *Le Théâtre au Collège du Moyen Age à nos jours.* It traces the great development of the theatre in France during the seventeenth and early eighteenth century to the cultivation of dramatic art in the Jesuit colleges in France. The author is L. V. Gofflot, and the book is vouched for by a preface from the well-known Jules Claritie.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Feb. 18th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Yours of 13th came yesterday morning. It is pleasant to think that you have now Sir William and Lady Markby with you, but grievous to know you are still so sleepless.

How an "unscrupulous" Providence treats us poor mortals! Last week my publisher sent me the second edition of Volume II. of my *History of the Reformation*, and on the *same* day, I came on two deficiencies which ought to have been put right in the volume. You may remember that I asked whether you could aid me in tracing the authorship of four lines describing the Stuart character:

> "Das Leben geliebt und die Krone geküsst,
> Und die Frauen das Herz gegeben,
> Und zuletzt einen Kuss auf das schwarze Gerüst—
> Das ist ein Stuart-leben."

I sought everywhere for months for the authorship, and now, *when too late*, I have found them in Theodor Fontane's *Das Lied des James Monmouth.* I had quoted them from a little German book on Mary Stuart, where no reference appeared. Then I was appealed to about whether the punishment of

being buried alive was ever inflicted on Lutheran women in the Netherlands' persecutions. I did not in my book mention the fact of the edict which orders this, because I could find no instance of its being put in execution against Lutherans, though instances enough of Anabaptist women being so treated. The town of Birmingham has a picture in its Art Gallery, a picture painted at Mechlin, which represents a young girl being led out to execution by burial alive. It was sent to an Exhibition at Dublin, and at once produced a storm of invectives from Roman Catholic newspapers, etc., which declared that such form of persecution had never been enforced. When I was privately appealed to, I could refer to Charles Fifth's Edict of 1529, which prescribes the punishment, but could give no instance. Now too late for the controversy, too late for my book, comes the evidence. A French History, Honne, *Histoire du Règne de Charles Quint en Belgique*, iv. p. 317 (1855), quotes from the royal archives in Belgium the sum paid to the executioner for his trouble in burying Jannetken de Sainthore, "luterienne," and I have got the extract transcribed for me—all too late. Such are the small troubles of authorship.

We are having wonderful weather here for February. The sun is bright, but the wind is cold. There is no warmth after sun-down.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Feb. 23rd, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

We had quite an adventure here on Friday to disturb our quiet lives. We had some men engaged on repairs. Mary, our Highland housemaid, rushed into the Study, exclaiming: "If you please, Sir, a man has fallen from the roof, and I must get him a glass of whiskey" (her universal panacea for everything but rheumatism). As I knew that no one who had fallen the height of four stories could possibly need whiskey, and as I knew of no work to be done at a greater height than fifteen feet from the ground, I was able to say, "Certainly, whatever is needed." Then I went to enquire. A poor lad of about twenty had fallen from a short ladder a distance of about 12 feet, but he had struck a piece of iron piping. Two older men were feeling him all over to find whether bones were broken. The lad was standing dazed,

and Mary was hovering about with a large glass of whiskey. "Hoots, woman," said the oldest workman, "you're not to give the lad all that drink; less than a quarter will serve," and he made the boy swallow a tablespoonful. Mary had to carry back her favourite medicine, sad that so little use had been made of it. I wished to send the lad home in a cab, but the workmen assured me that it would be better for him to walk, and that they would take him home, and if need be send for a doctor. Next day he was back little the worse, save a bruise on his shoulder. The maids made much of him. "What did your mother say when she saw you brought?" said the sympathetic Mary. But all the answer she could get was: "When my mother heard no bones were broken, she said—It might have been worse." Quite a Spartan parent.

Have you ever heard of the Babists or Beha'is of Persia?—a sect of to me interesting oriental mystics. Edward G. Brown, Professor of Arabic at Cambridge, wrote two articles on them in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, vol. xxi. (new series). The founder was beheaded in Persia in 1850 for heresy, and some thousands of his followers were slain. Still the sect increased. In 1852 the leaders fled to Bagdad—among them one whom the Bab had designated his successor and on whom he had conferred the title "Beha Ullah" (Glory of God). The Turkish Government deported them to Adrianople and finally to Akka or Acre, where they are practically prisoners, but allowed to go about the town. The "Beha" died at Akka in 1892, and his son Abbas Effendi succeeded to his place of leadership and title. The sect is spreading enormously in Turkey and in Persia.

Many Europeans, or rather English-speaking persons, have of late years visited the "Beha," and quite a number have become quite sympathetic. Ed. Caird was interested two years ago and spoke at length to me about them. Some rather blatant American women in London have declared themselves disciples—and for my sins I had to listen to one in 1906. On Friday, an old friend of my wife's and mine, spent the afternoon in telling me of a visit she paid to Acre last year. It was rather interesting. Some weeks ago the *Westminster Gazette* (I think) spoke of excitement in Paris, and I thought from what was said that some of the Beha'is had escaped from Acre and come to Paris. That is not so. What has kindled the curiosity of Paris is that a wealthy American young lady (she has £4000 a year), who had come to Paris to study as an opera singer, visited Acre, was converted, has deserted her music to throw in her lot with the imprisoned Beha'is of Acre.

She is writing a book on them, and the translation of part of it created the Parisian excitement.

I had been thinking that I ought to get out of my corner here. Monday (March 2nd) is a statutory holiday, my assistant takes my classes on Friday and on Tuesday, so I thought I'd go up to London for three days in the British Museum—always a safe first move for me. My doctor objected, alleging the weather, the influenza epidemic in London, etc., etc., but I had almost determined to disobey him When my Edinburgh friend heard that I thought of going to London she insisted I must see the American lady who had accompanied her to Acre. This made me begin to see that the doctor was perhaps right. What is the use of a doctor unless you obey him? So I'll not go to the British Museum till March 26th. Mrs. Whyte will have forgotten her threat to make me visit her Beha'ist friend. Doctors are a useful class of men.

We have had rather mild weather of late, but on Friday began a tempest which raged for 48 hours, and it is bitterly cold.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Feb. 29th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I ought to have written to you four days ago, and now comes your second letter to show how neglectful I've been. No, I do not see that the suffragettes are so great heroines as their friends make out. If they do wish to brag, it is a pity that the magistrates do not give them something to boast about—send them to the common cells and clothe them in the regular prison dress. There would be real martyrdom! As it is they have the privilege of quiet rooms undisturbed by callers. For myself I have always wished votes to be given to women on the same terms as to man, but for the sake of working women only, or rather mainly. So many industrial laws, often ignorantly made, hamper woman's work, and make what is often underpaid still more poorly paid. Had *these* working women votes much ignorant and hampering legislation would never have been passed and would now be repealed. But to make childish rows at the House of Commons, to ring door-bells and seek to invade private houses, and to out-do the rowdiest medical students out on a spree, is poor fun at the best.

I do trust that Lady Markby and Sir William are better. If the weather at Oxford is like what we have been having here for four days they have escaped much. I did not get the temperature of my Study up to sixty until 2 o'clock, and felt quite benumbed all the morning. The worst for me was that yesterday the snow was too deep in the morning for the cab to climb the hill on which the College stands. I had to tramp through the snow clad in an ulster and a waterproof over that. However, I am none the worse for the experience.

I am alone to-day and shall be for ten days. Susie has gone off for a well-deserved holiday. So I am solitary as a suffragette in her cell—but unlike her, I am liable to visitors. My warders, in the shape of domestics, wait on me, but they have no government regulations enabling them to refuse entrance to visitors—the more the pity. One is writing a biography, and he will come to discuss minute points in his hero's career. Luckily he is confined to his room with a bad cold, and I have had comparative peace for some days—comparative, I say, for he writes me long letters from his bed. To these I briefly reply, which is much less labour than to endure an hour's visit.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, March 2nd, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Why is it that I seem to be able to make money for lots of things, and none for myself? The editor of the *Glasgow Herald* writes me that the article I sent you on the proposed Chair of Scottish History has just drawn £2000 from the pocket of a wealthy man of business here, in order to start a fund of £20,000 for the endowment of the chair, and that encouraged by this, he is opening a subscription list. Was it the sentence on the ballads which was so efficacious?

I've been reading in the quiet hour before going to bed, while enjoying my last pipe, Victor Bled's *La Société Française du XVI. siècle au XX. siècle.* In the first volume he draws two excellent portraits: of Margaret of Navarre and of her grand-niece, Margaret of Valois—the Queen Margot of novelists. The pen-portrait he makes of the latter is:

"Les yeux un peu gros comme sa mère (Catherine de' Medici), les joues pleines et arrondies des Medicis, taille moyenne, bien prise, elle a des *je ne sçai quoi* qui enlèvent, cette chose indefinissable qui s'appelle charme; son âme

ardente et spirituelle palpite dans ses yeux, enveloppe et idéalise en quelque sorte cette beauté sensuelle. Et puis, comme elle exèrce la dictature de l'eventail, du goût, et du costume ! "

She must have been a very clever dressmaker, for when she wished to make a sensation, and that was often, she selected her materials and cut out her frocks herself, while her women helped her to sew them. I read of many princesses who were good at their needle, but I do not remember any other who could cut out and fit as well as sew. M. Bled also gives an epitaph which Ronsard made on the first Marguerite, and which I had not noticed previously. It is rather pretty :

" Ici la Reine sommeille
Des Reines la non pareille.
Qui si doucement chanta ;
C'est la Reine Marguerite
La plus belle fleur d'élite
Qu'oncque l'Aurore enfanta."

I've just seen in a French catalogue a copy of Pierre l'Estoille's *Journals*—a great source for the French history of the period from 1560 to 1600, and I have written for it. The work is not in the British Museum, and I have hitherto tried in vain to get it. I hope I may succeed this time. I've also tried to get a good old edition of Clément Marot.

I'm glad that *Pisa* is all gone at last. Next comes the trial of proof sheets. I hope your early pages which speak of the crusades will be sent before April is finished. How otherwise am I to consult the *Recueil* and see that the quotations are right ?

Yours ever,

Thomas M. Lindsay.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, March 10th, 1908.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

The ways of Italian post-offices are mysterious—two letters posted at an interval of three days arriving together.

I've been picking out Clément Marot's references to Marguerite of Navarre, including one or two doubtful cases. I make out that he addresses her in no less than sixty-two poems—Epistles, Rondeaux, Chants, Epigrams, etc., etc. He seems to have made love to her very hotly and got it over the fingers from the lady several times—but whether encouraged or rebuked he made verses on each incident. I'm making a

table after my wont; I've such a bad memory that I must get my results tabulated or I forget the details. I had to type out for an enquirer four pages of Marguerite de Valois' *Memoirs*, and fancy you may like to see it. I do not recollect having seen it in English, so send it.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

How Margaret De Valois Spent the Night of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

For myself, no one told me anything. I saw that there was commotion everywhere; the Huguenots were desperate because of the bloodshed (the attempted assassination of the Admiral Coligny); the Guises afraid that they would be brought to justice; everyone whispering in the ear. The Huguenots held me suspect, because I was Catholic, and the Catholics because I had been married to the King of Navarre, who was Huguenot. Thus no one told me anything until one evening when I was at the *coucher* of the Queen, my mother, seated on a coffer beside my sister of Lorraine (Claude de Valois, second daughter of Catherine de' Medici, married to Charles III., Duke of Lorraine), whom I saw looking very sad; the Queen, my mother, who was speaking to some persons, perceiving me, told me that I ought to go to bed. I made my reverence when my sister took me by the arm, and crying bitterly stayed me, saying: "Mon Dieu, sister do not go there." This terrified me greatly. When the Queen, my mother, perceived it, she called my sister and scolded her, and forbade her to tell me anything. My sister said that it was not right to send me away to sacrifice in that fashion, and that undoubtedly if *they* discovered anything, they would avenge themselves on me. The Queen, my mother, replied that if it pleased God I would come to no harm, but however that might be, I must go for fear that *they* might suspect something and that that might mar their plans.

I saw that they argued, but I did not hear what they said. She ordered me roughly to go to bed. My sister burst into tears, bade me good-night without daring to say anything else to me; and I felt all upset and frightened without knowing what I had to fear. As soon as I found myself in my dressing-room, I set myself to ask God to take me under His protection, and to guard me, without knowing from whom or from what. Then the King, my husband, who was in bed, told me to come and lie down; I went and found his bed surrounded with thirty

to forty Huguenots whom I did not know, for I had been only a few days married. All the night they did nothing but speak of the accident that had happened to the Admiral, resolving that when it would be day they would demand justice of the King on M. de Guise, and failing that, they would execute it themselves. As for me, I could not get out of my thoughts the tears of my sister, and could not sleep for the dread which she had sent into my heart, about I knew not what. So the night passed without my closing an eye. At daybreak, the King, my cousin, said that he meant to go to play at tennis until King Charles was awake, and that then he would demand justice. He left my room and all the gentlemen with him. I, seeing that it was day, and thinking that the danger to which my sister had alluded was passed, overcome by sleep, asked my nurse to close the door to let me sleep at my ease.

An hour after, as I was sound asleep, a man came beating at the door with feet and hands and crying: "Navarre, Navarre!" My nurse, believing it to be the King, my husband, ran to open the door. It was a gentleman named (as I afterwards learnt) M. de Léran. He had a sword-thrust in the neck and a wound from a halbert in the arm, and was pursued by four archers, who entered after him into my bedroom. Wishing to save himself, he threw himself on my bed. When I felt the man take hold of me I slipt out between the bed and the wall, and he after me, still holding me round the body. I did not know the man, nor whether he came to insult me, nor what the archers wanted with him or with me. We both cried out and we were both equally frightened. At last, it providentially happened that M. de Nançay, Captain of the Guards, came, who, finding me in the state in which I was, could not help smiling although he felt for me. He scolded the guards for their indiscretion, and he gave me the life of the poor man who held me fast. I made him lie down in my dressing-room, and got his wounds dressed and kept him there until he was cured. While I was changing my chemise, because the wounded man had covered me with blood, M. de Nançay told me what had taken place, and assured me that the King, my husband, was in the King's room and would come to no harm. He made me throw a dressing-gown over me and conducted me to the room of my sister of Lorraine, where I arrived more dead than alive. While I was about to enter her ante-chamber, whose door was open, a gentleman named Bourse, flying before archers who pursued him, was pierced by a thrust of a halbert not three steps from me.

I staggered to the other side and fell almost swooning into the arms of M. de Nançay. I thought that the thrust had pierced both of us. Then, being somewhat recovered I entered the little room where my sister slept. While I was there M. de Moissans, first gentleman of the King, my husband, and Armagnac, his first valet-de-chambre, found me and prayed me to save their lives. I threw myself at the feet of the King, my brother, and of the Queen, my mother, and pled for their lives; and after a while they were granted to me.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, March 15th, 1908.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

Your delightful letter came this afternoon, and I set myself to answer your questions.

Yes. I fear I have read a great many improper books; every one who aspires to know history, other than dates of Kings and Queens, must. But what is at the bottom of Aristophanes is easily told: Two Greek states were at war and the women of both thought the war ought to be ended; so they made a bargain that they would refuse the *debitum conjugale* to their husbands till the men made the war to cease. Of course, the theme can be worked out in more ways than one.

I'm not sure Marguerite de Valois' *Memoirs* would be worth translating. I sent you the most interesting pages. Three or four other pages are as delightfully interesting—but not the whole.

I'll not be in London more than eight days, and hope to go there on the 27th. Letters addressed to the Savile Club will find me. I enclose my table of Clément Marot on Marguerite of Navarre. Do read the central paragraph on the last page. It is her answer to a poetical declaration that if she did not return the poet's love he would die. It is a good example of what I call her "coquetterie cérébrale." Much better in every way than her grandniece's. She pretended to take the matter with the utmost seriousness—asked the lover if he would actually die. Yes, if permitted to die at her feet. Whereupon Marguerite appeared to take him at his word—mixed him a cup of poison with her own hand—compelled him to drink it and to retire to a bedroom, declaring that she would come to him at the time the poison would work. All which she did; but the poison was a strong purge, and I have little doubt the unfortunate lover would have preferred poison.

I think influenza has ceased here, but it is raging in some small villages, where we hear of every inhabitant being ill. I hope I shall not take it in London.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, March 18th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I have finished my paper on the "Volto Santo." I am to read it at the Ecclesiological Society of Scotland on the 17th of next month. It was specially asked for. I triplicated it, thinking you might like to see it. I've cut down the newspaper article, added the two legends and a brief introduction.

Yesterday was curious. There was no great fog lying near the ground, but a strange darkness obscured the sky. At nine o'clock in the morning it was as dark as it usually is at seven. The housemaid of a neighbour was overcome with fear, asked her mistress what she could do, for she believed the Last Day was come. "Go and clean the silver," said the calm Scottish matron; "if it is the Last Day, you cannot meet it better than in doing your work well." So the maid put an extra polish on the silver.

No time for more this morning, I'll finish to-night.

What a delightful long letter has just come from you. I fear I cannot send a positive answer. The closing weeks, and especially the closing days of the session are full of numberless small duties, many unexpected, which take up my time from morning to night.

When you come here, and I do hope you will come next summer, Marot will be at your service. He is a dainty versifier, and often, not always, a poet.

Ah! those relations. The Medici must be quite as bad as the Valois, and I have just been through them, so I can sympathise with your struggles.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Savile Club,
Piccadilly, April 5th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I've behaved badly. I ought to have written to you two days ago. But time flies here, and I go to bed early and

sleep long. I feel ever so much better for this little trip, and return to Glasgow to-morrow.

I've been at the British Museum every day for six to eight hours, lunch within the sacred precincts on a glass of milk, bread, butter and cheese, then a rest at my Club and business letters. Dinner at the Club ; conversation with friends met there on all sorts of subjects. Last night it was Sir Thomas Raleigh and India ; Friday it was Maclean of Christchurch, Cambridge, on the oriental authorities for the crusades ; Thursday, it was a man whose name I do not know, but who seems to know me well, on the Emperor Frederick II. So you see my mental nutrition has been varied.

I do not see the *Nation*, but I can well understand Pollard's criticisms. Pollard is Professor of History in London University, he was the sub-editor of the great *Dictionary of English Biography*, and I suppose is the editor of the new and cheaper edition which is coming out just now. Most historical experts are furious. The design has been to get a dozen or so of really good men to write some really good portions, then to set them in long pieces framed by hack-workers, cribbing right and left from the most commonplace sources. The services of the experts have, sometimes at least, been secured in a somewhat underhand way. Thus Professor Tout of Manchester was asked to contribute an article on a period (mediaeval) by an American firm, who gave him the price down on condition that the buyers retained all the rights. Fancy his indignation when he found himself advertised as one of the authors of the *Times History of the World*. He made enquiries, found that the *Times* had acquired what he believed he had written for an American *Encyclopedia* ; and that his article was simply made to be a portion of the *History*, and was preceded and followed—without any note of distinction—by the usual hackwork.

Never mind about the Platonism of Lorenzo's poems, we'll look at it together when I get to Poggio Gherardo. It is one of the subjects in which I ought to be able to help you a little. It was such a common thing during the Renaissance to mingle Love and Platonism. Soul and Body were there representing not the Divine and Earthly Love of the Mediaeval painters, but the Platonic and the Sensual of the Renaissance. It goes all through the Renaissance from beginning to end in the end of the sixteenth century. You have it in Marguerite de Valois' love-letters to Chauvallon only the Body always conquers the Soul. The whole thing is displayed, I fancy burlesqued, in the very rare tract—*La Ruelle Mala-*

sortie, attributed, and I think rightly, to Marguerite de Valois. I'm going to copy it, if I have time on Monday forenoon; for I have at last discovered the tract in the British Museum. It is, of course, quite improper in the end; but it is about the best type of all that sort of thing, and I have long wished to have it.

I should very much like to meet Mr. Horatio Brown of Venice. I wish I were at Poggio Gherardo in the midst of your flowers. Goodbye for the present. I'll write from Glasgow.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, April 10th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I came back from London on Monday. I was just six days there. It has done me a lot of good. The breathlessness and lassitude I have had with me all winter seems to have vanished. For a good "health resort" there is no place like the British Museum. I had meant to stay two more days, and I confess that I ran away from a lady novel-writer. I do not think I ever ran away from any one before.

No, I'm not going to write an improper novel, even with you as co-adjutor. Nor are you, I make bold to say—not for £20,000. Neither of us think so much of money, pleasant though it may be, as all that.

Susie has settled not to come out to Italy in May. The one thing I'm resolved on is to be with you for the whole of May, if you will let me—and somehow I feel very sure that you will. What a lot of things I want to talk about with you.

So many thanks for sending me the full title of the Italian MS. with the legend of the Volto Santo. I'll put it into a note. I read the paper on Tuesday.

Yes, people are a bore—especially some people. As I was hard at work this afternoon a man was ushered into my Study. I knew him well and groaned inwardly.—I knew that he had come for something, but knew also that I could not get it out of him for ever so long. He sat down opposite me—talked and kept talking in an exasperating monotonous way, uttering the most commonplace things on the most commonplace subjects. His eyes wandered from his knees to his toes, thence to the fire and back again to his knees, twice I stood up, he sat still, droning on in his monotone. At last he came

to his errand. The real business was done in a minute and a half. Then he did not know how to go away. However, I was equal to that. I rose and said that I could not think of encroaching further on his time which was valuable. With a sigh of relief he got up and went. I should have liked to fling everything on the table at his head. Goodbye. It is nice that I will see you so soon.

I've been doing nothing, reading nothing, since I got back from London. My whole time has been taken up by little trifles which, had I only remained in London, would have done themselves, but, of course, as soon as I returned I was pounced on by people who will not take responsibility. It is very annoying, as I want to write and cannot get sitting at the type-writer for half an hour in peace. Every one seems to think, that because the session is over, and I am no longer lecturing, that I have twenty-four hours of the day at their disposal. It is very hard to keep one's temper. Well, well, it is soon coming to an end.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, April 13th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I wrote to you three days ago, but in case you wish to know about the *Sudario* at once I send you a short letter.

Sudario may mean pocket-handkerchief, may it not? Napkin to wipe the sweat from the face? The napkin used to cover the face of a dead body? as well as winding sheet? If so, then I think *the Sudario* referred to is St. Veronica's napkin. The legend is that Veronica was one of the women who followed our Lord as he was dragged by the soldiers to Calvary. When she saw Him, hands tied behind His back, criminal fashion, perspiring under the weight of the cross, she gently wiped the perspiration from His face with her linen napkin or *sudarium*. The napkin, she found afterwards, was impressed with the likeness of Christ's face. I have not the *Christus Bilder* beside me, but I think you will find an account of the legend of the picture on it, and what became of it, in the first part of the book under the heading—*Veronica-Legende*. Then, if you turn to the little book *Die Patronate der Heiligen* I sent you long ago, p. 224 and p. 399, you will see that this story of the *Sudarium* (that is the Latin name for handkerchief) made Veronica the patron saint of linen

drapers and washerwomen. Of course, we had to know about Veronica before being able to find the reference.

Yours in haste,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, April 20th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Disorganisation of postal service by the intervention of Good Friday and the Glasgow Spring Holiday brought it about that your two letters of the 14th and 16th came together this morning.

I daresay I was stupid in not seeing what you meant about the *Sudario*. I do not expect that one English reader in the five hundred, I may safely say in the thousand, would know what the *Sudario* is without explanation. *Sudarium* is taken over into old English ecclesiological language and means the *maniple* (*mappula*), a liturgical vestment which hangs on the wrist of officiating deacons and priests. So it cannot be used without explanation. How would it do to translate thus: "to do reverence to the *Sudarium* (Veronica's handkerchief supposed to retain the impress of the face of Jesus Christ)." I have little doubt that the *Sudario* referred to is Veronica's napkin of *Christus Bilder*, p. 221. In German, *Schweiss-tuch Christi*—Veronica's napkin or *Sudarium*. If I have a day in London on my way to you, I'll look into some old English Ecclesiological books and see if they throw any light on the matter. Perhaps some of your librarian friends can find out if *Sudarium* meant in Rome the Veronica napkin. I do not yet know when I can leave. It may be the 24th or it may not be till the 27th. I've been asked to review the *Times History of the World* for the *Commonwealth*. The twenty-five volumes and a small book-case being my fee, and have consented. The volumes were to come on Saturday, but have not arrived yet. That will not delay me, as I can get at the books in the College library. But I wish one day at the British Museum and one or two days in Paris. I should like to see the Salon, and I am very anxious to see thoroughly an "Exposition Théâtrale," which has just been opened in the Marsan wing of the Louvre, under the direction of the Central Union of Decorative art. It is meant to represent to the eye the history of the Drama in France from the fifteenth century down to the present time, and it contains among many other things the wonderful collection of M. Jules Sambon.

I wish I were at Poggio Gherardo! It has become bitterly cold during the last week. I've put down in my note book *London Edition of Lorenzo*, and will if possible try to hunt it up in the British Museum. Besides I wish to copy the page of Margaret of Valois' *La Ruelle Malasortie*, as my bookseller despairs of getting a copy for me. It will serve as dialogue for your improper novel: if you ever write such a thing.

I'll write from London and from Paris without hope of an answer. Now Goodbye. It is a great delight that I hope to see you so soon.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, July 14th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I reached home last night—rather tired, I confess, but feeling very well. I do think that my long holiday, coupled with your care, has done me a very great deal of good, and that, when the pile of letters which surround me has been answered, I'll get to work in earnest.

I spent Thursday and Friday in London, and on Saturday I went to Oxford to see my two sons. On Sunday I saw my old friend, Dr. Caird, the late Master of Baliol. He is now very frail and can scarcely articulate, and Mrs. Caird is much less bright and cheerful than she used to be. I fancy she sees her husband growing weaker and weaker. In the afternoon we drove out to the Markbys. I was delighted to see Sir William looking so very well. I do wish you could spend three weeks resting there from all your labours. It is a charming place and would do you so much good. They were both eager to get my news of you. Lady Markby looked very well, and as she wore a somewhat large hat with plumes, she seemed more than ever to have just stepped out of a Gainsborough picture.

My son, by the way, is full of Gainsborough. He has been at Eton, staying with the Provost. He was this year's Examiner to adjudicate the Eton scholarships—and he found a whole gallery of portraits, many of them by Gainsborough. It seems that, long ago, it was the custom that the more distinguished pupils presented their portraits to the school on leaving, and that these were often painted by Gainsborough. The Provost told Sandie that there were records of the prices the great painter received—thirty or forty guineas for half-lengths and seventy for full lengths.

Your proofs have come, I shall attend to them to-morrow. I could not go to the library to-day. Goodbye for the present, I'll write again when I have seen to the proofs.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, July 18th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Your welcome letter of the 13th and 14th arrived last night. What storms your serene Italian skies can suddenly call forth. Is there any connection between atmosphere and the temperament of generations born under varying skies. Your cloudless, genial firmament seems so like the Italian character—debonair, quiet, pleasant, courteous, then without any very great reason flaming out in violent passionate revolt against neighbours and state. There is a subject for a psychological paper.

Yes, I must try to get Dr. Moore's book, if only for the purpose of reading it along with you. There will be a little comfort in that togetherness when I am so far away from the Terrace Garden.

To-day is the centre of the annual holiday-making of the Glasgow working man. We have had a custom coming down from old days, that all mills, factories, workshops, close for at least a week (usually for ten days, sometimes for a fortnight), and the working population stream out of the city in all directions. The holidays began on Thursday. To-day, called the Fair Saturday, the town is almost empty, and every shop is shut. Mercifully, though the sky is leaden, there has been no rain—so fathers, mothers and children may have their pleasure (?) excursions without being drenched to the skin, as is often the case.

I've got my plans before me now. It is as I feared. College business, not lecturing, demands my presence in Glasgow from the end of August. So no Italy for me in September. I fear my long and delightful sojourn at Poggio Gherardo has spoiled me somewhat, made me rather discontented with present surroundings, wishing I were again with you. But I must cure myself, or what will become of my work?

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, July 20th, 1908.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

Ever so many thanks for your postcard and for the precious little book—so very interesting, and how daintily it begins. If I could make pretty speeches, which I fear is quite beyond me, the opening sentence might serve me for a model, and I might enumerate all your " vertuti " as the author does those of precious stones.

Yesterday I turned over a volume of Luther's *Letters* for a review I was writing, and came on one which I think you will appreciate. So I have typed it for you. It seems that Luther's servant had begun to snare small birds, and to rebuke him Luther drafted this petition and handed it to the servant—with what effect I know not.

" The Petition of the Birds in the Wittenberg Wood to Luther.

To our good and kind Dr. Martin Luther, preacher in Wittenberg.

We, thrushes, blackbirds, linnets, goldfinches, along with other well-disposed birds who are spending the summer in Wittenberg, desire to let you know that we are told on good authority, that your servant, Wolfgang Sieberger, out of the great hatred he bears to us, has bought some rotten old nets to set up a fowling-ground for finches, and not only for our dear friends the finches, but in order to deprive us of the liberty of flying in the air and picking up grains of corn, and also to make an attempt upon our lives, although we have not deserved such a punishment at his hands.

Thus we poor birds humbly beseech you to prevent him carrying out his intentions, or if that be impossible, compel him to scatter corn for us in the evening, and prevent his rising before eight in the morning to visit the fowling field, and by doing this we shall ever be grateful to you, as it will enable us to take the route through Wittenberg. But if he continue his wicked attacks upon our lives, then we shall pray God to restrain him, and supply him with frogs, locusts and snails, instead of us, and visit him with mice, lice, fleas and bugs in the nights, so that nothing may interfere with our freedom of flight.

Why does he not vent his wrath on sparrows, magpies, crows, mice and rats, which inflict so much injury on man, stealing the corn from the barns, which we never do, for we only pick up little fragments and single grains of corn, which

we requite a hundred-fold by swallowing gnats, flies and other insects.

We put our case before you in a common-sense way, to see that we are not cruelly treated in having so many snares laid for us. But we trust God will allow us to escape from his foul rotten nets this autumn.

Given in our celestial retreat among the trees, under our common seal and signature."

We are having wonderful Fair Holidays, which is a "crowning mercy" for the many thousands of holiday-makers—bright sunshine and a crisp feeling in the air. Our dirty, smoke-begrimed town actually looks beautiful. Factories and workshops are all silent, and there is as little smoke as in Florence. My belongings are off to traverse the town from N. to S., from E. to W., on the tops of electric cars—just to *see* Glasgow for once in their lives. I'm going to the College to see if I can get hold of Benjamin de Tudela's *Itinerary* for Miss Erichsen. I wish you were nearer and that I could come to see you or you come to see me.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, July 22nd, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Ever so many thanks for your delightful long letter which came this morning. Yes. I sent Reade's *Cloister and the Hearth*. You know, or at least I know, that I promised to send it to you months ago. I had two copies, and last week as I was looking for a book one stared me in the face. I remembered, and it went, and with it the satisfaction of a fulfilled promise. Yesterday I despatched what I think you will enjoy—all Gilbert Murray's translations from Euripides, and his last book on the "Greek Epic."

You will laugh when you see that I enclose a recipe for doing onions. It is simple enough—but the result to my common-place, bourgeois palate is delicious. You probably have it, it may be too late for your book. It can do no harm to send it, if only to show my appreciation of *all* sides of your multitudinous activities.

I was interrupted here by a visit from my doctor, who had learnt that I was home, and wished to overhaul me, he said. So I went to my bedroom and was thumped, tapped and

pinched all over. Then came the verdict. Generally I was in very good condition. The prolonged rest had done me a very great deal of good. My heart was in better condition than it had been for years. *But* I had been feeding too well. I had been putting on flesh. I must get back to my diet. Well I'll go back to my diet with goodwill. So you see, dear kind hostess that you are, how much I owe you.

Have I been so thankless and ungrateful as to say nothing about the books and the Poggio Gherardo Vermouth? What a negligent reprobate! The Vermouth arrived a few days before I did, and it tastes—how it tastes—deliciously. The books came a fortnight before I arrived, and were unpacked with solemn care. Not a scratch on any of them, so much for David's skill in packing.

If you have not ordered Morley's new book, may I send it to you?

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, July 27th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Volpi arrived on Saturday, and now stands on my shelves. It has been beautifully bound.

Do you really believe that I can find one of your letters too long or too trifling? I know that you do not. I can say to you what Madame du Deffand said to Horace Walpole: "Non, Non. Je ne trouve pas votre lettre trop longue, et je n'aurais pas été plus contente si elle avait été plus petite; vous le savez bien."

I thought you would like Luther's letter on the birds. He was very fond of them. He has one very amusing description of how the rooks held a sort of Diet in the tree-tops far below his window in the Wartburg, and allusions to birds abound in letters, etc. Your picture of the small blackbird is a realistic study of the finest sort.

I feared that you would disapprove of my plans, and I cannot say I like them. It would be such a delight to be with you at Poggio Gherardo in September. But I *must* get the book finished. It's like the "old man of the sea" on Sinbad's shoulders. I cannot do any real work—writing I mean—away from my books. That is the worst of history. One has such a multitude of books to consult for every five or six pages one writes. If I could only get it done, then I could begin the

book I really wish to do—*Marguerite of Navarre*. I'm giving my Saturdays to *Marguerite*, and you will be amused by it—I am trying to make a map of her doings. Thanks to her Account Book, I can date her wanderings after 1543; but the earlier years will take much toil. So many places are names of castles or estates, and I must get hold of a large gazetteer of France to hunt them all out.

I thought your *History of Pisa* both interesting and readable—sometimes perhaps the style is a little abrupt; but that was necessary in order to compress it within the desired limits.

Do I like silence? Yes, I think I do enjoy it occasionally, but not for more than a fortnight at a time. You are having it for much too long a space. I do feel very guilty about September, when I think of you all alone at Poggio Gherardo.

Goodbye dearest lady. I wish I were coming to you.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, August 1st, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

So many thanks for Nield's catalogue. I've written for the book you marked. You must tell me more about Jacob Bibliophile. I've one or two of his books, and had occasion to consult a good many others. I never knew anyone who could tell me much about the man himself. His most curious, perhaps most learned, though uncritical, book, he never quite acknowledged—perhaps because of the subject—*Histoire de la Prostitution*, in 6 vols. His pseudonym in this case was Pierre Dufour.

No, I did not write the paper on Wolfe, and I have no idea who did. Strange—Susie said she thought it was like my writing.

I've just seen in a German book-catalogue a copy for sale of the very celebrated map of Paris, made at the order of Turgot, Prévôt of the Merchants. It gives all the streets and buildings as they were in the second half of the eighteenth century. It is in twenty sheets. I've ordered it, but it may be sold ere my letter reaches Stuttgart. I've never seen it all, but bits of it on reduced scale continually appear as illustrations in books about Paris of the eighteenth century. The same catalogue has no less than 235 books on costume! You ask me whether any forgotten treasure has appeared in the cataloguing of my library. One turned up yesterday.

Mrs. Bury Palliser's *History of Lace*. What an indefatigable worker the author was. How carefully she searched the MS. records of various countries—especially France and England. What odds and ends of curious information she has fished out of them.

I never read Calverley's *Theocritus*. Of course Theocritus *was* a rustic, and that may account for some things in Calverley's translation. Are you not going to quit your solitude for a little? I fear the heat is overtiring you and am anxious.

I rather share your feelings about the so-called Olympian games. The name itself bores me. It is so utterly incongruous. But the "Marathon Race" is a phrase which is specially abused. There never was a "Marathon Race" till 1896. The story of the Athenian running from the battle-field to Athens, proclaiming the victory and then dropping dead, is not true. It was an invention of Lucian, who lived 600 years later, and Robert Browning made it popular in a poem.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, August 5th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Your delightful letter came on Monday. How very nice it would be if we could go together to some of the places Marguerite frequented. It will be long ere I can say where she was every year, but I have made a good deal of progress; unfortunately she often omits names of places and dates in her letters or my task would be much easier. It is easy for the last nine years of her life (she died in 1549), for we have her account book written out by her faithful secretary, Jehan de Frotté, who always gives places and dates. But the great part of his MS. perished in the French Revolution.

She spent a large part of her life at the court of her brother, Francis I., from the date of his accession to the throne in 1515. His court was peripatetic, so Marguerite was constantly journeying from place to place with the court, and almost all her writings were composed and written while she was travelling in her *litière*. I do not take these wanderings into account, save to note them, but I do take the places at which the court had a prolonged sojourn. So far as I have got, and I scarcely

think subsequent investigations will alter it, a biographer ought to visit the following groups of places :

1. Angoulême, where she was born and where she abode for the most part till her marriage. It is pretty far south, about half-way between La Rochelle and Bordeaux in latitude but about 70 miles inland.

2. When she married, her first husband was Duke of Alençon, and was besides lord of Armagnac. Alençon, duchy and town, is due west of Paris, half-way between it and the sea (St. Malo, Mont St. Michel). Armagnac, on the other hand, is in the extreme south. (When the Duke of Alençon died, his lands, in default of heirs, fell to the crown, and Marguerite was life-rented in them.)

3. When Francis I. became King he created his sister Duchess of Berri, the province lies about 60 miles due south of Paris. Bourges was its capital, but the Duchess' palace was at Issoudun.

4. Marguerite's second husband was King of Navarre, and summed up in his person the families of Albret, Foix and Béarn, all in the extreme south ; this gives the castle of Mont-de-Marsan and Castel-Jaloux Nérac (Albret), Pau (Béarn) and Tarascon (Foix). Here the chief palaces of sojourn were Pau, Nérac and Mont-de-Marsan.

5. The court residences which Marguerite dwelt long at were : Paris, Tours, Blois, Fontainebleau, Lyons, and Châtellerault.

6. There are the scenes described in the *Heptameron* (preface). If one traversed the roads described, one would have to start from Cauterets, go to St. Savin and Pierre-git, then west by bridle paths to Sarrance, where the tales were told.

The question is to group these places in two or more journeys. I think that :

(1) Alençon, Tours, Blois, Fontainebleau may be reached from Paris as a centre.

(2) Nérac, Pau, Mont-de-Marsan, and the *Heptameron* country go together.

(3) Bourges, Issoudun and perhaps Lyons might go together.

(4) Angoulême lies by itself equidistant from the first and the second.

Now, what do you say about a tour in the south-west corner of France ? It is the richest in her memories. It would be such a delight to have you with me if I went there. I cannot say, Do come, for I may not go. But I can say, Do come, if we can both go.

So many thanks for telling me about Jacob Bibliophile. It is not much, of course, but it is interesting, and gives one a real glimpse of the man and makes him more than a name.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, August 9th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I'm very much interested to hear that you have discovered more letters of Medici ladies. The ones you showed me were very interesting I thought, and ought to interest others. They represent the times better than any mere description. But you know that I am perhaps too apt to prefer such contemporary evidence to modern descriptions and so may be prejudiced.

I must get a good historical dictionary of France to find out how many of Marguerite's châteaux are standing. Meanwhile I've just got a queer book which tells me about her last journey to the Baths of Cauterets and a good deal about the place itself as it was in her time. I've learned that Cauterets was in charters of the tenth century *Vallis Caldarensis*—the Vale of Hot Baths; and that the local name for the French *Chaudière* is *Cautères*. The average length of the cure in the sixteenth century was twenty-one days. Patients either drank the waters, or had baths of them, or had mud baths—the last is what Marguerite denotes by the phrase *pour y prendre la fange*.

My daughter and family are beginning to "flit," as we say in Scotland. What a cleaning and clearing out we shall have as soon as the 25th of August has come and gone. A barrowful of broken dolls and toys will be carried out of the house to replenish the civil dust-cart. Now I must stop or I shall miss the night's post.

Ever yours,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, August 14th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

This last week I've been tracking Marguerite in the Pyrenees by her letters in prose and verse. I've found that she made her last journey to Cauterets in the year of her death,

1549. She went there in the end of August, for she thought that the best season at Cauterets was September. She took with her her daughter Jeanne (the Jeanne d'Albret of history), and that for a purpose. Jeanne had been married for ten months and there was no sign of offspring. Marguerite tells us that she longed to be a grandmother. She believed in the efficacy of one of the springs of Cauterets, which, with her usual *espièglerie*, she called the *Fontaine d'Amour*. While Jeanne was taking the cure, Marguerite wrote an epistle in verse to her son-in-law, Anthony Bourbon, who was detained at court by the King, Henri II., and with sixteenth century frankness told him of the cure and that his wife was longing for him. She concludes :

> " Donc, mon filz, qu' j'ayme si très fort
> Que plus ne puys, au moins avant ma mort,
> Avecques moy suplyez ce Bon Dieu
> Que mère grand par vous soye en ce lieu."

Poor Marguerite ! She died before the baby came. And poor Jeanne ! When the babe did come it had but a brief life. Whether the *Fontaine d'Amour* of Cauterets had anything to do with the second baby, who lived to be Henry IV. of France, I do not know. I find that besides the fashionable water-cures near Cauterets, Bagnières-de-Bigorre, Lux, Saint-Saveur, Eaux-Bonnes, etc., there are a great many small thermal stations used by the peasants which may be as primitive as those of the sixteenth century. I once saw such a primitive *Bade-ort*. It was at St. Johann-im-Pongau near Salzburg. The bathing establishment was a long low shed divided into small cabins by thin wooden partitions. In each cabin was a long oval tub, in which the patient sat. An attendant ladled the water out of the hot spring into the conduit, and it descended on the head and shoulders of the patient in his tub from a wooden spigot inserted in the conduit.

Have you any information about Lucrezia de' Medici's baths ? What is the book you wish to see ? Is it Zappert's *Badewesen mittelältlicher und späterer Zeit* ? That is the only archaeological work I have on the subject, and it is chokeful of information, but almost exclusively about Germany. I have also Poggio's famous letter on the *Baths of Baden in the Fifteenth Century*. If you have a sufficient number I think a translation of those letters of Medici ladies would make a very interesting little book. They must be charming if your sentences sample them well. Why not " Letters of Ladies of the Medici Family ? "

Tell me if you wish me to send you Zappert's *Badewesen*. It is a truly German book. You can probably get from the Marucelliana Library Alwyn Schültz's *Deutsches Leben im XIV. und XV. Jahrhundert*, it has a good deal about Baths in those centuries. From Poggio one can see from his surprise at the promiscuous bathing in Switzerland that more decency reigned in Italy.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, August 17th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

No. I do not think *cauterise* comes from *Cauterets*. Medical terms, and it is one, generally come directly from the Greek, and Littré is no doubt right when he derives the French *cauteriser*, the English *cauterise*, the Spanish *cauterizar*, and the Italian *cauterizare*, directly from the Greek noun καυτήριον (*cauterion*), and that from the Greek word καίειν (*caiein*), to burn. Of course, there is probably an obscure connection. The oldest name for the place, found in the title deeds of the Abbey of St. Sarin, is *Vallis Caldarensis*, or valley of the Caldarium, *i.e.* the cauldrons (*Chaudière*, which in the Pyrenean patois becomes *cautera*); and Cautera or Cauteris is the oldest local name for the place. Another very old name also, Chartelaries, *Valle quae dicitur Caldarez*, Cauterets takes, may be a form in the sixteenth century. Marguerite in the Prologue to the *Heptameron* writes *Caudères*; elsewhere she has Cotteretz: Rabelais writes *Coderetz*. I have also found *Coderes*, *Cauderets*. There is a showerbath of words for you; why should I empty it on your head?

What wonderful weather we are having. It is years since we have had such an exquisite August. Nevertheless, I long to be with you at Poggio Gherardo; but—you know the "but," and Solomon's judgment of splitting me in two will not serve I fear.

I've just received proofs of my paper on the "Flagellants," but when it is to be published I cannot tell. Of course, I'll send you it and the "Pilgrimage to Lucca" when they appear. They are both to be in the *Transactions of the Ecclesiological Society*—a very dull affair.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

Yes. The poet's full name was Lucretius Carus. In the sixth book of his poem, *De Rerum Natura*, he tries to explain some of the most striking natural phenomena, such as thunder, lightning, snow, hail, etc. etc., *springs*, healing and noxious, etc.

I suspect that if you wish to know the way in which bathing was done in the fifteenth century, it might be worth while to search through the drawings or engravings of artists of that time. Albert Dürer, Hans Sebaldus Beham, and other German artists of the late fifteenth or sixteenth century were allowed to use the baths as a " life " school for studies, male and female, from the nude. I've learnt more about the usages of German Baths in those centuries from such pictures than from all written descriptions. Alwyn Schültz gives more than a dozen illustrations, and Ephrussi published a few years ago, *Les Bains des Femmes d'Albert Dürer*, with fine plates, and I have others. You can see them when you come here. I suspect, from what you say, that for the poor people the usage was the same all over Europe—men and women, sometimes, indeed usually, quite nude, bathed together in a common tank, constructed for the purpose, into which the waters were led, or in a natural pool formed by the outflow of the spring. That was the usage in Germany. At Cauterets we read of at least four such open *cuves*, built of stone (traces of one still exist they say). Then came buildings, over these were more baths with the promiscuous bathing under cover. But *gens de condition* had always the water led into private baths, in Germany at least. The German custom was to spend hours in the bath. They ate and drank and sang and played the lute there. When the water was led into tubs, a board placed over part of the tub served as the table. This was also the custom in France, as we learned from more than one Trouvère lay. Poggio describes what he saw at Baden ; I infer, perhaps wrongly, from what he says, that such was not the Italian custom. Baedeker describes the Baths of Lenk in Switzerland as preserving the old German fashion—though every bather wears a long flannel dress. If we could find that the social usages in Italy were the same as those in France and Germany, a most interesting and picturesque article or series of pages for your *Lucca* could be written on the subject, and one could contrast *then* and *now*.

When you think Marguerite and Scotland do not go well together, you forget that she is always esteemed as one of the earliest of French Protestants. In my *Reformation* (vol. 2,

p. 136) I have described her relation to the movement. So, in spite of the *Heptameron*, she is a *persona grata* with the strictest. Her religious beliefs were her very own, and she has been justly claimed by both sides. If I could only get this book on the *Early Centuries of Christianity* done, I'd write an article on "Marguerite d'Angoulême, Catharist, Mystic and Catholic." I think it would be an impartial study. I'm sure it would rile partisans on both sides—a most commendable thing.

Do you ever get anonymous letters? None have come to me for many a year. But last night's post brought a precious one, at which we all laughed greatly, notwithstanding the bad language it contained. The crime I was accused of, was eating chicken in the presence of starving Hindus while in India in 1888-89. I think the author might have insisted on later misdeeds.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, August 24th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Yours of the 20th came this morning with two very interesting enclosures. These Renaissance descriptions with their fad for introducing the pseudo-classical are always rather provoking to my matter-of-fact mind; but making due allowance for poetical (?) exaggeration, I fancy one could arrive at a tolerably accurate idea of what "Bagno a Morba" was from the poem of Bartolomeo Scala. My imagination, which may be all wrong, at once constructed the picture of a rocky site, a hot spring issuing among the rocks emitting fumes of sulphur, and the chemical action thus produced gradually wearing the rocks away till a small cave is hollowed out. Thus means of bathing in hot sulphur-charged water, or warm sulphur-charged mud, and also means of drinking sulphur-charged water are produced; all three remedies are at hand at Bagno a Morba. I wonder if this is a true deduction from Scala's whimsical poem?

On Saturday I go to my sister-in-law, Miss Murray-Dunlop, for eight days. It is rather a bore—not going to be with Molly Dunlop—but going on this occasion. For I'm to be "on exhibition" to two lady novelists. My perfidious sister-in-law has confessed that she often read them extracts from my letters, and that for two years they have urged her to

show me to them in the flesh. I evaded them last year. I have not read a word of any of their novels and do not mean to. What do they want? If they wish to steal Marguerite I'll fob off Marguerite No. 2 on them. I'll tell you about them when I meet them. Send me more Medici ladies' letters. It will be a delight to read them. Have I not the hour when I smoke my last pipe?

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, August 28th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

So many thanks for your very interesting letters. If you have many more like these two, you will be able to make a delightful book.

Well, my daughter and her belongings are gone. The house is praeternaturally silent. No joyous infantile shouts or irritating infantile whimpers on the stairs. No drumming at my study door with children's hands, nor kicking with small but sturdy feet. No exclamations of parents, aunt, or nurse—Grandfather must not be disturbed. The rooms look strangely tidy. No broken toys—broken but cherished—litter the rooms or the stair. My grandchildren and their belongings left yesterday via Munich, Trieste, Bombay, Satara. Their heavy luggage included an article which deserves mention. It was a sack of dark green water-proof cloth padlocked at the neck. My daughter Esther told me that she had asked for a "dirty clothes" bag. "Madam," said the justly shocked salesman, "permit me to show you these bedroom and cabin accessories."

Yours of 25th has come late to-night. Yes, you are right about the Swiss Baths. I suppose they still go on. Baedeker describes them exactly as your letters do, and concludes with: "the utmost order and decorum prevail." I am sending you a rare little reprint, extracted from the letters of Poggio Bracciolini, who was I think a Florentine and one of the "circle" of Cosimo. Poggio is writing a "gay" letter, and is probably somewhat picturesque; but in order to show that the main features are true I have typed an extract from the *Itinerary of Fynes Moryson*, an Englishman who visited Leuk in 1592.

I would advise you to look for drawings as well as prints. Your Italian artists of the end of the fifteenth and sixteenth

century were, I rather think, somewhat chary of putting utterly commonplace subjects in finished work ; but they made sketches or studies of commonplace things, if my memory serves me right.

I rather feel the loss of my Anglo-Indians now that they are gone. Such are the inconsequences of human nature. I'd better stop here, the enclosures will make up the weight.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Sept. 1st, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I am not to be "trotted out" for the two novelists. They have postponed their visit, and I remain at home. It is just as well. Asthma threatened and seized me—but the breathlessness only lasted one day. I must be much stronger than I have been for some years, thanks to my long holiday and your delightful hospitality. Your letters were sent back by my sister-in-law. I greatly enjoyed Gentili's letter, and liked Madonna Contessina's. She evidently thought, like the American millionairess, Miss Hetty Green, who has just been unburdening her soul on the faults, especially the extravagance, of American women, that those who learn to save will in the end rule those who only know how to spend. What a toil the deciphering of Lucrezia de' Medici's letters must be. One would need a German to tackle them. But they seem to be well worth it from the specimens you give.

The Irish papers are full of the great war against tuberculosis started and energetically, and really very successfully, carried on by Lady Aberdeen. Her Excellency sends me an occasional paper which records the steps. She and her supporters are enthusiastic about open windows, and I have written her that I hope she is not trying to raise up a generation of aeromaniacs. Now that we have a housemaid who says she is "that fond of fresh air," I have to be on my guard.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Sept. 3rd, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Other instalments of Medici letters arrived yesterday and to-day. I have read them with much interest ; they give

notable glimpses into the life of those old times. The letters about the construction of the Baths is very informing. It shows how carefully the hot sulphur and alum springs were traced and used. I'll be glad to get as many of these letters as you care to send me; I enjoy reading them.

So the British Association has begun its meetings—and in Dublin of all places. The present President is the second son of the famous Darwin; he is a Cambridge man, and very nice and thorough. His science is Botany. He has an hereditary interest in it, for his grandfather, or great-grandfather, I forget which, was Dr. Erasmus Darwin, who wrote the *The Loves of the Plants*. I see that he has stuck pertinaciously to his own subject in his introductory address. There is the dinner bell, so I must close.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Sept. 6th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Yours with Poliziano's letter came yesterday; it is very interesting and sprightly. He would not stir from the house on days such as we have here—rain and wind all day long. Yet weather prophets promise us a dry September. I read yesterday an interesting letter on the dearth of wasps in Great Britain during this autumn. The writer attributes it to the dry and sunny June followed by a wet first fortnight of July. June, he says, was so warm and sunny that the Queen wasps laid their eggs in casual fashion, and did not select places secure from rain. So when the rain did come the larvae was exposed to wet and perished. If June had been wet the Queens, he alleges, would have chosen dry places, and most of the broods would have escaped. I wonder what truth there is in these remarks.

I'm hard at work on my chapter on the times of Julian the Apostate, for the *Cambridge Mediaeval History*, and at last think that I am going to make something of it. Have you ever heard of an Italian writer, Gaetano Negri? He seems to have been both a friend and a pupil of Villari. He has written a big book on Julian and has spent great pains on his subject. Villari writes a preface to the English edition published in 1905 by Fisher Unwin. Villari has also some good pages on Julian in his book on the *Barbarian Invasions of Italy*. It is curious to see how the ideas of both Italian

scholars are the same—so much so that Villari's pages seem to be a condensation of Negri's two volumes, and Negri's volumes an expansion of Villari's pages. If there is any difference, it seems to me that Negri discusses the character of Julian as if that Emperor belonged to the nineteenth century, while Villari judges him as if he had lived in the times of the Renaissance. If I might venture to criticise two such scholars, I would say that they do not bring to their task a knowledge intimate of the intellectual and religious atmosphere which Julian breathed. One cannot rightly understand a man when one isolates him and takes him out of his environment. Julian has always been an attractive personality. The literature upon him is immense, I find. But I am working in my own self-willed way. I've Julian's own writings, especially his letters. Then my studies in the popular paganism of the third century is an immense help, I find. So I get the man, or as much as he disclosed, and his surrounding atmosphere.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Sept. 10th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

The Cardinal's letter is very interesting indeed. It shows among other things the delicate, unstable, artificial nature of that balance of power, largely the work of Lorenzo, which maintained the peace of Italy until Lorenzo's death, without leaving a successor of the same political sagacity. I trust you will not cease sending me those Medicean letters as you come by them, for they interest me greatly. I think that you and I were made to be correspondents, we have both our own work, and yet are interested in each other's. I know you cannot send me too many letters.

I am afflicted with a plague of letters from Anglican clergymen. They wish me to write to the *Times*, denouncing the coming Ritualist Conference. I tell them that denunciatory letters are simply good advertisements of the thing denounced —that I never write to the newspapers, etc., etc. Two communications came this morning. My patience is exhausted! They have gone into the waste-paper basket.

I am so glad you liked the map. I had some doubt about it, as you do not care very much about maps—but I thought of Mr. Ross's wonderful ride and sent it.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Sept. 14th, 1908.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

The enclosed picture will tell you better than any verbal descriptions can possibly do what I mean by saying that a picture of these fifteenth-century Baths may be got from the works of artists of the time. This is Hans Memling's *Bath-sheba*. Now see how you can construct the scene. The bathing chambers are small, and stand either in a straight row or more probably make the sides of a square. For the details in the chamber you must trust my knowledge, which comes from several such pictures, and which fills up the dark corners in this one. The bath itself is a long oval tub, so deep that when one sits in it the sides are almost up to the armpits of the bather. The tub is placed within a frame-work of wood covered with cloth curtains, and with a frame-work dome on which cloth is stretched. When the bather, or bathers (for the tub was generally large enough to admit two) were in, the curtains could be drawn so as to give perfect concealment. Remember that there was little glass in those days. Light came, as in the picture, from an open unglazed window and from the door, which is here thrown open. The water was brought by a wooden conduit, which went from chamber to chamber. Evidently when the drying and rubbing with towels took place the door was for the most part open for light and air. This one was both luxurious and decent compared with most. But it could be seen into from above, and from a distance, where the artist has placed King David. As I said before, Albert Dürer and other artists haunted the baths, because they were the only "life school" they had. I've cut out the illustration from a prospectus sent me of an *Illustrierte Sitten Geschichte vom Mittelalter bis zum Gegenwart*, which is to come out in three volumes. The author and editor is Fuchs, who has written by far the best *History of Caricature*. It promises among other things a history of baths and their customs. I am inclined to subscribe.

Did you ever hear of l'Orvietan? The name occurs often in the back-lanes of French, and especially of Parisian history in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. I guessed it was a medicine of some sort, and Littré confirmed that. But I felt there must be something unusual, and quietly stored the word somewhere in a mental chamber and waited. A few weeks ago I saw the word as the title of a book in a French archaeological catalogue. I wrote for it, got it, and it has

explained everything. The orvietan was nothing but a quack medicine ; but it had a wonderful history, and brought about many things. It enriched the possessors ; it gave them coats of arms ; one branch of the family was actually ennobled and furnished colonels and captains to the royal guards—an almost unheard of thing in the eighteenth century. Some time in the sixteenth century—end of it—a certain Lupi of Orvieto, ville de Toscane, says my book, compounded an electuary which was said to cure the plague and other contagious diseases, to take all danger out of the bites of venomous snakes and mad dogs, and to be an antidote against all poisons—mineral or vegetable. Sometime about the beginning of the seventeenth century an Italian, Hieronomous Ferranti, called also in French Le Fiovente, brought the drug, or what he declared to be Lupi's mixture of drugs, to Paris, and gave it the name Orvietan, from the town in which he declared it was first compounded. He died leaving a widow, Clarice, an Italian like himself, the heiress of his medical secrets. She married another Paris quack, born in Lorraine, but of Italian descent, called Jean Verrier, or more frequently Vetrario. Under this man the medicine became very celebrated—chiefly because the medical faculty of Paris protested against its sale. Vetrario managed to win the favour of the Bailli of the Ile du Palais, and was allowed to set up a booth on the Pont Neuf. Jean Vetrario died, and his widow Clarice was his heiress and depositor of his secrets as well as of those of her first husband. She married for third husband Christophe Contugi, and they became naturalised French citizens. From this marriage came all the possessors of the orvietan—a remarkable family. Christophe must have been a man of great address, and with a keen sense of how to advertise. He got himself appointed royal herbalist and apothecary. He established in his booth on the Pont Neuf the first popular open-air French theatre—solely as a means to advertise his drugs in general and his orvietan in particular. Some of the plays were satires on the medical faculty, and their protests only made him and his orvietan more famous. Clarice had no children and Christophe was his wife's heir. He married a second wife, Rosabelle, and their numerous descendants intermarried as in royal families—all to keep the secret of the precious orvietan within the family. In course of time they were compelled to publish the recipe ; but this did not harm them, for they got a monopoly of its manufacture and sale. *One* of the family, selected, sometimes at least, by the whole connection, was *the* maker and responsible distributor of the

medicine. They had agencies all over France and beyond it. Some branches of the family received coats of arms ; one was ennobled and exchanged the pestle and mortar for the sword ; another sent into the world distinguished botanists. Never was there such a history. Sometime in the end of the eighteenth century, the popularity of orvietan suddenly ceased. But what is extraordinary is that the orvietan, compounded from the recipe disclosed in the law courts, is *still* used by French veterinary doctors, and is a favourite, *the* favourite, remedy used by Normandy horse and cattle breeders. Is it not a wonderful history ?

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Sept. 25th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I am ashamed to say that I have two letters of yours, with interesting enclosures, to answer. I have had to go two days running to Edinburgh, and yesterday I had a day full of college business and a dinner to go out to in the evening. Last night I felt very tired. The letter of Sixtus IV. (1471-1484) is very interesting, showing how the Popes used their ecclesiastical power as religious heads of Christendom to further their schemes of aggrandisement as Italian princes—clearing the way for Cesare Borgia twenty-five years later. Lucrezia de' Medici's is still about Baths. Bathing must have played a great part in domestic life—almost as much as in contemporary Germany.

Susie and Tom are now returned from Arran, and she has come back feeling so well and strong. What a change in her since her stay at Poggio Gherardo last September. Her new strength dates from that—no real rheumatism since. They are full of work at the house and scorn outside help. I'll be glad when they finish my bedroom, which they are at just now. Susie insisted on new curtains, so I have had to undress at night in the darkest corner of my room ; the one large window had neither blind nor curtains ; now I hope to be in greater propriety.

At the British Museum I mean to work at the bibliography of books on Julian the Apostate and also at old French historical geography connected with Marguerite of Navarre. I'll be at the Savile Club till Monday the 5th, when I must

return for important College business. We begin lectures on the 14th. This is an absurdly personal letter, but at this time I can write no other.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Savile Club,
Piccadilly W., Sept. 29th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

So the vintage is over and the yield is poor. The Canon must have been a bore. Why are some men, and women too for that part, so wrapt up in themselves that they cannot see when others are busy at work and have no time for their chatter. I hope you will like him better at lunch, but I am somewhat inclined to doubt it. I suspect he cannot use his eyes well, and so must needs set his tongue wagging in season and out of season. Otherwise he is a good and very kind-hearted man. Only when anything goes wrong with one of his friends he worries *other* people with letters about them. When his friend, my colleague Professor G. A. Smith, was very ill he wrote me letter after letter, urging me to engage a substitute at once, etc., etc. Smith's doctors had told me that the invalid was not to be discouraged, and I had already engaged a substitute *privately* for the session, but ostensibly for a month, and from month to month. This kept Smith's hopes up, and yet gave him the rest he needed. But the Canon was not satisfied at all. So at last I simply threw his letters into the waste-paper basket without answering. When we met afterwards he told me effusively that I had done what was right, but implied that I was cold-blooded. Some people, and he is one, think that sympathy can only be shown by making a fuss.

I am not sure that the *Illustrierte Sittensgeschichte* will help you much, but a month hence, when four numbers have appeared, I'll be able to tell you better. I do not think the letterpress will be of much value; I've seen the first number, and from it I fancy that the man is working a *theory* rather than writing a history, and that his theory is much more in Mrs. Glyn's line of things than in yours or mine. I fancy also that his theory will influence his selection of illustrations and make the whole book lop-sided. So far as I can see from his preface, he sets out with the preconceived notion that marriage is a cold-blooded convention based on the means of securing the continued possession of private property. A man who

starts from such a beginning cannot produce a sane history, and his book is sure to abound in the abnormal and probably in the indecent; but one is not quite in a position to criticise. It is hardly fair to judge from one part.

At the Club I met an old friend who has just come back from Constantinople, and was full of stories about the "Young Turks"—many of them old men who had returned after years of banishment or had emerged from imprisonment. I must stop as it is long after eleven and I ought to be in bed.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Savile Club,
London, Oct. 3rd, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I've been working hard at the British Museum—usually six or seven hours a day. Well to-day at 6 o'clock I got into an omnibus, got to the Club at half-past six, got some tea and determined to spend the hour till dinner in writing to you, when a voice accosted me. It was Scott-Moncrieff, an old friend. Did he not keep me talking till dinner-time, and snapt up the hour I had consecrated to write to you! What hot weather we are having for the time of year. The maximum temperature in the shade yesterday was eighty, and in the sun from 100 to 115. We have had a week of this, and the meteorologists promise us at least another. In the two days I have dined at my club I've got Chianti as appropriate to the weather. *Chianti vecchio* it calls itself—but David would disown it. The label has the name Ruffino, Firenze, but it only provokes a faint reminiscence of what it ought to have been.

Lady Duff Gordon wrote to me some weeks ago to ask whether I could tell her of books where she could get genuine "Directoire" costume. Luckily I was able to tell her of a new German historical work of costumes which covered her period. Then I sent her a French catalogue which contained some books figuring ladies' dresses during the Directorate and the first Empire. Then came a curious thing. I do not know whether you know the streets about the British Museum. They are full of queer little shops, where all kinds of out-of-the-way things are sold. I take a childish delight in looking into shop windows. Gazing into one—a photograph shop—I saw a picture post-card which dealt with costume. So I went in and asked to see their selection of post-cards which

contained costumes. I found an album containing one specimen only of costumes from Marie Antoinette's time down to the Empire of Louis Napoleon and Eugenie. The shop-woman told me that they had only bought one of each and that they had not sold. So I promptly bought seventy-four, almost their whole stock. I got the address of the Paris firm, and Lady Duff Gordon says she will buy the whole set, which number, I think, about 450. If she gets them she will have a marvellously cheap history of costume. So valuable were they that she at once designed a dress from one striking Directoire picture, and I was invited to see it in embryo. You will think me an old goose when I tell you that I was quite delighted to see an old design which I had thus secured exactly reproduced.

Forgive this short and somewhat rubbishy letter.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Savile Club,
London, Oct. 4th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I've finished my work in the British Museum, *i.e.* the work I meant to do when I came up. I've glanced at and gleaned from all the works written about Julian the Apostate, and I have got ready a tolerably good bibliography ; but it has been very continuous work and not lightened by little diversions into other parts of literature. I think when one is working rather hard at *one* principal subject, it is useful to have at least one minor one to vary the task. But this time I had too little time to engage in any minor task, and the work was correspondingly hard. To-day I knew I would have some work in paying visits, so I determined not to go to church, but rest, read, and write to you in the Savile Club. But I had barely begun when J. A. Smith, who spent almost a day with you lately at Poggio Gherardo, came in, sat down beside me and began to talk. Then came Professor Burnet of St. Andrews, just come over from five weeks' work among Greek MSS. So I had to leave this letter and talked. We talked so long, the time passed so quickly that it was 1.10 when I looked at my watch, and I was due far away at 1.30. So I hurried off, and fortunately got a motor-car.

I'm back at my hotel, and to-morrow morning I start for Glasgow. I am wonderfully well and hope to continue so, though I am going back to a colder climate. I have run to

earth a story about Julian the Apostate, which is continually mentioned in "lives" but without reference—one writer evidently borrowing vaguely from the other. I went from book to book without success, till at last I got hold of an old contemporary record. Eunapius is the author, and his book is entitled *Lives of Philosophers and Sophists.* His story is that Maximus, a famous teacher, with long white hair and piercing eyes, took four of his friends down into an underground temple of Hecate. There he burnt *one* grain of incense and recited a long hymn by way of incantation. The image of the goddess began to smile, then to laugh. The four friends got very frightened, Maximus told them not to be alarmed. They would, he said, see the two lamps held in the hands of the goddess ignite spontaneously. As he spoke they burst into flame. One of the four, it is said, told the story to the young Julian, who, there and then, insisted on being introduced to Maximus, saying: "That is the man for me." It is not expressly said that Julian was present at a similar seance, but that is the natural inference. Eunapius goes on to say that Julian's intercourse with Maximus was what finally made him break with Christianity. At all events it is true that Maximus had the very greatest influence over the young Emperor, and was constantly with him till his death.

Is not that a curious tale of a "spiritualist" seance in the fourth century? Now I must pack and go to bed.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Oct. 8th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Your post-card greeted me—and it was a delightful greeting—when I got home on Monday night. I found my sister-in-law here, which was a pleasure. She is not one of those ladies who must sit in the drawing-room after dinner, so she and Susie sat with me in my Study while I smoked. Tuesday was spent in replying to an accumulation of uninteresting correspondence and interviews and meetings with people who came to see me, and I had no time to write. Yesterday a great piece of family news arrived. Susie's "young man" has been elected a Fellow of Merton College, Oxford; so I suspect she will leave me sometime—when I do not know. She and I have fairly settled down to our winter's life.

Lectures will begin in a week, and the usual routine will go on. Thanks to the long holiday and to your care of me, I begin this session very differently from the last—with more strength and hope of getting through it easily and well.

I've now seen the second part of that *Illustrierte Sittengeschichte*, and I scarcely think it would help you at all. We have had ten days of lovely warm weather ; it has saved our harvest, which threatened to be spoiled by the abundant rain in September. When I went up to London on Monday of last week, fully one half of the grain was standing cut in the fields ; when I came north on Monday of this week every field was clear, and the farm-yards full of stacks of oats, wheat and barley, and the plough was seen at work from Middlesex to Lanarkshire.

This is Indian mail day, and I have besides about twenty business letters to write, so I must stop.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Oct. 11th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Your delightful long letter came last night, and your suggestion amused me. I do not think I'd be much help in "Lucile's." I could certainly find out the historical anticipations of changing modern fashion ; but that is a trifle, and its need occurs only once in a while. So I shall not propose the partnership. But it was interesting to see a picture, which one had secured for the artiste, gradually grow into dress under her hands—first, the somewhat shapeless, roughly stitched together bodice and skirt walks into the sanctum on a living "model," and the forewoman and one of the workwomen follow. The artiste looks at it for a moment or two, then she makes a dash at the figure, just as my friend Hutchinson, the sculptor, used to do at his clay model. Her fingers are working all over the stuff, and gradually in a minute or two the somewhat chaotic mass takes shape ; the cloth falls into beautiful lines and curves. She is talking all the time to the forewoman, explaining the effect of this pull or that push, and pinning each into permanent shape. Sometimes the thing is done in ten minutes or less, sometimes it takes long—hours I am told—before she can realise her ideal. When the shape is settled there is a second seance for colour. Of course, the general effect of the colours is the first thing

thought out before any cutting is begun—but details have to be arranged later. I saw one such scene. The "model," always with the forewoman, was standing. The colour to me was beautiful, but the artiste was not satisfied. She stood looking, with knitted brows, gazing at the bodice, then glancing round the walls where pieces of silk and ribbands hung pinned on the walls. Suddenly she seized on a bit of ribband about ¼-inch wide, placed it and pinned it. The effect was wonderful. The one little bit of colour had made all the difference. I can imagine, to an outsider, that the sight of me there in an armchair in a corner of the room, motionless and silent, would be irresistibly comic.

I think those letters you have sent of Lorenzo to the Pope are interesting in one or two important ways—they show for one thing the beginning of the break-up of that elaborate and artificial system of inter-Italian policy which Lorenzo reared and which perished at his death. I am glad to hear that you are so much better. Take care of yourself. It is time to go to Church, so goodbye dear friend.

Yours always,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Oct. 14th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I have half-an-hour before I start for College, and I am going to spend it in writing to you. We begin classes to-day, so my neck is again to the collar, and I'll be hard at work day by day till the end of March. Everything points to a happy, hard-working session. I feel in excellent condition to begin work—very different from last year—thanks to my long rest and your loving care. Our classes promise to be large, and our men are eager to begin work. We have as usual a large number from beyond the land—one comes from Siam in the East, and another from Nebraska in the West. These foreigners make it a point of honour to call and pay their respects to the Principal, and this means interviews and compliments I'd willingly dispense with. Still it is all in the day's work.

We are also in the throes of extension. We have bought in a neighbouring site, and site and new buildings are to cost about £14,000, of which since leaving you I have managed to secure nearly £8000, which leaves £6000 still to secure. It may be difficult to do so owing to this very hard winter; but

we must try. Forgive me for inflicting so much "shop" upon you: but I'm very full of it just now. So is Susie. All the professors and their wives dine with us to-night—the first night of the session, and Susie is making preparations. Whatever shall I do when she leaves me? She will be with me, I am thankful to say, till this time next year; but after that the deluge!

Now my time is up and I must go and get ready. Cap, gown and hood are lying in the lobby. I must start.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Oct. 20th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Your two post-cards came on the same day—one in the morning, one in the afternoon. No Sunday delivery is the explanation, I fancy. They brought delightful news of your recovery. I was getting to be very uneasy.

I am sitting with my feet on my wooden fender, my pad in my hand, waiting for the time when I must start for College. It is the most peaceful half hour of the day. I've read my letters, gone over my lecture, and feel at peace with all mankind.

Yesterday I had an unexpected visit from an old friend—Robert Monteith Smith—who is in the Ministry of the Interior at Cairo. He spent a month this summer at Constantinople, in Smyrna, etc., and is full of news about the Turkish revolution. He went ostensibly on a private tour, but with directions to observe, and if possible, to find out from authoritative persons how far the movement in Turkey was likely to affect our position in Egypt. His idea is, that while there must be some indirect effect the leaders of the Young Turks are determined to have nothing whatever to do with the Egyptian malcontents. They gave a reason, which Smith says is thoroughly accordant with the nature of things. The Egyptian movement is not really national, it is at basis Pan-Islamic, and therefore religious and intolerant. The Turkish revolt, on the other hand, is national, and aims at including all religions. Pan-Islamism would destroy everything on which their party is based. Smith saw the Sultan. He says that he has one of the most repulsive faces he ever saw. Every line of it denotes cruelty. The three features which impressed him most were the red-rimmed eyes, the thin

bloodless lips, the great nose ridged but thick at the base. The most extraordinary feature of the movement, he thinks, is the curious spontaneous, wholesale affection for and admiration of the English. When he questioned young Turkish leaders about it, their answer was that England was the only nation which had not sought to exploit them ; but Smith does not think this explains all. The imitation, etc., extends into the social sphere, and is perhaps most prominent there—even more than in the political. One of the earliest signs was the institution of a "Sports Club"—for cricket, football, golf, racing. £6000 was subscribed to start it ; but none but Englishmen and Turks were permitted to subscribe. It is managed by a committee of twelve—six Turks and six Englishmen. No other nationality is admitted to the management, though numbers of all are allowed to join the club. On the other hand, there is an intense hatred of the Germans. Instances were given how the Emperor insisted on being paid for every exertion of his patronage. The Government was compelled to buy Krupp's rifles at six times their cost in Germany, and so on in many similar cases. I wish you could have heard him.

Now I must be off to College. Goodbye. I'm so thankful you are better.

Yours always,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Oct. 28th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I have had quite a sharp but short attack of asthma since I wrote to you. I spent Saturday, Sunday and part of Monday in bed ; and according to that extraordinary fashion of mine, asleep. I suppose that I was asleep for forty-four hours out of the forty-eight, though I was breathing almost spasmodically. The Doctor was, as usual, astonished at my capacity for sleep, and was at the same time disturbed with my breathing. So he resolved to try something new by way of injection—*what* it was I don't know. I was still rather short of breath, but there was nothing of spasmodic action. The asthma had gone by Monday evening. Yesterday I did my day's work and am now none the worse, even so much the better.

I've just heard from a dear friend of mine ——; he is staying with President Roosevelt at the White House, and host

and guest are having endless talks about elephants and elephant shooting. —— took an introduction to an acquaintance of mine, Dr. Albert Shaw, who is an intimate friend of the President. When Shaw heard accidentally in conversation that —— had shot 105 wild elephants in Central Africa, besides no end of rhinoceroses, etc., etc., he told him that the President must see him. They met, and Roosevelt refused to be contented until —— and his wife came to stay at the White House. She was the first white woman to see Lake Tanganyika. So the two spin endless yarns about Central Africa and its big game. —— will be back in three weeks, and I'll get it all out of him, and tell you anything specially interesting.

This morning brought a long and vivid letter from my daughter-in-law, Nellie. She married my second boy Jim, and has a wonderful power of describing simply what she sees. Part of the jungle country inhabited by the Santal aborigines is within Jim's district. These Santals are wonderful trackers and hunters; they carry about with them a strange-looking axe, which they can use with deadly effect. It's stem is about 4 feet long and its head is like that of a geological hammer; and armed with this they have been known to face and overcome tigers. But they are afraid of man-eating tigers, and look to the ruler of the district to slay them. They believe that an evil spirit of a very villainous kind inhabits a man-eater. So word having come of a man-eater, the youthful magistrate and his wife set out for a forty-eight hours' holiday in one of the jungle villages. Nellie remained to talk with the women, and Jim marched off with the men to find the tiger. Tiger slaying in a Santal jungle is very different from the gorgeous sport where elephants, etc., are employed. The hunter walks out to find his game as an English sportsman goes to find partridges. The Santals guarantee to give him due notice of the tiger's presence. His power to shoot straight must do the rest. For an hour or two Nellie heard the beating of Tom-toms, the singing of extemporised songs of triumph, and soon saw the huge body of the brute dragged by a portion of the exulting crowd. The skins of man-eaters are always mangy; so this one's was left to the village folk, who would doubtless cut it into small bits to display as charms on portions of their bodies. Many of the Santal young men go to serve as coolies in the Assam tea-plantations.

They invariably return to seek their brides in their ancestral villages. Such men are the great marriage "catches" of the place, and the girls go eagerly to mission schools to learn to

sew and cook and live tidily. The time between engagement and marriage is spent by the bride-elect in tending silkworms, etc. Nellie was shown the almost finished trousseau of a girl whom she calls the "belle of the village." She says that the sewing was a model of neat stitching.

When the young people returned the Santal village fathers decided that ponies were too slow-going beasts to carry the great hunter who had slain the tiger; so it was arranged that the ponies should be sent back somehow, and ten lean sinewy Santal young men were selected to pull and push the small pony cart—seven pulling and three pushing. They made their return journey in a little over half the time the ponies had taken to bring them.

I've a lot more to tell you, but I'm not quite well yet. So goodbye.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Oct. 30th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I'm still rather weak and breathe by the "mouthful," but am rapidly recovering. I've been fit for College work, and when I've got to-day's somewhat heavy spell over, I'll have Saturday and Sunday for complete rest.

After Lecture. I think to-day's lecturing has done me a lot of good. At all events I am much better than in the morning. The weather too has changed.

We have two American Professors among our students this winter. They have come, they say, to learn our methods and points of view. One of them, Dr. Crawfurd, has brought a very delightful wife with him. They have just been to call. They deplore the wet feeling in the air, and yet confess they can do what they have not strength for at home. Mrs. Crawfurd says she walked seventeen miles on Saturday last, and five had been her longest walk in America. Of course, it had been to the Trossachs, and to get to Ellen's Isle. What a craze they have for "Sir Walter Scott" sites. They are Southerners, and Mrs. Crawfurd denounces with vigour *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and its authoress—"an immāural book," she calls it.

I really am in full sail to recovery, though still choked in the wind-pipes. "I wish you could use that strength you expend in coughing in some useful manner," says Susie, "for

the production of electric light or to drive a sewing machine." I am somewhat comforted, however, to know that I do my Doctor a great deal of good—at least he says so. He is naturally inclined to look on life from the most serious point of view, and (he has just left) he declares that I chaff him and his sayings and doings, and myself as his patient, that he laughs more than half the time he is with me; and that, he says, sends him off to his next patient with great good humour. I think that work is reviving here. The Lord Provost tells me that the big problem now is not the "Unemployed" but the "Unemployable"—a much more difficult thing. This must be a brief note—just a word to let you know that I am thinking about you.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 2nd, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

It was an unexpected treat to get your post-card this morning and to hear that you are better. Yes, my asthma is gone, but you never need worry about asthma. It is all in the day's work.

I daresay the injected stuff made you feel rather queer. I had an injection the other day—the first I have ever had. On the second day of my asthma, while I was asleep propped up on pillows, I opened my eyes to find the Doctor looking at me in his gravest bedside manner. He has a capital bedside manner. From his face you'd think he carried life and death in two small boxes in his waist-coat pockets. He was looking his gravest. "Anything wrong?" quoth I. "That spasmodic breathing must be stopt," said he. "All right," said I; "Stop it." For after all *that* was his business, not mine. "Do not be alarmed," he said, "it will only be a prick." Sure enough the prick came somewhere in my arm. Then came a queer thing. Almost immediately I felt all the sensations of prickly heat in my chin; they crept up to my upper lip. The nose was evidently too lofty a peak for them to climb, but they crept up my cheeks, danced about on my forehead, and vanished in the roots of my hair. The Doctor saw the accompanying flush and looked puzzled, and, as it seemed to me, a wee bit alarmed. I described my sensations. He always praises my descriptions and says he has no patient whose observation is more accurate. He looked still queerer.

"Anything specially wrong?" I asked. "N-o-o-o," he said, "but *it* (what *it* was I have not the faintest idea) acted almost instantaneously and *it* ought to have taken at least five minutes to act." I apologised as humbly as my breathlessness permitted, for I hate to disappoint any one and do not wish to be abrupt or to lack in courtesy even to an injection. But what the Doctor called the *spasmodic* breathing stopt (I call it taking in the atmosphere in gulps), and one pillow sufficed instead of three. Our Doctor says that I help him greatly by furnishing him with descriptions of symptoms expressed in English of a simple character. Long ago he asked me once, "How do you feel to-day?" "All-overish," I replied. He has cherished the phrase. At another time he asked, "What troubles you most to-day? the cough?" "No," said I, "the altogetherness of everything." He thought that admirable also. So I am uplifted by the thought that in my humble way I am helping to build up the great science of medicine.

Goodbye. I'm off to College. It is delightful to know that you are a little better.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 4th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Yesterday was a woeful day—callers, callers—I had scarcely an hour to myself. To-day is quieter.

Your post-card of the 30th October came last night. I fear that I have been negligent in writing immediately after my short but sharp attack of asthma, and have caused you unnecessary anxiety about me. Pray forgive me. But please do not worry much about asthma, unless the attack is both prolonged and severe it is of small consequence. I've had attacks of asthma since I was three years old and never think much of them. Any sudden fall of temperature is liable to produce them whatever care I take.

The newspapers are full of tributes to the memory of my dear old friend, Edward Caird, who retired a year ago from the Mastership of Balliol College. Sir William Markby will feel his death I am sure.

Just back from College, and there news awaited me in the shape of a very influential deputation who wish me to allow myself to be nominated for the Moderatorship of the Church.

The Moderator is the supreme head of a Presbyterian Church, who holds office for a year. How would you like to see me dressed up in shoes with great silver buckles, black silk stockings, knee-breeches, lace ruffles at the wrists and lace frills to my shirt breast, with a black Pompadour coat and a three-cornered hat? To accept and be elected would mean that I could not get to Italy till the beginning of June. I do not like the idea at all; but I may have to accept. We shall see. I'll decline the honour if I possibly can. I wish good people would leave me alone to live in quiet. Of course my colleagues are keen that I should accept, because of the honour coming to the College.

I do trust you are feeling better by now.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 5th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Your letter of the 1st November came last night. It made me feel myself a heartless brute, my dearest friend, to think that by neglecting to write to you for so many days I had made you so anxious at the very time when you ought to have been spared anything which caused you worry. On those days—Friday after College, Saturday and Sunday, I was too far gone even for a post-card. My only excuse is that asthma makes my mind as lethargic as my body; the body consoles itself in sleep and the mind in forgetfulness. But I promise not to be so careless again, and am in good hopes that asthma will not come back again soon. The attack has done me good, I think. I feel better than I have done since the session began, and no longer return from College tired out as I did during the first week. To be sure one thing helps. The College is now in fair working order, and the hundred little things which the Principal has to do at the start are done and ended. All is going smoothly, just because they have been attended to. It is attention to these little things that makes life go easily in a College.

We had a two days' visit from Dr. Robertson Nicoll from London. He was staying with my friend, G. A. Smith, and had come, he said, to see the working of our College, which is somewhat of a model. He told me he now understood our secret. Every little thing was looked after; the professors were all affectionate friends, without any jealousy of each

other; the students are devoted to their teachers and are eager to do anything for them; etc., etc. So it is worth while to look after small things—the neglect of which is like sand in machinery.

In this year of unemployment and distress the municipal rates have risen tremendously. I shall have to pay about one-third more than I did last year. Many householders are feeling themselves very hard pinched, and I suspect the dinner parties will be much fewer than usual. This does not concern me; for I make it a rule not to accept invitations for the evening.

Now goodbye till to-morrow. Remember you are not to answer these letters of mine—an occasional post-card to tell me how you are will suffice.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 6th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I hope you are better and able to enjoy life a little. I think much of you, and wish I were nearer to take a week-end journey to see you and hear you.

Did I ever tell you that in studying the private religions of the people of Pompeii as is revealed in the religious frescoes and wall-paintings, I came on something which puzzled me then and on which I have got no light since? In the niche where the figure of the deity is painted I found in one house the figure of a woman and child seated on a donkey exactly like the old Christian representations of the Flight to Egypt. I came on the negative I took of it, and I have printed a copy in case you may like to see it; I enclose it. It is in all respects similar to hundreds of household shrines, save for the unusual deity. Above, at the corners are the Lares; below is the single serpent, which indicates that the householder was unmarried (had he been married, there would have been two serpents); beneath, the figure of the deity is a man with two mules—indicating the trade—a dealer in mules. The deity is in the niche. The photograph is too small to let you see the child distinctly; but there is the curious "god," a woman with a child riding a donkey. I thought I had lost the negative, and was very glad when I found it to-day.

We are now having curiously mild weather and with but little rain. I have given up cabs and am walking to and from

College, *i.e.* about three miles per day. I think that fit of asthma did me good. I wish I could tell you what it was the Doctor gave me in the injection, but I cannot. He said that he gave it in cases of bad spasmodic asthma ; but that he did not care to give it too often, as asthmatic patients might become too dependent on it. He also told me that he had given it to me twice before, but not as an injection—as something to be swallowed—and that it did not seem to have had much effect. He told me that he was so struck with my description of my sensations—a description no other patient had given him—that he resolved to try it on himself to tell whether he would have the same sensations. He first tried it by inhaling it. That was quite sufficient. He had in lesser degree the same sensations exactly like those of prickly heat, but in a very mild form. He meant to consult other doctors about it. I have not seen him since, and I do not know the result.

Now goodbye, I must go off to College.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 7th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

How I am hoping, dearest friend, that your pains and weakness are gone, and that you are once more your old self.

I have just got from the library a book entitled *Courts and Camps of the Italian Renaissance*, by Christopher Hare. It is practically an account of Baldassare Castiglione and of his work *Il Cortigiano*. So it is all about the great time of the court at Urbino. In one of his opening pages he quotes a sentence or two from letters of Piero de' Medici which you sent me in translation. There seems to be at present a " set " on Urbino and on Baldassare Castiglione. Mrs. Addy (Julia Cartwright) has just written his *Life and Letters*. I have not seen it. Miss Jane Stoddart has just written a charming life of Mary Queen of Scots' girlhood—the age up to thirteen years old. She has spent a great deal of time over French MSS. in the Bibliothèque Nationale and Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal in Paris. She sent me the book as a present, which was very kind. I had told her long ago that I thought some one should work up that period of Mary's life which no biographer had seriously touched, as it was full of incidents. The fault of the book is that, in form, it wanders too much from Mary to deal with the

leading personages at the court of Francis I. and Henry V. So it is a little too discursive and has real lack of continuity; but the research and labour—honest labour—are great and praiseworthy. I wonder how it is that the French writers succeed in semi-biographical history while English writers fail generally at the same work. The Frenchman keeps his eye fixed on the central figure, and history is properly used only as a setting or frame, while the English author is always discursive.

Work now claims me, so I must stop. I do trust you are better.

Yours always,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 8th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I feel that these daily letters may bore you; but it is a kind of comfort to myself to write them when you are so ill. I'll stop them when I know that you are really better. It is such a worry to be so far away from you, and unable to come to see you and satisfy myself how you really are.

To-day is bright but cold. It has been fortunate, when so much hunger and lack of food is abroad, that the weather has been unusually warm this autumn. I am glad to say that trade seems to be reviving, and that many who could not find work are now getting it. I'm still reading Hare's *Courts and Camps of the Renaissance*, and cannot help feeling that while it is good it is unsatisfactory. It reads to me as if the information had been "got up" for the occasion, and so the whole lacks that atmosphere which comes from intimate knowledge of the period. Still the book is worth reading.

There goes the lunch bell. So goodbye. I trust you are better.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 9th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Your post-card, my dearest friend, came this morning. I do not know what weather it witnessed when it started,

what it passed through on its long journey, but it arrived here in a dense white cold fog, with the thermometer a few degrees below freezing point. Oh, it is cold!

I've been able to put an end to the attempt to make me Moderator of the Church during the coming year. It was attempted two years ago, and then I simply refused point blank. This time that would have been rather rude in all the circumstances of the case, so I laid down some stringent conditions on which alone I would accept the great honour. I've been worrying myself for ten days lest they were not stringent enough; but they have succeeded. I am not to be pressed to accept. So I am quite free. Fancy having to remain here till the first week of June; or, if I went away, requiring to return by the middle of May. The bad dream is over, and I am myself again, and free to make plans for the summer. One of them is to go with you a long excursion—or perhaps two. What do you say to Rimini, San Marino, Pesaro, Urbino, Gubbio and back via Arezzo to Florence; then to Lucca for your book? That seems delightful to me in anticipation. So get well in anticipation also.

Susie has gone this afternoon, and I am left to anything but the freedom of my own will. Jessie, the cook, reigns supreme. She has a plan of campaign, against me, which she communicated to Susie this morning. "I'm going to see, Miss Lindsay, that he takes a cab to and from College every day till you come back." "But," objected Susie, "my father says he wants to walk unless it is very foggy or wet." "He may say what he likes," quoth Jessie, "I'll have the cab before he comes down to breakfast, and then he must take it whether he likes it or not." So here I am, hen-pecked by my own cook. You could not be more masterful yourself for my good—could you?

So you think I had nitro-glycerine. It is a mercy I did not blow up. Who would recognise an anarchist in the person of my good Doctor? I'll put it to him when I next see him.

I've got the photograph of Val Prinsep's drawing pinned up over my mantelpiece in the Study where I can always see it. I agree thoroughly with Lady Markby. I do *not* see you in Leighton's portrait, but you are there before my eyes in the exquisite work of Val Prinsep.

Goodbye, may you soon be well.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 11th, 1908.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

The frost has gone. We had 12 degrees below freezing point yesterday morning, and at 6 p.m. it was raining. Curiously I do not seem to have suffered at all.

I had to go into town after College, and my bookseller showed me Gilbert Murray's translation into English verse of the *Frogs*, by Aristophanes, in a cheap shilling form. So I bought it and mean to send it to you. I'd like to read it myself first. My friend, ——, has returned from America. I have not seen him yet, but I have heard some of his news. He married the eldest step-daughter of one of my dear wife's most intimate friends, Mrs. ——. When Susie leaves me she asks this lady to come and see me once a day, and send her post-cards about my condition of mind and body. So Mrs. —— came this afternoon to tea in the Study and told me about —— 's visit. He and the President seem to have talked about nothing but big-game shooting in Central Africa, and Mr. Roosevelt got any amount of information out of —— about elephants, etc. The President's mind, however, is set on the slaying of lions, and he told —— that Mr. Selous, the famous African lion hunter, has promised to go with him. He could not have a better guide and companion. For Selous is not merely a killer of savage beasts, but a great naturalist. The President wishes to bring back to America with him a whole Natural History collection of the more formidable animals of Central Africa to benefit the State Museum at Washington. To this end he takes with him no less than three skilled taxidermists to preserve and prepare the skins of the animals shot. They are to study the beasts alive, so as to be able to stuff them in such a way as to look natural. So that is a bit of American gossip for you.

Have you ever met either of the brothers Selous? They are both great open-air naturalists, and their conversation, when you can get them to speak, is wonderfully interesting. They are rather silent—very much so in company. The younger never fires a shot. His instrument is the telescopic camera, with it he can observe and photograph birds and beasts quite a hundred yards away. He often watches for hours before he gets his photograph.

Your post-card came this morning. It is delightful to hear that you are feeling a little better, but do take care of yourself.

Yours ever,

Thomas M. Lindsay.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 13th, 1908.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

Our mild weather continues. Susie will be home this afternoon, and will find that the cook has not completely mastered me. I let her get me a cab for two days, then I insisted on walking to College and have walked.

I have just finished a bit of work which I ought to have done any time during the last nine years—printing and pasting on sheets of paper to be bound together a collection of negatives, which no one else has or can have. They are an unexampled portrayal of the private life of northern France and Burgundy in the middle of the fifteenth century. They came into my possession curiously. Perhaps you have heard of an old set of French tales said to be written by some anonymous person in the following of Louis XI. of France, and are entitled *Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*. They are stories of the kind that Boccaccio relates, and indecency of course abounds. The strange thing is that only one MS. of the period is known to exist, and it is in what is called the Hunterian Museum in the University of Glasgow. It has a well authenticated pedigree attesting that it belonged to Louis XI. It is beautifully written in the old French of the fifteenth century and contains ninety-nine miniatures, one for each of the tales save one. One space remains uncoloured, with faint traces that a picture had been sketched in outline to be coloured. The editors of various critical editions of *Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles* do not know of its existence. Indeed, the last one says positively that no MS. exists, and that all he could do for the text was to collate early printed editions. So far as the University authorities know, only one scholar has ever made use of the MS. and its miniatures. He was a wealthy old French gentleman, who was writing a history of the famous Scottish Guard of the French Kings in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and came to Scotland to hunt for information. He found in it what he had been unable with all his researches to discover in Paris, the miniatures giving the costume of the "Scottish Archers" in the fifteenth century, and got leave to employ a local artist to copy them for his work. I went over it to see whether it would help me in some researches I was making about ecclesiastical costume, and found what I wanted and for which I had hunted in vain in the British Museum and at the Bodleian in Oxford.

To make a long story short, I went over it one day with the

Honorary Keeper of the Museum, Professor John Young, an intimate friend. I showed him how the common life of the people was portrayed in the miniatures—blacksmiths, millers, shepherds, lawyers, physicians, etc., etc. He said suddenly; "Lindsay, no one in Scotland but yourself knows the period so well as to be able to say what this MS. is worth archaeologically. Now, I propose that you photograph the miniatures and publish them with comments showing how they reveal the life of the times." He explained that the terms of the bequest prohibited the MS. leaving the room, and that it was too precious to let a common photographer handle it. So one summer I spent weeks going to the Museum on the days when the public were not admitted. I managed to photograph the miniatures in a way. It was difficult. For the most part, the artist had used only the three primary colours—Blue, Red and Yellow—and these are the very worst to reproduce in black and white by photography. For Red and Yellow both come out black of the same hue and Blue comes out white. Then, while most of the miniatures were in excellent preservation, many of them were cracked, and some were damaged in other ways. But when I came to consider publication, I found that some of the most valuable for the life of the times had somewhere some gross indecency, and I could not think of even privately printing them. So the publication was abandoned, and all that remained were my negatives. They have lain in a corner of my Study press for years. Some time ago I thought I ought at least to print the negatives and paste them on sheets, so as to preserve the work done. This set of sheets will be unique, for they reproduce the only negatives ever taken of the miniatures. I finished the printing last night, and have pasted them on sheets of the hand-made paper you encouraged me to buy in Italy—seventy-two, leaving twenty-seven still to paste on. Is it not a curious story?

I trust you are feeling better. Now do send me your Index and let me finish it for you.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 26th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I do not know whether you care for Scotch stories. Here is a new one from Kircudbrightshire. A young man got leave to fish in a good trout river, and was enjoying his sport

accompanied by an old gamekeeper. As the young beautiful maiden lady, the proprietress of the estate, cantered past on her horse. "Why don't you cast your fly at that trout?" said the old keeper. "I've got no fly she'd look at," answered the young man. "Don't be downhearted, trout often take the *worm*," was the answer.

I suspect the book on Queen Caroline is the same one you refer to. It is hardly fair to call it "gossip" unless that word is used in a very wide extent. It, so far as it is new, is based on papers in the archives of several Italian States. "A Queen of Indiscretion" is the secondary title—a very correct one. What a stir her quarrel with her husband must have made. My grandmother learnt from her mother to regard her as an injured woman and also a martyr, and when a child I have heard the old lady discoursing on the unhappy Queen's wrongs. I suspect the popular detestation of George IV. blinded their eyes.

I'm very lazy just now—not reading much, writing not at all. My College work seems at present to engage all my time and strength. It is pleasant to be able to do it all—so different from last year, when I could only do half of it. Last week I had to preside at another's lecturing in addition to my own, and that has tired me.

If you have really begun work again I must stop these almost daily letters. They must interfere with your time, and you will no longer need their distraction. Now goodbye for to-day; may your health be quite re-established.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 28th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I see that your book on "Pisa" is advertised. It figures in the list sent out by the *Times* Book Club. This is the time for book circulars, I usually get two per day; almost all go into the waste-paper basket.

The gales have returned. We had one day of respite. To-day is a blustering one with fierce gusts of wind and driving rain. Luckily it is Saturday, and I need not stir from the warm corner of my Study. I'm rather worried to think that you are working at the proofs of that Index. I wish you had sent the whole lot of MS. and proofs to me, and I would have gladly—very gladly—done it all for you. There is so little

I can do for you that I should have rejoiced to do some small thing like the Index.

The Indian mail has just come in, and I have letters from both the Bengal and Bombay sides of India. Things seem very bad in Bengal proper. My son is outside of Bengal, in Behar, and there no disaffection appears, but he says that the Bengali gentlemen are in a very despairing mood about their sons. They tell him that these sons are running away from home, half-educated, and utterly uncontrolled by the family. On the Bombay side, my son-in-law has begun his visitation of his district, and has discovered that in some districts the Brahmin officials have been compelling the villagers to pay their dues twice over, and have been using the second payments for seditious purposes. The villagers do not like the Brahmins, but are very much afraid of them. As most of the clerks in the Government offices are Brahmins, and as all complaints must be first made to them, the poor villagers are afraid to complain of the exactions of the under-collectors. Alcock knows the language very well, and in his district-tours he insists on seeing the villagers without any intermediaries, and they confide in him. So he has discovered this double payment and just reported it. What will be done I do not know. The Governor of Bombay is coming to the place to discuss matters.

I began printing the set of my negatives from the miniatures of the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles* for you to-day. I think that, in spite of the indecency of about one-fourth of them, you may prize them from the almost unique information they give of the private social life they reveal of the second half of the fifteenth century in France and Burgundy, and from the fact that they are what no one else possesses or can possess. Nos. 4 and 5 give the dress, unarmoured and armoured, of the Scottish Archers, a bodyguard of the Kings of France. Its distinctive mark was a small white cross on back and on breast, and No. 5 shows the huge sword they wore—really a two-handed sword, but able to be used with one hand at times. No. 66 shows how ladies rode on horseback before the side-saddle was brought into fashion by Catherine de Medicis—but the board on which they placed their feet is concealed by the skirt. It must have been very dangerous, and its danger is shown in No. 47. No. 21 is to me very interesting, for it shows, when compared with other contemporary pictures, that the dress of nuns, in every detail, was the same as women of the middle class with the exception of colour—nuns always wore *black*. But there is no end to the details of private life given when

aided by such knowledge as books give, the pictures are carefully examined, and the miniatures are studied.

The gales have again subsided. It is not warm nor sunny—but mild, fresh and with promise of some sunshine later. Even Susie admits that I may go to Church. It is almost time, and I must finish before I start.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 1st, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Our balmy weather was short-lived. It lasted for twenty-four hours. Yesterday was warm, sunny and bright. I wakened this morning to find fog and frost peeping in at my windows—and what a fog! Of course, I went in a cab to the College and found that my colleagues had not expected me. Now I am again in my Study. The electric light has been burning all day, so dark is it.

Sandie delivers his course of lectures—six of them—on "Kant" in Edinburgh during the first fortnight of January. They are called "The Shaw Lectures," and must be given by the man who holds "The Shaw Fellowship." I must try to hear one at least. I was the first holder of the Fellowship, and delivered—thirty-six years ago—long before the boy was born, the first course. Sandie is the latest Fellow. When he won it old friends wrote to say that I must not get to believe that the Fellowship was an entailed estate.

I was settled comfortably in my corner writing to you, when quite a succession of people came in and now I have only a few minutes—scarcely worth while to send this short scrawl.

I am glad for your sake that you are not here to-day. The fog has gone rolling past the window in great waves; every half minute the wail of fog-horns blown from vessels creeping up the river pierces the two and a half miles distance, and fills the Study. In what a state the windows will be to-morrow, coated on the outside with the deposit of fine oily soot! I wonder how long the darkness will last? If the weather here this winter has one distinguishing characteristic, it is that it is made up of rapid changes.

I've got half the prints of the *Contes* done for the second set, which I mean to send to you. You rather like to have unique things, do you not? If you do not care to have them please tell me.

Time's up, so goodbye. Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 2nd, 1908.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

The ways of posts, like those of Providence, are past finding out. Your letter came last night by our very latest postal delivery. We never look on this delivery as *real*. It brings things no one cares about—accounts paid or unpaid, notices of meetings I never go to, advertisements of things for sale I would not dream of purchasing. It is a local post entirely. Yet your letter arrived in that commonplace company.

You must surely be much better since you have sent me two more of Lorenzo's letters. What pains the Florentine statesman took to maintain the balance of power in the peninsula and above all to prevent the French King from having any pretext for invading Italy, and what blockheads of popes he has to cajole into the right policy. No wonder that after his death came disasters within and the French invasion from without. I suspect that these two letters mean a great deal and are very valuable.

I have had a Christmas present of a fine volume containing reproductions of selected pictures by Chardin and Fragonard; and have just discovered that two of Chardin's best pictures which are reproduced in the book are here in Glasgow. They are included in that strange and enormously valuable collection of MSS. books, pictures, coins, etc. made by William Hunter, which includes the unique MS. of the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*. What an industrious and judicious collector the man was.

I feel the effects of yesterday's fog slightly in my breathing. Excuse the expressive, but not very dainty words, of an old Scotch judge. "I'm spit, spitting, blacks all day long." You have had fog too: yes, but it lacks the black accompaniments we have here. It is white and no doubt cold; but it does not carry within it the rich material and oils and soots of various kinds our Glasgow fogs can boast of. It is a very inferior article.

Did I tell you that I had secured through a second-hand catalogue a book I have long wished to have as a curiosity; Gastine's *Lys Amors d'Helain-Pisan et d'Iseult de Savoisy*. It is a *tour de force*. The author tried to write in the French of the thirteenth century an imitation of an old prose romance, such as the Trouvères sometimes made when they exchanged verse for prose. It is wonderfully well done. Unfortunately

it is illustrated, and the artist is by no means as good an archaeologist as the author ; so while the text is excellent, the illustrations are for the most part simply provoking.

I must now get ready to go to College. The cab will be here in five minutes, so goodbye.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 5th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I had a long and fatiguing day yesterday, at work continuously from 10 to 4.30, and no lunch. I got home too tired for anything, even writing a letter in time for the post.

I think I told you that I had been reading an essay on *Giordano Bruno in England*. The author has carefully examined all the sources and says that your friend, J. A. Symonds, in his *Renaissance*, in the only author who gives a true account, *i.e.* one based on facts and not on suppositions of what *might be* of Bruno in England. He was there for two and a half years, came when he was thirty-five years old, having fled from Italy, and then from France. Curiously he was patronised by Henry III. of France, who gave him a letter of introduction to his ambassador in England—Castelenau. The ambassador made him a private secretary, and Bruno seems to have had the rest and quiet needed to enable him to compose his best-known works. The singular thing is that not one of the distinguished Englishmen whose acquaintance Bruno boasts ever alludes to him. Only one man, Samuel Daniel, an obscure poet, who was then a scholar at Magdalene College, Oxford, mentions his name. He tells us that Bruno delivered some lectures and held a "disputation" in Oxford. Bruno had challenged the University of Cambridge, which did not deign even to answer him. It is supposed he was allowed to lecture in Oxford through Sir Philip Sidney. Bruno's own accounts of England are both contemptuous and irascible. He thus describes an Oxford "Doctor": "They are clad in velvet and one of them had two chains of shining gold on his neck, and the other, *per dio*, twelve rings on two fingers of his precious hand. . . . They showed acquaintance with beer as well as with Greek." The author dismisses as mere speculation the contemporary influence of Bruno on English thought, and shows that, with one curious exception, he was never referred to in England

until well into the seventeenth century. The whole essay is interesting.

Pity me—I have to raise £7000 within the next five months for College extension. I wonder whether I shall manage it. We are building a new library, and the money must be got from outside. The whole is to cost £18,000—but I had secured £8000 last year, and since the session began. I fancy I'll get the rest.

I do wish you were quite well again.

Ever yours,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 8th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I sent off yesterday your Christmas present. I hope it has reached you safely, a set of the photographs of the miniatures of the unique MS. of the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*. I have not bowdlerised them. I have sent the whole lot—the indecent as well as the decent. I thought it best to send you all; if you do not care to have the thirty or so—just cut them out. They are to me as instructive as they are rare. The whole life of the period lies open in their ninety-nine small squares. As they are photographs they will quite bear inspection with a magnifying glass.

Pardon their manifold defects. It is almost impossible to photograph miniatures of the fifteenth century well, without complex appliances of screens of a special kind of glass and orthochromatic plates; and such refinements were beyond me.

Here I was stopped by the arrival of the last post. It brought quite unexpectedly yours of the 5th. So I'll answer it. It contains really delightful news. You are much better. It looks as if the arrival of your nice young artist friend has acted in quite a magical way, and I have no doubt that his presence and pleasant companionship will have done you much good.

"Iseult de Savoisy," not r: (my bad writing misled you), was nobody in particular. The whole story is an invention: not even an historical novel. The sole merit of the book is that it is a wonderful *tour de force*, a modern Frenchman has imitated a Trouvère romance, both in the old French of the fourteenth century and in the style and contents of the story.

The Kaki are delicious. We had the first of them on Saturday evening. After dinner quite a number of people

invaded the Study. ——, who has just become the Hon. Sec. to the Committee of the Society of Woman Workers, came in to tell me how she had succeeded at her first meeting. She gave a most humorous description of her troubles with a somewhat helpless chairwoman. Then came ——, a *third* cousin (if you understand Scotch relationships) of my children, to ask advice about a University Essay. Last appeared ——, a great friend of Sandie's, flushed with his success in obtaining a Fellowship at Oxford. I went to my Study press and found that four Kaki were ripe, plates and spoons were brought, and Susie went for Vermouth and glasses. We ate and drank to the success of —— at her Committee and to —— in his Fellowship, in Kaki and Vermouth—both from Poggio Gherardo. Thanks again for them. We were almost as jovial as your blackbird when it greeted you recovered.

Ever yours,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 12th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I have been somewhat breathless (and therefore lazy), yet rather busy for the last three days. This morning we have hard frost and East wind. So all the week I have had to be wary, indulge in cabs and not write over-much. Also we have had American and Canadian students to dinner—twelve of them ; the day was Indian mail too, and its budget had to be prepared and go.

I'm glad you have got the book on Lorenzo de' Medici. It seems to me that the character of a book can easily be discovered by dipping into it and reading a few pages—though a good deal more is necessary to know all about it. When a man writes on an historical subject or personages and does not add his references, his book is never worth very much. It seems to me the work of a lazy writer meant for lazy readers.

I suspect Count Hochberg is right in thinking that a great deal of the unrest in India, and especially in Bengal, is the result of Lord Curzon's administration. He was very high-handed, peremptory and especially unsympathetic. Lord Minto has not the brains of his predecessor, but he has sympathy and tact ; and above all he does not think that he must know better than men who have spent most of their lives in India. The *Morning Post* will no doubt give you an interesting report of the proceedings in the Indian Council. In

case the *Post* has not given it I enclose a cutting from our Glasgow paper. It is curious to turn from it to my daughter-in-law's description of their quiet touring in my son's district just outside Bengal—in Behar. My boy had determined to see every part of his large dominion for himself, and especially that part where the crops had been worst. So the two with tent and baggage have been touring for weeks. Their only trouble has been too much food. Do what Jim can the grateful villagers will send them food in such abundance that the servants over-eat themselves. Nellie has to make them swallow Beecham's pills, while Jim orders hot bricks on their stomachs. Both threaten the greedy men with a wholesale swallowing of castor oil when they return to the station if they do not eat less. Jim found the worst district very fairly provisioned, in spite of the fact that there had been much less rain than usual. He had the pleasure of reporting to head-quarters that there was no scarcity where he reigned. He seemed to be quite proud of the fact.

I am so glad to hear that you are sleeping better. I wish you were not so sympathetic with nature—to think of your not sleeping because it tried to rain and did not! How utterly callous I must be. I'm sending you the *Review of Reviews* for a curious article on sleepiness and sleeplessness.

Yours ever,

Thomas M. Lindsay.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 14th, 1908.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

I am too busy to-day to write you a letter. The days which close the first half of the session, like those which open it, are crowded with small details, which must be seen to and *done*. So only a few sentences can go in instant answer to your two letters which came this morning.

The miniature with the donkey illustrates a very widely distributed story which is in the *Arabian Nights*, the *Panshatantra*, etc. etc. The tale is that a husband came unexpectedly on the wife's gallant, forced him under pain of death to go into a large chest, fastened it, and departed to fetch his relations to witness how he had been dishonoured and how nefarious the wife's conduct had been. Meanwhile the wife suspected what had taken place, found means to liberate the gallant, and to put into the chest a small donkey or pony. When the chest was opened in the presence of the relations the donkey

and not the gallant appeared, etc. etc. It is many a year since I took the photographs or read the text, so I do not remember a third of the stories. But I have notes telling me the condition of the people figured—soldier, burgher, etc. etc. and when I have time I'll send you those notes. But perhaps the best thing would be to see if I can get a cheap reprint of the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles* and send it you. I'm so glad you like the photographs, I thought you would.

Many thanks for the review of Harnack's book. Yes, I knew it well—first edition and second. The translator is one of my own students. So I was glad to have the review which otherwise I'd have missed.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 15th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Now I think I can answer your letters. But before doing so I wish to tell you that we had our Kaki and Vermouth banquet last night. Mr. and Mrs. ——, Professor and Mrs. ——, Mrs. ——, Miss ——, Dr. ——, Sub-professor of Botany and Tom, who arrived as usual without warning, three hours before dinner. This festival is regarded as *the* event of the season. As soon as our distinguished botanist appeared Susie tackled him on the subject of Kaki. Had he ever tasted them? No. Had he ever seen the tree, the leaves or the fruit? No. Had he ever heard of it? No. Then said Susie triumphantly all these negatives show that you are a real botanist, worthy to hold the chair you hold; for no real botanist I have ever heard of cares anything for what *I* call the vegetable world. What he likes is to grub among the mud of a very dirty ditch, to find a tiny leaf that can only be clearly seen through a microscope and which has hitherto and deservedly escaped notice; then to write thirty-two pages about it. So you are invited in order to be taught that there are fruits unknown to you whose colours are so delicate and flavour so delicious that they merit attention. He answered that he would in all humility learn the lesson at the best of all places—her hospitable table. We were a very merry party. The Kaki were never more delicious. We had to invite our guests at very short notice, as they had ripened fast. —— had so bragged about his invitation that a great mutual friend, a distinguished young lawyer, —— telephoned and begged to

be allowed to come in after dinner and to have a Kaki fruit and a single glass of Vermouth. This was graciously permitted on condition that he told us at least three new Scotch stories—which he promised to do, but failed in the performance. How good of you to promise a second box. It will be my Christmas present from you—none more acceptable.

I'm not going to promise that Tom will not go to India. However, he may not pass the examination ; so I cannot tell whether he will go. It is a splendid service ; these Scots go all over the world ! It needs them !

Goodbye. Asthma, or rather incipient asthma, has gone. The Kaki banquet frightened it away.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Glasgow, Dec. 17th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I wonder whether any one ever wrote to you amidst such surroundings as compass me at this moment. I am sitting at a raised desk placed at the end of a large room filled with students, who each at his separate desk, is engaged in filling paper with written answers to a set of questions on Church History. It is our statutory Examination day. My class-room is too small when the men need elbow room. So I am in the room dedicated to the Hebrew language and literature. Evidence abounds on all sides. Just in front of me is a huge case—12 feet long by 5 wide. It contains a *raised* map of Palestine, done in fine plaster of Paris. Every prominent rise and fall of ground supposed to be clearly marked. To the right and left of me are plaster casts of Assyrian and Egyptian sculptures illustrative of old Hebrew life. On the walls hang great photographs to make visible the same ; and maps. One of the latter appears in no other atlas. It has been drawn and coloured for this class. It is entitled "The Semitic World," and displays the migration of the race and the great trade routes they followed. Behind me a huge slate has been let into the wall and above and on either side of it hang diagrams covered with very curious characters—all specimens of the earliest Semitic lettering which has yet been discovered. One is marked : "Early Phoenician Writing—Date 1015 B.C." Diagrams showing the earliest Greek lettering and the earliest Latin hang near to give comparisons and suggest the question whether they all come from one root, and whether that root is Egyptian. I'm

in a dungeon of learning—all mysterious and awe-inspiring to me. Nor am I in a condition to grapple with my surroundings. I did last night what I ought not to have done—so doctors and experience alike declare. I went to a great Public Dinner and took part in the speech making afterwards. Don't scold me too much. It was a conflict of duties. The dinner was given by the Faculty of Procurators to their Dean—and that Dean is an old friend. I had to go to see him honoured.

Once there I behaved with propriety. I tasted three out of some thirty-three dishes, and eschewing wine partook only of a little whiskey and water. But to-day I'm dull and tired. It is not with me as with Hans Breitman, to whom "the morning headache only seemed a portion of the bliss." Not that I am so far gone as to have a headache—but it verges toward that. My speech was near the end of the list of toasts. I began at 11.10 p.m. and finished at 11.15. Then, duty done, I promptly got into a cab and reached home at a quarter to midnight. It is one or two years since I have accepted invitations to Public Dinners, and I had forgotten what post-prandial oratory was like. Now I again know. If I had been in bed it would have had a soothing effect. But alas! I was very far away from bed then. Goodbye.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 19th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I am to be quite as solitary as yourself on Christmas day, so we can exchange greetings. Susie has gone off to Manchester and will not return till the 30th. So I'll be quite alone. I rather like solitude on that day, and firmly resist all attempts to drag me out of my room. It was on Christmas day, five years ago, that the doctor told me that my dear wife could not possibly recover; and though she lingered on till nearly the end of March, I have always felt Christmas day to be the day of her death, and like to be alone for twenty-four hours at least.

I am so sorry that you are losing your dear artist guest so soon, and I do trust that he will be able to finish his portrait of you before he leaves. He must be a fine fellow and a delightful companion.

You will see that Lord Macdonnell spoke out boldly in the

House of Lords about the evil effects of Lord Curzon's administration. As Sir Anthony Macdonnell he was known as one of the greatest recent Indian Administrators. He was Home Secretary under Lord Lansdowne when I was there in 1888-89 and I thought him the ablest official I then met. I do not think I would have been anxious about my boy even had he been in Bengal. The seditious movement has been mainly in towns and among the superficially educated student class and the peasantry have had little or nothing to do with it, so I think he would have run no risk to speak of. The movement was nipped in the bud almost everywhere out of Bengal. The Government have been fatally hampered by laws which treat the Bengalis as if they were Europeans. They are at once insolent and cowardly by nature, very unlike your Turks and Arabs or the Indian fighting races. I believe the new powers assumed by the Indian Government and supported from home will soon stamp out the disorder.

The two extracts about Lorenzo are very interesting. I wish you could get hold of letters describing his efforts to collect his great library. I have been ransacking my brain to remember where I read about it, and especially about his room of copyists—but I cannot recollect. I thought that I had a reference among my notes accumulated to write the brief chapter on the "Renaissance" in my *History*; but cannot find it there. Does not Symonds say something about it?

I was very tired yesterday afternoon and actually fell asleep in my armchair in the afternoon, and awoke quite fresh. Then I was able to finish one batch of examination papers. I hope to do the second bundle this afternoon. Then I shall get to Julian and my vacation work.

At this moment Jessie, the cook, appeared at the door as she does when Susie is away. She stands half-way within the door. To-day her commands are: "I'm going to give you chicken for dinner, and if you don't eat the legs or wings I'll broil them for you to-morrow." So you see I'm kept well in order.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 22nd, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

The very same idea about the photographs of the *Nouvelles Nouvelles*, which came to you seized on me—to get,

if possible a reprint of the book, and having stuck the photographs on a suitable page of white paper, to get the book bound in Italy. I have not been able to get into town to see my foreign bookseller about it, and I don't know when I can yet. I've been rather breathless for a fortnight now, and the weather is both wet and blustering. So, now that classes are over I'm not leaving the house. To-day is an exception however. I *must* go to Edinburgh for a College Meeting, and I rather dread the journey and the meeting. These sort of things the Principal must do; he cannot delegate them to others.

8.30 p.m. I've got back from Edinburgh. I got the Committee to do what I wished; so the journey was not in vain. I think I'm the better for my exertion. That probably is because I got my own way.

I find I can get a reprint of the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*. I've ordered two copies—one for you and one for me: we'll get them bound when I come to you in May.

What an oil famine there seems to be in southern Europe. How it will mean wholesale adulteration with cotton-seed oil. Have you no rain yet? Are your springs and wells still almost dry? Here we could spare you tons upon tons of water. My sister-in-law wrote yesterday that there had been a water-spout near a country house where she was staying. The rain came down in torrents over miles and miles around. In the nearest village one poor woman saw the half of the roof of her house torn away and what seemed to surprise and terrify her much more—she saw her husband's overalls, which she had washed and hung up to dry, carried far up into the sky.

No. I do not know the portrait of Lorenzo in the fresco in the Sassetti Chapel in S. Trinità and should be delighted to possess a photograph of it. I have a recollection of his face—but where I saw it and who was the artist I forget.

I'm not reading much just now and have not yet been able to get started on Julian. I do not feel in the mood for work to-night. It is much nicer to be writing to you. I'm sitting in the corner you are to occupy, my feet on the wooden fender and my block in my hand. Your last letter is lying open on the desk beside me and the Val Prinsep head looks down on me from above. The electric light is about two feet above my head and rather behind me. This little corner is light. The rest of the room is purposely dark. The wind moans outside and there is an occasional patter of rain on the windows. I've been too lazy to arrange the curtains and if people see me, which they can do from a distance, they will

only see my back and my industrious pen travelling over the page.

Now goodbye. Schlafen Sie wohl. That seems to be the proper wish at present.

Ever yours,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 24th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

My visit to Edinburgh and my Committee fight has done wonders for me. The town was cold. We met in a close room. I left Glasgow at 1.30, reached Edinburgh at 2.40; was in the Committee room by 2.50; had a toughish fight to get what I wanted done; got it done after a long discussion by 4 o'clock; went to the club; left Edinburgh at 4.55; reached Glasgow at 6.10; called on my foreign bookseller; went out by tram; had a five minutes' walk in heavy rain between tram and house; changed; dined; and to my utter astonishment discovered that the breathlessness, which had been clinging to me for a fortnight had disappeared. Next day I was a new creature and so also to-day. I believe it was the fight that did me good.

Have I ever told you that I seldom or never buy blotting paper? Generally enough comes in advertisers' specimens to serve me for the year. They generally came about Christmas. None has come this time; I fancy the advertisers have at last discovered that I do not buy. I was seriously thinking of buying when I was saved from the extravagance in a way you would never imagine. A great envelope arrived—directed to Mrs. Lindsay. I opened it. It was an advertisement, twenty-four pages with outlines of women's blouses, petticoats, stockings and combinations, all printed on blotting paper. It is, perhaps, rather improper for me—all these details of feminine garments; but I have blotting paper enough for two months at all events; and cling to my pet economy. The page of combinations is already black all over; so the impropriety, if it exists, is vanishing.

What an interesting letter Lorenzo's last was. Yes, I think Dennistoun must have made a mistake in the name. The two passages are too exactly the same to come from two different persons, I should think.

At this moment the housemaid appeared: "A box for you Sir." It was the Kaki!! So writing was interrupted, the

box opened and the delicious fruit unpacked and placed on a shelf in my Study press.

Tom is to be with me during the Christmas week after all. He was to have gone to the MacLehose's country house at Lamington, but the party is given up owing to an accident which might have been terrible. One of the younger children swallowed a bit of a metal toy nearly an inch long with jagged edges, an imitation of a carriage lamp, fitted to a toy carriage. The child came running in saying: "Mother I've swallowed one of the lamps." Commotion; doctor; carriage ordered; the child whirled away to a place where Röntgen rays were used. Then it was discovered that the metal toy was lying snugly in the stomach. So two surgeons; an operation done with all speed, lest the metal object might go further down. The operation was successful and the child is doing excellently well. Now I must get to work.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 28th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Your unfailing goodness has given me two delightful letters to answer and the last, which has just come, tells me I am to receive the sketch of your portrait; that is something beyond all hopes and desires. I am sorry you are again alone; I wish your dear young artist could have stopped with you longer.

Many, many thanks for your kind and sympathetic references to my Christmas; but you are not to think that it is a time of sorrow to me now. The *Fast* of St. Anna the Beloved has changed into her *Festival.* I had quite a nice day. Ever so many old friends came to see me between 12 and 1.30. Then at 4.30 appeared three, a wife, a widow, and a maid—all declaring that they had come to pour out my afternoon tea—*my* tea. Who never by any chance drink tea. However, they poured out tea for each other and I had my usual glass of milk, with a "wee drappie" whiskey. I'm well looked after. Yesterday the stillness of a Scottish Sabbath afternoon was broken by the sharp tinkle of the telephone bell. I went to the diabolical instrument after first shaking my fist at it. A feminine voice came along the wire, "Dr. Lindsay, the thermometer outside my window registers 10 degrees of frost. Be sure you have a good fire in your bedroom to-night." I

thanked the lady for her advice which I said should be followed, and also for the new experience: "I have never been hen-pecked by telephone before," I said. Was I ungrateful?

The last two Lorenzo letters are very good indeed: for the high *politique* the one which has come to-day is very important; but for character, for the miserable jealousies among scholars and all that sort of thing, the letter of Saturday is scarcely less so. You must get hold of a fifteenth century cookery book, if such a thing exists, to get at the meaning of caccomini or cachomini. Are not g and c very often interchangeable when they begin words? If so, that may help you in your search. As for the giants; is it possible to get at the MS.? There may be a mistake. It looks as if the writer accused Lucca of being a pandar for his patron. The second-rate Italian Humanists were a queer lot!

The frost is hard to-day, and what is worse there is a N.E. wind. Besides the cold in the blast it brings across us smoke from the great chemical works. A day of it blackens any silver which happens to lie a few hours on a table. Great snow drifts have been blocking trains in the North and East, but here we have but two inches. We have had oil lamps lit and placed where our water-pipes are most exposed to keep them from freezing and bursting. We do not desire the plumbers in the house again!

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 30th, 1908.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

What disasters you are having in Italy. The newspapers are full of terrible details of the Sicilian and Calabrian earthquakes. We are having a bad time also—snowstorms all over England and Scotland. Yesterday was our worst day. It snowed all day, accompanied by a N.E. wind, and drifted in many places till it was two feet in depth. I ought to have gone to Edinburgh, but it would have been suicidal to have risked being blocked in a snowdrift on the railway. So I sent a telegram. It was hard enough to get that sent, as only one wire was working.

The poor birds are faring badly. I cleared my Study window-sill of the heaped-up snow and spread crumbs and broken crusts on it. Birds gathered in force—sparrows galore

of course, but also thrushes, blackbirds, wagtails and some blue tits. They are busy as I write.

I'm so sorry for your lonely Christmas and echo your wish that you could have been here, or I there ; that we had been together at least. I fear you would have found it too cold here, we do not get our rooms much warmer than fifty-eight or sixty at present. Strange to say I am very well, but then I'm very lazy ; which perhaps is good for me. There is one thing I'm inordinately and childishly vain about. I can make up a fire to burn without being touched for at least eight hours ; but neither Susie nor any of the maids can acquire it. A battle-royal between the winds is going on to-day. For the past week the N.E. wind has been victorious, and so long as it beats back the Atlantic tempest the frost will hold.

As you love birds I sent you yesterday a cutting about owls.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 1st, 1909.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

All the good wishes of the New Year to you. That is the Scottish Greeting ; Englishers and others send Christmas greetings. We prefer, you will observe, the Pagan to the Christian.

No. I never heard of Dr. Prince ; but the Dublin Lunatic Asylum ten years ago contained a patient who must have been quite as good as the American's pet young lady. This man contained, or rather entertained, two other personalities within his body besides himself. One who was a Home-ruler lived on his left side and the other, an Orangeman, dwelt on his right. When questioned about their behaviour he said that as a rule they lived peaceably together, but that on St. Patrick's day the Home-ruler made use of his left hand to deal blows on the right side of his head—*i.e.* to batter the Orangeman. While on the 12th of July the Orangeman used his right hand to beat the left side of his head and body—*i.e.* to belabour the Home-ruler. Questioned whether he himself had any political views and lived on good terms with his neighbours or took part in their quarrels. He answered that he was a Home-ruler himself, and that he certainly liked the left-hand inhabitant best and desired him to win. To that end he did his best to swallow his food by the *left side of his throat*, so that the Home-ruler, who lived on that side,

might receive the most nourishment, become the stronger and get the better of his rival. You know I daresay that the theory has been used in literature, as in R. L. Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.*

What an awful disaster this south Italian earthquake has been. My dear wife and I slept at the Hotel Trinacria, which has been totally destroyed. It is strange that Taormina has been only slightly damaged. Our weather, in its own way, has been as extraordinary as yours. Five days of frost of unexampled severity ; there has been nothing like it for years —wedged in between the mildest of weather. We had an accident in our house. Our roof is a double one and the space between the two roofs had got filled with drifting snow to the depth of eighteen inches. There is a roof drain to carry off the water ; but the hard frost had covered the opening with a sheet of ice, and when the snow melted, as it did with extraordinary speed, the water could not get away. It found its way under the slates into the house. Tom was awakened by its drip, drip, from the ceiling about 5½ a.m. He got up, dressed hastily, guessed what had happened and armed with a coal-shovel climbed up through the skylight on to the roof, cleared the ice from the drain and let the flood escape. Then he came down to see to the damage. The water had dript from the top floor into the drawing-room, down on to the floor, then from that to dining-room floor, and from that again to kitchen. He wakened the maids. They lifted carpets, and set baths to catch the drip. Meanwhile I slept on unconscious. When I came down at eight, I found the breakfast laid in my Study and Tom quietly toasting his feet at the fire. He said : " I got everything done and what was the use of awakening you ? " It is a mercy that Tom was here or the damage must have been much worse.

So many thanks for sending me the review of Miss Jane Stoddart's book on the *Girlhood of Mary Queen of Scots.* I am not sure whether I have met the authoress ; but I know who she is and a good deal about her. She sent me her book along with some complimentary remarks on my *History of the Reformation.* The book contains a very severe sentence on a statement of mine about Mary which I modified in the second edition as I found I had misread one of my authorities. I had not seen Miss Stoddart's criticism until the second edition of my book was printed. I cannot take her view of the incident, but I acknowledge that the passage in the first edition was too severe. Miss Stoddart's is an excellent book. She has worked over the original sources, both printed and MS.,

with very great care. She is a capital linguist and reads old MSS. very easily—especially French MSS. of the sixteenth century.

Many thanks for your promise of a photograph of Lorenzo's portrait in Sta. Trinità. The two letters about his mother's death are touching. I do not wonder that he writes more sympathetically to the Duchess. I think that was natural in a man. The letter telling about his attempted assassination ought to be very interesting and informing, especially if it goes into details.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 8th, 1909.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Frost returned last night and has been somewhat keen all day. I had meant to go to Edinburgh to hear one of Sandie's lectures; but have not ventured to do so.

How very kind your friends the Whitakers of Palermo are about the poor orphan children. Our Lord Provost here in Glasgow summoned a meeting of citizens to-day in order to raise money for the destitute people in Sicily and Calabria. I am sorry I was engaged at my work and could not be present. The town-council heads the subscription list with £1000. As the fluid information crystallises into fact the awful character of the catastrophe becomes more and more real. I suspect history has not recorded any of equal magnitude—it is much more appalling than the great earthquake of Lisbon, which used to be spoken of as the most disastrous. None of the newspapers I have seen, save the *Westminster Gazette*, has pointed out how the failure of the olive crop has impoverished Italy this year and made the country less able to stand the destruction of property.

I had ladies in my class to-day. They sat in chairs and took notes under difficulties; but they did not wish to usurp the privileges of the student's writing desks. They are the wives of American and Canadian men who are attending classes.

Goodbye for the present.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 12th, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

What a day this is. My cab could with difficulty get up the hill on which the College stands.

The tragedy of Messina was brought home to me this morning. An old friend, Mrs. Caird, writes from Oxford, that her favourite niece was the wife of the English chaplain at Messina. She, her husband, her four children and an English governess and a nurse have all perished. Till now I have not known personally any of the sufferers.

The very fine head of Lorenzo came a day after your letter announcing it. I am delighted to have it. Curiously it is *the* head of Lorenzo which I carry in my memory. So I suspect I must have seen the photograph before; but when or where I do not know. The only other likeness that I have is the three-quarter face in the small edition of *Lorenzo's Poems*, printed in Florence in 1859—a book Miss Louisa MacLehose got for me.

These Ferrara letters about Lorenzo and his policy are very interesting; but they would be rather unintelligible to the ordinary reader without information given about the details of the policy of the Italian states of the time, and that I have no doubt you can easily furnish.

Evening. Hard frost has set in; the streets will be very slippery to-morrow.

Ever yours,

Thomas M. Lindsay.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 15th, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

The newspaper telegrams bring the worrying news that earthquakes were felt in Florence in such violence that numbers of people left their houses to camp out in the open. I do hope the news is exaggerated and that you have felt nothing, or next to nothing at Poggio Gherardo. I am in a great state of anxiety. How helpless time and space make one. I wish I could be near you in such times of alarm. I trust all will pass over without danger or damage.

Sandie will send you Dr. Prince's book when he gets home to Oxford. He reviewed it nearly a year ago. He has two copies, so asks me to tell you not to send him back the book.

He says that Dr. Prince does not profess, so far as the book is concerned, to formulate any theory ; he professes only to state and marshal facts coming under his observation ; but that no reader can avoid seeing that the author, in spite of his professions, has several " queer theories " kept in the background.

It does seem deplorable to think of rebuilding Messina. No town in Europe has been so continuously wrecked by earthquakes all through its centuries of history. But unless the configuration of the sea-bottom has been altered by underwater earthquake shocks, rebuilding does seem almost inevitable. It is such a splendid and safe harbour that it cannot help being a centre of shipping trade. I see that one scientific Italian has declared that he has detected evidence that the sea-bottom is altering, and that Sicily is going to become a peninsula ; but I should doubt that very much. There is a strong rush of water—sufficient to act as a scour—through the straits ; and the thought that the straits will give place to an isthmus seems to me highly improbable.

I think that your translations of Messer Aldrovandini's letters are interesting in themselves, but doubly so as showing the delicate and even shifting diplomacy with which Lorenzo maintained the balance of power in Italy. His dexterity is broadly seen in the way that things went to pieces soon after his death. I scarcely know enough about Italian politics to have any sure opinion, but I have always thought that had Italy produced anywhere a diplomatist equal to Lorenzo, the ill-fated enterprise of the French King would never have taken place and the peninsula would have been spared the woes that came from it.

Yours ever,

Thomas M. Lindsay.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 19th, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

What weather we are having. The bitter cold seems to have gone but the wind remains. I detest wind. It affects me in a curious way—gives me a feeling of all-overishness of a disagreeable kind. Last night the noises in my bedroom were so strange that I got up to investigate and found it was nothing but the water being forced under the sash of the window.

What an extremely valuable letter came in your last. It

shows part of the preparations for the famous Council of Florence. I know that town frequently felt that Councils were both burdensome and expensive; and the letter you translate shows how that happened in detail. It is very important; from the point of view of Church History.

In the class which the three American women attend, I am lecturing on the Puritan movement in England, including the foundation of New England. The art of College lecturing is to speak slowly—how slowly novices can never understand; of course the information has also to be given in compressed form. When I see that anything is not understood, I interpolate a couple of minutes verbal explanation; when the subject is dull I rest the class by some anecdote of the times. So they are not note-taking at the stretch all the time. Such are the tricks of one's trade. Don't laugh at me too much. It is curious that many strong voices have not so much carrying power as others that do not seem nearly so strong. Mine is anything but a strong voice; but I have no cause to fear speaking in any place, however large.

Susie goes to Oxford in ten days now. She will be away four or five weeks. If she appoints another commission to represent her I'll no doubt be again hen-pecked by telephone. I have no doubt it is for my good so I must *thole* it, as we say in Scotland.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 21st, 1909.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I am grieved to hear that you have lost your kind old friend. I met Mr. Birch once or twice and last June I can remember him staying so long talking about India in energetic way that David was in despair about the dinner. Life gets more and more lonely as we grow older. Old friends pass from us and we are without them.

You tell shocking tales of the Sicilians; but I am quite ready to believe and understand them. I was in Sicily for two months in 1901 and then thought the people were brutish to an unusual degree. The only exception I was inclined to make was the folk of Taormina, but they seem to have been behaving almost as badly as the others. The mob at Palermo, Catania, Syracuse, and Messina seemed to me about the lowest sort of civilised people I had ever seen. Calabria I do not

know, but the Sicilians appeared to be much worse than the Neapolitans, and they were bad enough. Is it not the case, on the west side of Italy at least, that Italians deteriorate as one goes South ?

I had a curious bit of Indian gossip to-day from a lady who came for afternoon tea in my Study. She says Lord Minto is quite annoyed with the Bishop of Calcutta. You know that the Viceroy's daughter is to be—has been I ought to say—for this is the day of the wedding—married in the Calcutta cathedral. Well, the bishop, it is said, has refused to permit any native of India who does not happen to be a Christian to enter the cathedral, and ever so many wedding invitations have had to be cancelled. Surely this cannot be true. But these Anglicans ! . . . One can never be sure what they will do or not do.

Now I must get to work ; for I have to prepare something special for my class to-morrow. So goodbye.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 23rd, 1909.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

A slight fit of asthma kept me in bed all Saturday and Sunday. It is gone this morning, but I am rather weak. We shall see how I get on at College to-day, I'll report when I return and can tell you.

Your three letters of the 20th, 21st, and 22nd came together this morning. That comes of our having no Sunday post in Glasgow. No. You did not tell me of the second shock of earthquake. It must make you all very nervous. How very little we really *know* about the mysteries of earth and how crude scientific explanations are after all—bad guesses, I call them. Your drought is another mystery. Water, water everywhere save in Tuscany.

I suppose the *Morning Post* will tell you about a wonderful Thibetan book in 103 volumes or cases, which has just arrived in London, and which is there for sale. It seems to be one of two which the Dalai Lhama brought from Thibet to Pekin, when he visited in state the Chinese Government. Each volume they say weighs about 170 lbs. People wish the British Museum to become the purchaser.

The house is filling up with Susie's wedding presents. On Friday came two Chippendale chairs, very pretty indeed, and

this morning an etching by a French etcher, Eugène Bijit. Do you know anything of him. I do not. I *must* go to Edinburgh to-morrow—worse luck; but I'm so much better that I do not look forward to it with any dread. Goodbye; and may you sleep; what more can I wish you at present.

Yours ever,

Thomas M. Lindsay.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 30th, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

Well, I've got through this week of over-work and am none the worse, though Tuesday and Wednesday were long and fatiguing days. Susie has departed. She left yesterday morning. I have therefore begun the six weeks apprenticeship of learning how to do without her. I suspect she has appointed a commission of caretakers. One came in yesterday to see how I was getting on; another may come to-day. I wonder how many have been appointed.

Work is reviving here; orders seem pouring in on our shipbuilders; the problem of the unemployed has ceased to be a burdensome one. That is a great blessing and we all feel as freed from a great strain. Did I tell you that I had to raise £7000 this winter for the College? I got £1000 yesterday and the promise of another £1000 soon. Then a promise of a third £1000 in April or May. I have not asked for smaller sums yet, but without asking I have one £500 and two £200. So I am getting on—more than the half already.

No. You have not heard about Julian lately. I've made scant progress. College work has been rather absorbing this winter. Writing seems to take somewhat more out of me than usual and tire me more. I was lazy during the Christmas holidays. But I do a little now and then. The editor is getting impatient.

I don't understand about your *Leaves from our Tuscan Kitchen*. I ordered three copies for Christmas presents, and they only came yesterday. One lady kindly said that she likes a "belated" gift; it comes by itself when quite unexpected.

Goodbye for the present, I've work to do.

Your welcome letter of the 26th has just come in. Yes. Poor Miss Erichsen is full of housekeeping woes. I fancy it must be harder for a lone woman, than for a lone man;

though I've not seen this alluded to in any orations on woman's rights. So far as my experience goes maid-servants, from the motherly element in them, look on the lone man, their employer, as in some respects a child who has to be humoured within certain reasonable limits, and chief among the indulgences to be allowed is: that *he* must not be disturbed; whereas the lone woman, their mistress, is recognised to be a fully grown up person, quite as intelligent as themselves. *She* is therefore worthy of consultation every ten minutes about all sorts of trifles and ought not to think that disturbance. Disturbance—it is the subtle deference paid to the completely rational being, one of themselves.

Of course there are limits to this "not disturbing the master." My cook, Jessie, knows that it is "her place" (that is what she calls it), to consult me daily about my dinner. Equally of course I, like a spoilt child, have learnt to know how far I can go and where I must stop. I have also learnt the meaning of certain signs. Jessie appears at the door of the Study every morning at 10 a.m. and she either comes halfway within the door, or comes wholly within and plants her ample person in the corner beside the door with her back against the wall. I instinctively feel that she considers that if she came three feet into the room she would consider that an unpardonable "disturbance"; but two feet inside is to her mind no disturbance. When she comes fully inside and gets her back against the wall I know that I am not to get my way; but if she comes only halfway in, a compromise is possible. At the same time it is a fixed principle with her that I may object to every dish she proposes, but that I must not suggest any one or that if I do there is small chance of my getting it. This morning's scene will go on with slight variations every day Susie is away. Enter Jessie, quite into the room, back against the wall: "What will you have to dinner to-day? Mince-collops, cooked dry-like, with a poached egg on the top? or a fowl nicely stewed? or I could get you a small roast?" "Jessie, you know quite well I'd take five days to eat the roast, and I'm not going to take cold meat four days running." "Very well, Sir. I'll not get the roast; only it was my place to mention it; but what will you have?" "A fowl will do very well." "I'm no saying it would not, but mince will be better I think." "All right, mince be it." "And what vegetables? Spinach, or small onions done in that Italian way?" "The onions are always good." "Yes, but you had them yesterday; and you should have a variety—that's what the Doctor said." "Well, well, spinach." "Yes, Sir,

and you'll have green plums stewed." Off Jessie marches. I know when Susie returns Jessie will insist in a lengthy statement. "He is a fine reasonable man, is the Doctor, Miss Lindsay; I'll say that for him—but it would never do to give him whatever he likes to eat. See how I've kept him in health —never a touch of his asthma all the time you were away. I saw that he was eating too much cheese one week, and I never let cheese go near the table for three days after. He knew as well as I did what *that* meant."

A lone woman is a reasonable being who can look after herself, but the lone man was to be looked after. That is where I have the pull on Miss Erichsen.

Yours ever,

Thomas M. Lindsay.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Feb. 4th, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

I've been reading two of Mr. de Morgan's novels. Our Library sends three or four novels to the house per week, and, for the most part, they go back unopened by me; but by some accident I saw De Morgan's name on these two. One, *Somehow Good*, was the title, I liked very much. I do not think they are at all like Dickens—in fact, they are not like anything I have read—quite a style of his own. You told me that you did not care for Mr. De Morgan's novels, but here is a sentence out of one which will appeal to you. "Those who have lived through earthquakes become unstrung at every tremor of the earth crust beneath them. . . ." "The Earthquake haunted man says at odd times all through the day and night, 'Is this it?' 'Has it come?'"

I fear that I have been rather negligent as I have two of your letters to answer; but you will forgive me when I tell you that I have been busy over and above my usual lecture work. I thought that extra work was over, but it must go on for a week or a fortnight more. I did not get home to lunch till 3.30 to-day, and had another meeting in the afternoon.

Do not fear to send me as much typed matter as you like. I always enjoy reading those extracts of letters, etc. To-day I am too hurried to answer your questions about your extracts. But I have no lectures to-morrow and I'll write my opinion in next letter.

We are having Sven Hedin here on the 17th. He is to be

the guest of my colleague, Dr. G. A. Smith. The Smiths are to have a grand reception after the lecture. The poor man must find his lecturing tour as fatiguing as his travels in Thibet.

Now I'll stop; for I am tired and have other letters to write.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I have had a little time to think over the typed matter you last sent me. I am not quite sure what exactly is the whole aim you propose to yourself; but my own idea is something like this. You propose something like a history of the Medici based on the letters, speeches, and personally recorded data so far as they can be recovered, and do not mean to be tempted into anything like a general history which would be a very serious and really stupendous task—for that would mean a history of Italian politics when they were most intricate. Your aim, as I take it, is more limited and at the same time much more fresh and novel. If I am right you are mainly concerned with the personal lives of the family as these are revealed in personal correspondence and other memoranda of that kind. If so, then I take it the line of work would be something as follows (of course I speak from a limited knowledge):

You must have a *beginning*: and your *real* beginning is the *Ricordi*, which ought to be given in full if possible. It starts you from a solid basis. It shows you the Medici a well-established family; rich, influential, etc. etc., as early as 1373, and with a well-defined family policy. That suggests two things: (1) The attempt to find a remote ancestral past which you notice in six lines, but which seem too abrupt and might easily be expanded into at least four pages, an expansion you could easily make by the help of Villari's writings. For they suggest the true past of Italian life—old Roman and Teutonic—Roman Consul, Charlemagne, local peasantry; all these thoughts of the past in the minds of people who thought about the past, and revealed in imaginary pedigrees as soon as any one family had showed itself in the front rank. (2) It gives a somewhat permanent key to the inner family policy and can be used to interpret it as the generations follow, adopt, and enlarge the common family policy outlined in the *Ricordi*.

Then leaving the *Ricordi* behind, your material, so far as seems to me, runs on two distinct lines—(1) The inner private life of the family, in familiar letters from husband and wife,

mother and children, father and children, etc. etc., and (2) The more public life which is linked on to the civic life of Florence and the wider political conditions of Italian States. (1) Of these two it appears to me that the letters, revealing the inner family life, though somewhat scanty, are for your purpose quite as interesting as those referring to the civic and wider Italian politics. For this would give your book an unique place. No one that I know has described such an Italian family from the inside. To do it well and brilliantly one would require to know about the social customs of the period—the house in town, what it was like, its rooms, its servants, etc.; the country house, how it provided the town house with supplies, its use for rest and recreation, etc. etc.; then bathing resorts, etc. For this these letters could be placed in a frame-work furnished by details from Boccaccio's and Bandello's novels. And for this purpose Bandello, however licentious his stories, seems to me very valuable; his prefaces are full of the very details you want and give you the facts to make the contemporary picture.

The health resorts of the fifteenth century were, I suspect, not unlike the *peasant* bathing places of the present. I have hazy recollections of scenes in Bandello which illustrate and would make not merely amusing but living many of the letters of the Medici ladies. I have been collecting one or two pictures of the fifteenth and sixteenth century bathing scenes which as soon as winter is over I'll photograph and send you prints of. We can go over them together and you will be able to judge whether they will help you. Then you might find out if you can get hold of any MS. of Boccaccio, Bandello, etc. with miniatures like those of the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*. They are sure to be indecent; but then it is only in illustrations of such sets of tales that one gets *pictures* of the *private* life which you want to *see*, how and in what circumstances the people who wrote your letters lived; and when you have seen them the letters stand out living pictures and not mere dead records—more or less amusing. (2) The more public letters are easier to set in the times; but that has been done pretty often. If the two could be combined, a book based on both sets of letters would not merely be interesting but would be lasting, because no one has yet done it.

Of course it means "spade work," but you are doing that as far as the digging out and translating of the letters go. That must be your first work—to complete your collection of letters, etc. When that is done, there is other "spade work" of contemporary manners and society.

I'm not frightening you with work am I? What do you think of my imagined programme? You have typed *nothing*, so far as I can see, that is not fitted to go into your book—there is nothing to be wasted.

Well, I fear I have bored you with all this and will turn to your letters. I am sorry you have had another earthquake shock, however slight. It must worry you. I began my letter with extracts from De Morgan's novel—*Somehow Good*. As soon as I had written the two sentences I was interrupted and that for some hours.

Yes, Jessie is quite a character. She would like you immensely, because you would talk to her, and she is fond of that. I'm rather too silent for her taste. She prides herself on doing onions in the Italian way; but the *time* required on your Italian charcoal fires did not suit our coal cooking arrangements. "Tell me, Miss Lindsay, what the mess is like when it is finished and I'll 'sort' it, she said, and she did; so now she turns out an excellent dish." On Thursday Mrs.——, the lady Susie commissions to look after me and report to her when she is away from home, came to make enquiries. I asked her if her cook had succeeded in cooking the onions properly. When she answered in the negative, I invited her to dinner yesterday. Then behold Jessie in all her glory. I had to listen for quite ten minutes to her *menu*. Leek soup with prunes, beef steak and kidney pie, *The* onions ("and plenty of them, quoth Jessie"), tapioca pudding with preserved fruit, cheese strands, apples and bananas. So Mrs. —— and I had our dinner. This morning Jessie discussed it. "I saw that you cleared off the onions. Now if Mrs. —— wants to know how they are done; tell her to come to my kitchen and I'll show her."

Julian is only a chapter in volume I. of the *Cambridge Mediaeval History*, but it has cost me as much work as if it had been a book.

This letter has spun out to an intolerable length. So goodbye.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Feb. 9th, 1909.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I have a long letter from Isabella MacDougall; her letters are always like herself and very pleasant to receive.

This time she tells me Florentine news. She says that poor Mr. De Morgan has never recovered from the shock he received during the last earthquake. He is continually alarmed that another may come, is quite unnerved, and can do nothing. He seems to be giving an intensified illustration of the sentences I quoted to you from his novel *Somehow Good*.

Do you know much about Buddhism? A man wrote me this morning to ask what *Nat* meant in Buddhist religion. I have an idea that it has to do with the existence and propitiation of evil spirits—either non-human or the souls of deceased ancestors who have become wrathful because they have not been properly attended to. But I do not know enough about the matter to answer his questions and have said so. It's worrying for perfect strangers to write such letters, just as if I were a machine where you pressed a slot and out came what you wanted—and that without putting the conventional penny in the slot.

I really have nothing to tell you about myself and my pursuits. Life flows on in monotonous fashion. I do my College work and dawdle the rest of the day—yes, dawdle I fear.

I do trust your nervousness is gone and that you are sleeping well.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Feb. 11th, 1909.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I'll send on your kind question about a wedding present to Susie. She will be glad to have it in Oxford, as her young man is there to consult. Yes. It will be different for me when Susie goes finally, but I am busily learning what it is to be like. These six weeks are a very good apprenticeship. I rather like breakfasting and lunching alone, and as I have told you I seldom lack some one for afternoon tea. Dinner with no one to talk to—which I fear you endure and feel for long weeks—gets a little monotonous after five days. I told you of my plan to get *one* guest—a lady—to come and dine with me. I find it is going to be very popular. I told a married lady that my guests were to be restricted to widows and old maids and that no one under forty-five was to be admitted to the table. She promptly answered me by saying that she was above forty-five and that she was often a widow

for a few days when her husband was up in London. So I told her to let me know when one of the *pro tempore* widowhoods occurred and I would invite her.

One of my colleagues, Dr. G. A. Smith, has just received notice that he has been awarded the Dyke-Acland Gold Medal for original research in Biblical Knowledge. He has written two notable books—one on the *Historical Geography of Palestine* and the other and larger one on *Jerusalem*. The former has gone into eight editions.

I fear you will be nervous after these prophecies of great earthquakes somewhere on Sunday the 20th. Let us hope that the scientific prophet is quite mistaken. The man declares that he foretold the shocks at Messina and that there is a recurrence of the same phenomena.

Why not say: *The History of the Early Medici as told in their Correspondence*: or more simply, *Letters of the Medici Family*?

Now goodbye. You cannot long for May more than I do.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Feb. 16th, 1909.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I have not read your MS. yet. I must keep it for Saturday. This week is monotonously social. I had my sister-in-law on Monday and yesterday; a small dinner party of men last night to consult about the best way of raising the £7000 for the College buildings; Sven Hedin's dinner to-night; on Thursday I am solitary, but my sister insists on coming from Friday till Tuesday, because "the head of the house" must not be left alone so long. The "head of the house" has sometimes more company than he cares for and has no objection to be left alone.

Sforza's letter is very like his portrait—truculent but with humour. I fear I have been inducing you to read most improper literature. The *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles* and now *Bandello*. However I do not think it will do you any harm. Will it? The fact is that it is only in the surroundings of such tales as these that one can get at the private life of the time, what houses were like, gardens, dress, table, etc. etc. The pages of the *Ricordi*, which contain only lists of houses, furniture, etc., do not sound interesting, but one never knows. I like myself to look after such details; they often yield

something to fill in a picture. The pamphlet on *Slaves in Venice* ought to be good. Of course there must have been many in Venice from the names which linger there, *Riva degli Schiavoni*, *San Giorgio degli Schiavoni*, etc. I wonder how far that Slave life penetrated? Did it enter largely into Pisa and Florence for instance? It would be interesting to trace that.

Now I must go to work.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Feb. 20th, 1909.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

As to the earthquake predictions, no mention was made of what the peculiar atmospheric and metereological conditions were on which the predictions were founded. Only the scientific prophet said that they were the same as about ten days before the great Messina earthquake; that he had predicted it; that no one had paid attention to his prediction. He was an Italian.

I dined on Wednesday with the great Swedish traveller, Sven Hedin. It was a small party of men and therefore very pleasant. I went on condition that I was not to be expected to go to the lecture, or to the late reception. I had an hour smoking with the explorer and some others. He is a short man, I should say about a quarter of an inch shorter than myself, but *very* strongly made—very pleasant indeed to talk to. I am told that his lecture was wonderfully interesting and exceedingly well delivered.

I have now read over your last MS. I think it is very readable, but I think it would be possible to suggest some occasional frame work which would lend additional interest. But I must keep all that till I come in May, and see what really we can find. It is almost impossible by letter to say what I should like to, and I have no time at present, nor while the session lasts. In any additions of the kind that I have in view, every part of your MS. stands unaltered. I only think of additions which would set the letters in their time, make people see them palpitating with contemporary social life, etc.

My sister came yesterday, and is to be with me till Monday. It is very nice having her. I think she will see that I am not

quite so solitary as she pictured to herself, and do not need so much commiseration.

Did I tell you that *Pisa* came a few days ago? I have only rushed through it—but it seems to me to read very well.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Feb. 24th, 1909.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I did not know of the importance of the 24th until too late to send you a letter to greet you on that day; so you must forgive me if I can only commemorate by writing on it. Many happy returns and much happiness between. I'll drink your health in Vermouth at dinner as I dine in solitary state by myself.

I feel in a most virtuous, not to say priggish state of mind. I have actually written, addressed and stamped, three long letters to India on the day *before* the mail leaves. So there is nothing on my conscience so far as the continent of Asia is concerned—and that is a rare thing with me.

I have your letters of the 19th and 20th with their enclosures—both very interesting. Yesterday came Elma Story to afternoon tea, and as the MS. giving the account of the masses for Cosimo's death was lying beside me, I handed it to her and asked her what she thought of it. She said it was wonderfully interesting and asked eagerly if it was to be published and when the book would appear. The little incident shows how your researches and work are appreciated. Elma is the eldest daughter of the late Principal Story, and along with her sister has just finished writing her father's biography.

I fancy the newspapers gave little idea of what Sven Hedin's lecture actually was. He speaks very rapidly, but clearly and graphically. He rushed on like a torrent—every sentence a vivid picture—and that for two hours. I think he is also very kind-hearted. His sister is with him. She is as tall as he is—dark and rather sallow, as if she did not enjoy very good health. He is very attentive to her, full of little kind unostentatious attentions, which she takes as if she were accustomed to them. The brother and sister are evidently strongly attached to each other. "My little sister" is what he always calls her when he speaks about her. He is alert both in speech and in action. He impressed me very favourably. I wish you could have met him.

Our weather has been changeable as usual. To-day is cold—very cold—and very wet. In five weeks from to-day lectures come to an end, but I have still to raise the £7000. I hope that will not delay me long.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Feb. 27th, 1909.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I drank your health in Poggio Gherardo Vermouth at my solitary dinner on the 24th. I wish that it had been in your dining-room—but that good time is coming soon I trust.

Another's birthday had to be celebrated on that same day; for Sandie's wife gave birth to a son on that forenoon. The news was circulated quickly among a small circle of intimates and to my surprise my Study was invaded after dinner by quite a bevy of ladies to congratulate me, they said, on the birth of the eldest son of my eldest son. They united by denouncing me for the calmness of my demeanour. They had actually found me reading a book! What did they expect?—to find me standing on my head or trying to turn somersaults? I told them that they ought to remember that I was *blasé* on the question of grandchildren, and that this little creature was not the *first* but the third. That, however, reasonable as it appeared to me, did not seem to pacify them.

I had to go to a semi-public dinner last night—a thing I dislike; but it could not be avoided. The foreign students attending the classes invited the professors to dinner; and I had to go. They are a cosmopolitan crowd hailing from the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, France and Germany. Twenty-nine of them were the hosts. They gave us a very good dinner and of course speeches followed. But they behaved uncommonly kindly to me. I had to reply for the guests and they put me down at the beginning of the programme; so I was able to get off by 9.15. I really thought I was in for an attack of asthma, it was so bitterly cold driving home in the cab. But I soon reached a warm Study and the effects of the chill passed off.

Susie writes from Oxford that she has letters from the maids, who seem to be as pleased with me as I am with them. They are specially delighted with my little festivities, so I am going

on with them. All the same I caught the maids out on Friday. As I never enter the drawing-room they have been neglecting to dust it daily. I did climb up to it yesterday and found it not dusted; so I ferreted out a duster and dusted all the furniture very carefully myself, then rang the bell and showed them what I had done. You should have seen their faces. To-day the furniture beams in dustless brightness. A scolding or a remonstrance in words would not have had the tenth part of the effect. But a kind-hearted person like yourself may think that my conduct savoured of cruelty.

The Slave question is very interesting. I do not think that the existence of slaves in mediaeval Italy has ever been portrayed *familiarly—i.e.* their place shewn as part and parcel of the fifteenth century Italian life. Mons. H. Wallon has something about it, if I remember rightly, in volume 3 of his *Histoire de l'Esclavage*, and also mentions it in some volume of his *Antiquitates Italiae Med. Aevi*; these might help you to the several conditions which could be filled up by instances from your special studies which would give vividness to the whole. I see that there are elements of an interesting and vivid account of the times in your researches. You could do a bit of work no one has done, I really and truly think. Of course the existence of female slaves was always a disturbing element in family life; but there is also the existence of male slaves and how they were employed and treated.

Now I must get to work. The Cambridge people have altered my subject from "Julian," to "The Triumph of Christianity." Luckily the change of title does not require me to make any change in what I have already written, but it is as well that I did not finish my article, or it would have needed to be almost entirely re-cast. Reviews of the volume (3rd) of the *Cambridge History of English Literature* are coming in. My chapter on the "Influence of the Renaissance on English Literature" is the first. It is a very poor affair *I* think; the least satisfactory bit of work I ever did; and I do not like it any better now that I see it in print. The reviewers, so far as I have seen, are misguided enough to praise it however—"a brilliant generalisation of an historical period," says one. I expect, however, that the *Athenaeum*, or the *Times*, when their critiques appear, will point out its weakness—they ought to do so.

To-day we have hard frost, and I am correspondingly breathless. The birds are flocking to my window for the crumbs and water there—among them are two beautiful thrushes—*mavis*, we call them in Scotland. It is curious that

the old word for blackbird—the *merle*—is never used; while *mavis* is still in common use for thrush.

Goodbye. I wish you had more rain and less cold.

Ever yours, THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, March 4th, 1909.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I'm a proud man to-day. I've totted up the month's bills, and I've spent £3 less than Susie usually does. Think of that! Of course you may sniff at me and say, "You had a mouth less to feed"; but remember my lots of little dinners *a deux*. It may be, however, that I have been letting some household stores get low; so I must not boast. Also I must say that I have had one very happy hour each of the four weeks—11-12 on Saturday night. Then I sit in a low arm-chair before my bedroom fire and sew on buttons, quite secure against all feminine intrusion and feeling that I am not offending any feminine susceptibilities. Your Carolina, I know, would be indignant, if she could see me, but she cannot.

We have had three malignant days—hard frost of 10 to 12 degrees below freezing point, cold white fog, and a little snow. But I must be warmer than you are, for my room is never under 62. I think that justifies my opinion that it is better to be in Scotland in winter and in Italy in summer. It is not difficult to keep our houses warm, and when I drive to College with a hot water bottle on my knees and a rug over that, I am as warm as is necessary. For all that I have a slight turn of bronchitic asthma. It comes from the student's dinner and the cold drive back in the dark, when the hot water bottle was impossible. So I remain at home this evening, when I ought to be at a musical "at home," given to the students of the College by Sir William and Lady Bilsland. It is a very kind act of the host and hostess, and I did not want to be uncourteous, but I'm too breathless to go to an evening party.

Ever yours, THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, March 6th, 1909.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

My sister has come to spend the week's end with me. She tells me that my brother Wallace goes for another great

MS. hunt during the early summer months—this year not to Italy but to St. Petersburg and Moscow, and that for the first time he is going to get part of his expenses paid from the Carnegie Research Fund. As he does more of that kind of research work than any other three men in Britain, I think it is high time he put in a claim—he never would till this year.

A straggling review comes in every now and then on my "Essay on the Influence of the Classical Renascence in English Literature." The reviewers have not "found me out"; which says little for their acumen, it is really a "thin" production; why don't they say so?

I've been reading again in the hour before going to bed the *Memoires de Madame d'Epinay*, and have come to the farcical episode in which she and Mad. d'Houdetot are the heroines with Rousseau for the hero—if you can apply the word; butt is perhaps more correct. A clever playwright might make a sparkling play out of it. I suspect, however, that if he kept to the exact historical truth the Lord Chamberlain might interpose; but a little deviation from historical accuracy would keep him on the right side of the line. Mesdames d'Epinay and d'Houdetot were eighteenth century ladies and, therefore, consistently unfaithful to their husbands (who were both brutes, I must confess); but they were consistently faithful to their lovers. Both lovers were with the French army in Alsace and both ladies relieved themselves in the monotony of their absence by trying to enslave the affections of poor Jean Jacques, evidently for pure amusement. Mad. d'Houdetot succeeded and Mad. d'Epinay failed. Of course Jean Jacques got nothing but pretty words and affectionate epistles. But the success of Mad. d'Houdetot was rather a bitter pill to Mad. d'Epinay. You find all the three sides in the correspondence of the two ladies and in the *Confessions* of Rousseau. The playwright has only to change MM. St. Lambert and Grimm into husbands to keep right with the Lord Chamberlain, and out of the correspondence and the confessions a very piquant play with abundance of incidents might be produced. It would be an elegant *Merry Wives of Windsor*, with the variation that the two women were not in league but were trying to cut each other out. The ridiculous situations of the unfortunate "butt" would need to be, not broad farce, but tragi-comedy. Therèse Vasseur and her mother, again for the Lord Chamberlain's sake, would have to be Rousseau's cook and housemaid. But all the attempts on Mad. d'Epinay's part to secure some of the correspondence of Mad. d'Houdetot would make the comic

business—her bribing Therèse to allow her to search for letters in Rousseau's study, her waylaying Therèse and searching her pockets and her bag in vain endeavour to find a letter etc. etc. There is not enough for a novel, but there seems to me to be abundance for a play.

I did not tell you, did I, one thing about Sven Hedin? When he got to the end of his journey and had to part with his belongings, he confessed that while he did feel sorry to leave the men who had been his hired carriers and guides, he almost broke down when he came to bid farewell to his dogs. They had almost become part of himself.

Goodbye.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, March 9th, 1909.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I wonder whether you have found any traces of Thomas Linacre among your letters of Lorenzo's time. He was one of the earliest of the English Humanists. It is said that Lorenzo permitted him to share the instruction given by Angelo Poliziano to Piero and Giovanni, and also their lessons in Greek given by Demetrius Analconydes. Linacre became tutor to Prince Arthur, the eldest son of the English King Henry VII. and long after he wrote a Latin grammar for the benefit of Queen Mary. He was a physician by profession and the founder of the Royal College of Physicians in London. It would be interesting if you could discover his name among your Medici papers.

I'm still reading by slow stages Hollway-Calthrop's book on *Petrarch*. The author is a Norfolk Squire. He was a Baliol man and is now the Bursar, or man of business, of Eton College.

I have told you how men write me asking all sorts of questions. They are mostly Church of England clergymen. I had two really ridiculous queries put to me yesterday: (1) Where could the writer find the last authentic form of the coronation oath and could I give him a summary of the changes made in it, and a brief sketch of its history? (2) Did the earliest Baptists baptise by "sprinkling" or by "immersion"? I had the cruelty to give them the names of books in which they could find out what they wanted for themselves.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, March 14th, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

Yours of the 9th came this morning. I do not think by any means that your introduction to Piero de' Medici's letter is too long; it is all necessary.

My sister, who came from St. Andrews yesterday to spend the week-end with me, told me of what weather they still have in the East of Scotland. A friend of hers took her a long drive in a motor—a drive of about thirty miles—and they actually passed through several miles of road which had been cleared by snow-ploughs, with the snow piled up on either side in banks of more than three feet high. Here, at our worst, we have never had more than three inches.

I ought to have written yesterday, but I had no time with my sister being here. She is the maiden aunt of the family and is of course the junction at which all the family trains meet. So when she came she poured out all sorts of information about her nieces and nephews—knows all their birthdays etc.

I've finished Hollway-Calthrop's book on *Petrarch*. I think it is very well written—and out of a very full knowledge of the times and the literature. I've been reading it slowly—*i.e.* in odd half-hours.

You will laugh at the pride I take in my fire-building; but let me tell you that I made up my bedroom fire last night at 11 o'clock and that it smouldered on, giving out as much heat as was good for me, till 12 o'clock to-day, and that without being touched. Coal beneath, cinders above and a layer of ashes on the top of all, the ashes being well moistened.

Goodbye.

Yours ever,

Thomas M. Lindsay.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, March 17th, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

Here I am in the midst of that round of the infinitely little which marks the close as it does the opening of the session—examination papers to write, answers to read and test, a thousand and one questions to answer—some important, others trivial; arrangements to make and so on. I have no time to turn round.

Susie came back on Monday full of her Oxford experiences. She sat in an armchair and poured forth: "I'm glad to be back if only for one thing—to feel warm again; Oxford is the coldest place in the world. I was never warm there save when I was in bed. Here it's freezing outside yet this room is as warm and comfortable as if there was no such thing as freezing points." She expatiated on new acquaintances. "I saw the ——. He is studying Erasmus' MS. and goes all over Europe to find them. They are to be in the Vatican Library this Easter Vacation. Of course I know a lot about Erasmus from you, so I could ask questions. He expects to take fifteen years to finish his task. . . . Yes, I asked him whether any one else was doing the same work; he said not *now*. A German had spent sixteen years over the Erasmus MSS., but he had taken softening of the brain, so the way is quite clear for —— to do it." etc. etc. I never knew how much I missed Susie till she returned. All my new house-keeping habits peeled off me at once—as easily as a glove. I do not care now whether the drawing-room is clean or dusty. I have not the slightest wish for a dinner *a deux*. When ladies come for afternoon tea, they will not enter the Study. I've no delight in watching how the maids manage me. I'm quite changed all because Susie has come back. Such is the difference between now and the former Susie-less condition, which is only forty-eight hours away and seems very far off.

I'm so glad to hear that you have had some of the original letters photographed. The peculiarities of hand-writing which you note are very interesting. I've seen no reviews of *Pisa* save the one I sent you, but then I do not see many papers. But I have now got five reviews about that *Cambridge History of English Literature*. No reviewer has found me out as yet. Susie, candid soul, says truly, that it reads as if I did not know quite as much as usual about what I write. Quite true!

So you have got your rain at last. And now you want sun and heat. Oh, you agriculturalists—Never satisfied!

No time for more.

Ever yours,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, March 24th, 1909.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I've been neglecting you. Forgive me. The end of the session is such a busy time. Nominally work is over.

I closed the College formally yesterday with a Valedictory. When I got home I was quite dazed with weariness and felt as if I was about to take a fit of asthma. But I slept nine hours last night, and woke quite fresh. So there is not much wrong with me. Now I must tackle my Cambridge article at once. I'll not finish it before the appointed date, April 24th: then I need four or five days at the British Museum for the bibliography. My nephew, Harry Lindsay, is to be married in London on April 29th. Then, and not till then, can I think of my journey southwards. How I am longing for it to begin.

If —— gives us a good critical edition of Erasmus' works, he will render great service both to history and to literature. The only complete edition was made about 160 years ago, and is very ill edited. The two volumes of letters —— has already published is a most admirable piece of work. It could not have been better done.

I wish this to catch the post so must stop. I'll write on Saturday.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, March 27th, 1909.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I spent the most of yesterday in clearing up. My table was in a hopeless litter of books and papers—the accumulation of the session. I made one or two discoveries. One book I had forgotten that I had received. It is by a learned Dutchman, Dr. de Vocht, who has written an erudite volume upon the influence of Erasmus on the popular literature of England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. I have only volume I. (all published till now), which shows quotations from Erasmus all through the "Shakespeare" Jest Books, and through Lilly the Euphuist and his imitators. The learned author had heard that I was dealing with the influence of the "Renaissance on English Literature," and sent it to me with his compliments. It did not reach me, alas, till my paper was printed; and all I could do with it was to include it in my bibliography. He finds ever so many parallel passages; but I should be inclined to discard many of them. A joke need not be borrowed because some one has said something like it before; it arises quite naturally in a given set of circumstances.

I glanced through Miss Macdonnel's book on the *Abruzzi* a few nights ago. It is rather interesting; but the best bits in it are taken from Antonio de Nino. She has emptied his five volumes into her book—always with due acknowledgments of her obligations.

Ever yours,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, April 3rd, 1909.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

The asthma is almost gone, but it has left me rather weak. I must try and begin the interrupted work at once. I have been for a week on warm milk—four tumblers a day. Still that did not dislodge the enemy. So yesterday morning the Doctor tried the injection of nitro-glycerine. That seems to have been effectual; but one always has the feeling that one may blow up at any time.

Now, dear friend, I must warn you that I may not be as soon with you as you expect. I still hope to get away in time to be with you before the first week of May is out, but it may not be. I *have* to secure the larger part of that £7000 for the College before I can leave Scotland. It is my duty as Principal. I had meant to set to work in earnest as soon as lectures ceased, and asthma has seized me and made me utterly useless for eight days. My colleagues are all gone or are going on lecturing tours in America; so I am left alone to do the work. I am longing to get to Poggio Gherardo. I am both tired and feel the incessant East wind. And I'm longing to see and speak with you again. Of course this may be pessimistic, I may get away at the end of this month.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, April 5th, 1909.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Did you know or did you guess? Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyam* is no translation from the Persian. It's properly a set of poems suggested by *Omar Khayyam*—that's all. I'm no orientalist myself—but that is what all Persian and Arabic scholars have always told me. When Fitzgerald's poem first began to be talked about many a one wrote to say so. But

poetical critics took to the book. Fitzgerald was hailed as a genius; then became a cult. I've seen translations of portions from the real *Omar Khayyam*; and this can be said for Fitzgerald that his poetry does sound better than what it pretends to be. I can remember years ago how furious a very good Persian scholar used to be at the pretence of translation, and declared that Fitzgerald put the name of Omar Khayyam on his book just to make it sell.

The *furor scribendi* has returned to me. I am making good progress with the "Age of Julian," and do not need to force myself to work. Still it is hard to condense so much into such a small space, and not make it a mere dry abstract. That injection of nitro-glycerine is a wonderful thing. I asked my Doctor how it worked. He said it sent the blood to the surface of the body and took away abnormal pressure from heart, wind-pipe, and lungs. But that is all beyond me.

I suspect that I am no judge of Lorenzo de' Medici; still one can tell how men can form very different estimates of his character, for both of which a good deal can be said. On the one side he was perhaps the foremost man of his time, the ablest politician in Italy, with his heart set on preserving the political balance of the peninsula and therefore of keeping peace and encouraging art, literature and science. He believed that this could only be done by securing the pre-eminence of himself and of his family in Florence; and in this he was probably correct. On the other hand, he was no shrewd man of business and could not make money as a private citizen in the way his forebears had done. Money was indispensable to him; and he found it in the pockets of his fellow citizens. Hence his government of Florence, ostensibly a Republic, had to be supported by filling every office with his own creatures, by means of whom he manipulated as he liked the resources of the citizens, and drew their money largely into his own possession by all kinds of dodges. While his forebears lived on their private trade as merchants and bankers, he lived on pillaging his fellow citizens after the fashion of an American "Boss." He believed that this was necessary for Florence and for Italy. Still it was rather a mean sort of slavery for the Florentines to endure—though it might be for their good. If I am correct, you can easily see how quite unprejudiced men like Villari and Symonds can see two sides in Lorenzo, one to be praised and the other to be denounced. If the famous interview between Lorenzo and Savonarola at the deathbed of the former be true—I can sympathise with both. I can admire Savonarola with his stern sense of abstract right

refusing to absolve the man whom he believed to be enslaving the Florentines; and I can sympathise with the practical politician who refused to give the pledge Savonarola demanded, for he knew that it would involve not only his own downfall, but the disappearance of that political guidance which was preserving Italy from internal anarchy and from falling a prey to foreign invaders. That's my own idea; but I do not know that it is worth very much.

I am still uncertain, and I fear I must be for weeks, whether I can be with you in May, as I promised and as I fondly hoped. I've no time now to tell you the whole story. I'll do so in next letter.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, April 10th, 1909.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

The die is cast. I cannot leave this till the 24th or 25th of May at the earliest—perhaps a few days later. You may be sure that it is no small thing which keeps me; for I am longing to be with you, and cannot say how much I am disappointed that I cannot get away. What hinders me, put very shortly, is this. I do not know whether you have heard of the great Church Law Case in 1904, and the consequent Commission of Parliament to settle the property involved. What hinders me leaving is the last stage of this settlement. £93,000 must be taken from the endowments of the three Colleges of our Church, and of that £33,000 has to be taken from the endowments of our College in Glasgow. I need not worry you with the details of this tangled business. It is enough to say that two years ago it was left very much to myself to draft a scheme by which the £33,000 could be taken from us in ways that injured us least; that the principles I laid down about the £33,000 were extended to the £93,000, and that after long delay the Royal Commission in February last practically accepted my scheme. The gist of my scheme was to surrender such endowments as were least valuable for the practical working of the College. Well all this has to be worked out in detail at the General Assembly, which meets on May 18th, and sits for about ten days. The lawyers on the one side and my colleagues on the other declare that my presence is absolutely indispensable when the details of the scheme are worked out. You see that I have the unfortunate

reputation of being a good man of business with a clear head for finance! So I must submit.

I'm hard at work on my Essay for the *Cambridge Mediaeval History*, and have got it half done. The more progress I make the easier it becomes, and now that I've got so far I've got thoroughly bitten with it and grudge the time required for anything else.

As for the £7000 the money is coming in slowly in £100's and £50's, but I am negotiating for two sums of £1000 each. If I get them, which is by no means sure, the rest can wait till October.

So my present plan is to come to you in the beginning of June and stay till you leave for England. Will that suit? I'd like to come to you in September also; we shall see. I must get back to my work.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, April 13th, 1909.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Here I am repining at my fate. I had hoped to leave *Glasgow*, at all events, in a fortnight and to *start* at last for you and the sunny South, and now it will be much longer, and I shall lose quite a month, if not some days more of the enjoyment and repose which seemed so near. My only consolation is that my paper goes on apace. Another week I trust will finish it. Yesterday and to-day I'm working at the personal character of Julian. He was so blessed or so banned by his contemporaries, as they were pagans or Christians, that one can hardly get a sight of the real man. Very few of his own writings survive, and they are rather feeble; but luckily there is one honest writer—plainly honest—a pagan, but a straightforward soldier, Ammianus Marvellinus. He was a great admirer of the young man, but esteemed him for his powers as a leader of men and an administrator, while he pokes fun slyly at his philosophy and fondness for magic of all kinds. I'm going by him and by Julian himself; though I read all the others and strive to get a touch here and there from them. Of course it has all to be condensed into very brief space and that is my main trouble, still it has to be done.

Now I must get to my work.

Ever yours,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, May 2nd, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

I got home on Thursday night and was glad to get back. I have never had such a weary time of it in London. I got asthma at my nephew's wedding-crush, but would not give in. I went to Oxford as I promised to see my grandchild, and got there very breathless on Saturday night. I feared a second night in that cold place, so returned to London on Saturday night. There I thought I must give in and return home. It is bad to be ill and alone in a great hotel. But on Monday I was better and resolved to try and work. The asthma went on Monday afternoon, but left me very weak indeed. However I persevered, luckily. I finished my Museum work on Thursday and started for home by the Scotch Express at two. We had a cold journey, passed through a snow storm at Penrith, saw the whole Lake country white with snow and the South side of the Cheviot range white also. Curiously, though so breathless and weak in London, I believe that the eight days away have done me good, for now I feel very well. I ought to have written as soon as I got home; but I was eager to finish my Bibliography with the Museum work fresh on my mind. So I worked at it all Friday and Saturday—all day, doing nothing else. It is done and only needs copying out fairly. It is a great weight off my mind.

The painters are still in possession of the house, but they are to be out by the end of this week. I do not know what your true taste will say to my scheme of colour for the staircase.—Barbaric! possibly. I admit it to be rather daring.

It was very provoking to be in London and know that it was not to be the jumping off place for Florence. I am wearying to see you.

Yours ever,

Thomas M. Lindsay.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, May 7th, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

Yesterday afternoon came Frank Crisp's sketch—a really beautiful bit of colour and to my mind a very good likeness. It is delightful to have it. With it came a photograph of the complete portrait, which I think must be a very

fine work—but somehow I prefer the *likeness* in the sketch. There is a sternness in the photograph which does not exist in nature. But the pose of the figure is both fine and very natural.

I ought to have written two days ago, but I have been at work from morning to night in rewriting a great part of my article on the "The Triumph of Christianity." The various different instructions I received led me to mistake in part what was wanted. I had to cancel twenty pages or rather to reduce them to five, and add some dozen to the end of the paper.

I would have had the Bibliography finished to-day; but I must go to Edinburgh. I sent off a duplicate copy to you last night. Do not take the trouble to read it unless you care to.

I wish I were with you; but the time is passing and in a few weeks more I will be able to start. Did I tell you that I gave myself a little rest occasionally at the British Museum, by looking at one or two books about Marie Antoinette? One of them was very curious. L. Lacour, *Livres du Boudoir de la Reine Marie Antoinette*—a small book, 150 copies only printed in 1862. In a short preface the author tells that Marie Antoinette caused all the books she cared to read to be transferred from her Trianon library and bookcases to a bookcase in her boudoir, and that these alone were what she read. If so the catalogue says very little either for her mind, her morals, or her taste. About one-fifth are translations from tawdry sentimental English novels; there is not a solid or noble book among the lot. I know that she was by no means squeamish, but I confess that I was not prepared to see so very many of Retif de la Bretoune's books. He is so very coarse—amours, usually discreditable of artizans, etc. Now goodbye for the present.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, May 14th, 1909.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Yours of 10th came to-day. We also have curious weather. It is very cold. In fact, some snow fell yesterday, and we had hail for half an hour. I go to Edinburgh on Monday, and I do not know how long I may be kept there. It is very annoying not to know when my work will be done.

All these delays and uncertainties of date make me the most discontented and irritable of mortals. I've no doubt you have found out my continuous ill-humour in my recent letters.

I hope I'll be early enough to see Mr. and Mrs. Berenson. I'm sure to be unless they leave before the first week in June. How I am longing for the long restful days with you at Poggio Gherardo.

Yes, I wish my article had been about Julian alone—but it had to be done to order—now that it is done I can settle to nothing. I am so restless under this enforced delay. I flit from one thing to another and finish by doing nothing.

Your photograph is hung in my Study—in the centre of a row of five learned men. You are turning your back on the late Master of Baliol!

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, August 30th, 1909.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I'm glad you have read a little of Marsilio Ficino. You will now be able to back me up when I say that those leaders of the Italian Renaissance are much better to read *about* than to read. I am delighted to hear that Sir William Markby is so much better, I have no doubt that your presence at Oxford helped greatly to make him so. If Lady Crawfurd asks you again what Lindsay I am; you can tell her that I am a Lindsay of Muickland. Of course I'm a cousin—but in what degree and how many times removed I cannot tell and it would take weeks to find out. Since the great peerage case the Earl of Crawfurd represents legally the main line and the Lindsays I belong to separated from that line in the end of the fifteenth or the beginning of the sixteenth century. So the cousinship is very remote—so very remote as not to count in any other country under the sun. But we Scots are hopeless in matters of remote relationship. In the sixteenth century, just before the Reformation, when mediaeval ecclesiastical law ruled and seventh cousins were within the prohibited matrimonial degrees, it was impossible for *any* young man and maiden, who "came of ken't folk," to marry without a papal dispensation; for they were all within the prohibited degrees. "To come of ken't folk," *i.e.* to belong to known people, is the Scottish phrase which denoted those people who know who

their great-grandfathers and mothers were. The small poor country yielded a substantial revenue to the pope for the sale of marriage dispensations.

Yes, the turmoil continues preparatory to the wedding. This last week confusion was worse confounded by the advent of the new Kitchen Range. In my innocent ignorance I thought all that was necessary was to order a new range to be put in and bargain that the old one was to be removed. On Tuesday there came word that the new range was ready and that the plumber must be in attendance. The Plumber ! ! —the word was ominous. So when on Wednesday afternoon the housemaid said : " If you please, Sir, Sandy Barr (*i.e.* the foreman plumber), wishes to speak to you " ; my heart sank within me. I went down stairs. The kitchen was a scene of desolation. The old range was out. A cartload of broken bricks cumbered the floor. Sandy Barr surveyed all. " Now, Sir," he said, " you can see for yourself that we have got a lot of work here. The waste pipe of the hot water cistern went into the drain. That is clean against modern sanitary arrangements. The pipe must be taken along the kitchen and the outer wall pierced so that it can discharge into the open. Then look at that hot water cistern. I'll not say that it may not last for a year or so, but now that all is open, I'd recommend a new copper cistern. That will make it a finished job." Sandy Barr is stone deaf, so it was useless to be sarcastic about any plumber's being " finished jobs." I merely said : " All right, but it must be finished by Friday." Sandy was taken aback. He muttered, " It's impossible, clean impossible, but I'll see that it's done." Sandy has the merit that he always performs what he promises. So I departed content. But I was not very content to learn on Thursday that he had gone to the workshop and called for two volunteers to work *all* night.

It really went to my heart to have two men toiling for me all night when I was comfortably in bed, and I was so worried about it that I went down to the kitchen on Thursday night at 10 o'clock to say to the volunteers that they must really go home and get their sleep. They were hard at work. One was an oldish man, Jimmy, who boasts to the cook that he has " worked off and on for the Doctor for thirty years." The other, a hearty-looking young fellow. When I had said my say, Jimmy pushed his cap on the back of his head and replied. " Doctor, the one thing that troubles me is that I fear we'll disturb you. Our hammers must be going all night and you that are in the thinking and writing line don't sleep as soundly as the likes of us." Then he threw out his arm as

if making a speech: "I mind when you spoke up for us working men when others were afraid to do it. I'm proud to work for you." Here the young fellow broke in: "And see the way we're treated here. Miss Lindsay made the cook give us hot soup and cold meat an hour ago. She brought up a handy wee gas stove, then soup and tea we can heat when we like. She said we could smoke. We're treated like fighting cocks. It's a pleasure to work for you. Don't you trouble about us." Was it not nice of them? I heard the noise of the hammer all night at intervals. At six this morning the plumbers were done.

Jessie is radiant. She goes about the house with a broad grin on her face. Her enthusiasm takes the inconvenient form of summoning me occasionally to point out the excellencies of "that range." "Just look at this Doctor, it's for toasting bread. You pull out and put up that, you lay the bread there. It's done in a jiffy. I tried it this morning. It makes grand toast. Look at these tiles; they make the kitchen quite bright. See how easily the hot-water cistern fills. I'se warrant you could fill the bath full of water hot enough to parboil you, and do it three times running," etc. etc. "That's all very well, Jessie," say I, "but the range is there to produce good cooking." "Well, Sir, with *that* range if you don't get your meat properly cooked, I'll be the first to say that it's my fault." She has spread abroad the excellencies of "that" range. She shows its various perfections to cooks who come to inspect, and who depart to make their mistresses lives a burden, till they too have such a range. If Rhadbertus Maurus, who wrote a book which begins with the doctrine of God and ends with descriptions of stoves, could come to life again after nine centuries, Jessie would compel him to add a chapter to his immortal work.

So while you are busied with the lofty lucubrations of the Italian Renaissance, I, for the moment, have to be contented with the humbler contemplation of fire-places.

With kindest regards to Sir William and Lady Markby.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Sept. 4th, 1909.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Just as we were going to dinner a lorry stopt at the door and from it a barrel was slowly lifted to the ground and

deposited in the lobby. Tom looked at the address and shouted, " The Cantagalli," and Susie declared she would not sit down to dinner till she had seen at least one of the pieces. The barrel was soon lifted, a mass of firmly pressed straw was removed and a package was extracted. Two dishes of the dessert service! Susie seized them, carried them into the dining-room, set them on the table before her, and we all sat down to dinner, and swallowed our food amid glances of admiration and exclamations of delight.

After the commotion had somewhat subsided and the Aunts had settled down to write out invitations for Susie's last " Afternoon Tea " on Tuesday (really an exhibition of wedding presents), the latest post brought me a letter from Burcote, from Lady Mabel Lindsay, who asks me " as a kinsman," to accept a book she has written, which bears the title *Anni Domini*. The book has not come yet. I suspect this is a consequence of your visit to Lady Crawfurd—though I'm not sure.

Here we await the near approach of the wedding. Presents still arrive, but the number has diminished; and of course confusion reigns.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Sung by the father of the bride at peasant weddings in the N.W. of Scotland.

THE " LAMENT " OF A HIGHLAND FATHER ON THE MARRIAGE OF HIS DAUGHTER.

I bathe thy palms
In showers of wine,
In the lustral fire,
In the seven elements.
In the juice of raspberries,
In milk and honey;
And I place the nine pure choice of Graces
In thy fair fond face—

The grace of form,
The grace of voice,
The grace of fortune,
The grace of goodness,
The grace of wisdom,
The grace of charity,
The grace of choice maidenliness,
The grace of whole souled loveliness,
The grace of goodly speech.

Dark is yonder town,
Dark those therein.
Thou art the brown swan
Going in among them.
Their hearts are under thy control;
Their tongues are beneath thy sole;
Nor will they ever utter a word
To give thee offence.

A shade thou art in the heat;
A shelter thou in the cold;
Eyes art thou to the blind;
A staff art thou to the pilgrim.
An island thou art at sea;
A fortress art thou on land;
A well art thou in the desert;
Health art thou to the ailing.

Thine is the skill of the Fairy Woman;
Thine is the virtue of Eride the calm;
Thine is the faith of Mary the mild;
Thine is the tact of the woman of Greece;
Thine is the beauty of Emir the lovely;
Thine is the tenderness of Darthula delightful;
Thine is the courage of Mashb the strong;
Thine is the charm of Binne bheul.

Thou art the joy of all joyous things;
Thou art the light of the beam of the sun;
Thou art the door of the chief of hospitality;
Thou art the surpassing star of guidance;
Thou art the step of the door on the hill;
Thou art the step of the steed on the plain;
Thou art the grace of the swan in swimming;
Thou art the loveliness of all lovely desires.

The lovely likeness of the Lord
Is in thy pure face—
The loveliest likeness that
Was upon earth.
The best hour of the day be thine!
The best hour of the week be thine!
The best week of the year be thine!
The best year in the Son of God's domain be thine!

Peter has come and Paul has come;
James has come and John has come;
Muriel and Mary Virgin have come;
Uriel the all-beneficent, has come;
Ariel, the beauteousness of the young, has come;
Gabriel, the seer of the Virgin, has come;
Raphael, the prince of the valiant, has come;
And Michael, the chief of the hosts, has come;
And Jesus Christ the Mild has come;
And the Spirit of true guidance has come;
And the King of kings has come on the helm—
To bestow on thee their affection and their love,
To bestow on thee their affection and their love.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Sept. 14th, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

My severe attack of asthma has not been so very severe after all. It is all but gone, though I'm still very weak. The house has recovered its wonted aspect. The Aunts are busy making lists of my household possessions. I suspect they will leave me by the end of the week. Then Tom and I will be alone for about ten days longer, when Oxford will call him and I shall be left alone at last. It is quite a lengthy process this of being left alone—it spins out from week to week.

Yours of the 11th came this morning. It was pleasant to learn that you had reached home safely, found all things well, and were duly welcomed by all your household, not forgetting the affectionate blackbird.

I'm sure I miss you quite as much as Sir William and Mrs. Watts; though for the last four days asthma has made me rather savagely unsociable. Goodbye for the present. I've such lots of letters to write just now—aftermath of the wedding.

Yours ever,

Thomas M. Lindsay.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Sept. 18th, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

The asthma has gone, but of course I'm still weak. I am so very sorry about your anxiety. Somehow I never take in that dear friends can be anxious about asthma. I've had it all my life—since I was three years old—and look on it as you would regard a wet day. Only while it lasts I cannot write much. Do forgive me for not asking some one to write.

We are still very busy, and I am far from solitary. My sister is here, she is a most indefatigable worker and is setting everything in order for my assuming the reins of the household. She has cleared out quantities of rubbish—she has made lists of all I possess, from the silver down to my personal clothing—I know for the first time how many pocket-handkerchiefs I have—she has written it all in a book which I am to keep in a drawer by my side!

I fear you must expect short letters for a while. It takes a long time to recover from a wedding.

Yours ever,

Thomas M. Lindsay.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Sept. 22nd, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

The asthma has gone and I am really all right now. My sister Lizzie departs to-day. Her services have been invaluable, and she promises to pay me monthly week-end visits and keep the household up to the mark.

I am going to start what I call my "consolation" dinners. "Consolation" because they are to console me for Susie's absence. So that means that I have one guest, no more, and that a woman and not a man. I do not mind breakfasting and lunching alone, month after month; but to dine in solitude seven days in succession with never a David with whom to discuss estate management, is rather melancholy. I tried those "consolation" dinners very successfully, and no less than three of the ladies who took part in them have volunteered to be my guests this winter—which is very good of them.

Jessie is quite uplifted at getting your post-card. She came into the Study to tell me about it, and to get a foreign post-card to reply. "She must be a real nice lady, Mrs. Ross," said Jessie, "for she signs herself Janet Ross." "You did not expect her to sign 'Principessa di Poggio Gherardo,' did you?" said I. "Well perhaps no," answered Jessie rather bewildered, "but to think of her, a grand lady like her, signing herself Janet, just as if it was myself. It was really and truly kind of her; and I think a great deal of her for it."

The Pazzi conspiracy is bound to trouble you. I suspect you must describe it, and I do not see how it would do to quote simply any one of the three Italians you mention. Armstrong is very good on it.

Now goodbye, it's 11.15, and I ought to be in bed.

Ever yours,

Thomas M. Lindsay.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Sept. 25th, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

What a splendid letter that of Lorenzo's is. I prize it as a revelation—almost naïve—of the soul of the early Renaissance. It is very valuable to have in English.

My first visitor has come, my old friend Mrs. Whyte of Edinburgh. She is a woman full of good works—and she

spends and will spend her days here in rampaging about seeing associates or sitting at the telephone and discussing with them. She has just come from ten days in the more outlandish parts of Skye, where she has been stimulating cottage industries and collecting Gaelic songs and traditions. So quite a gale of outside interests blows through my calm house.

I've just been sent a book to review, in three or four columns, for the *Glasgow Herald*. The book is to be published on October 1st, this is an early newspaper copy. It is the life of our last great Scottish ecclesiastic, Dr. Rainy. It has the great fault of almost every English biography. No man could ever be so perfect as this man is made to look. How differently French authors write biographies. They honestly try to describe the *man* without justifying every weakness on the highest moral principles; without spending needless pages of explanations, usually maggots of their own brain. They paint the man as he was, with his crows-feet and warts—they do not iron out every wrinkle, and cover every pallor with rouge. They are human and we can sympathise with their heroes and heroines. But who *can* sympathise with a flawless perfection which we know did not and could not exist.

I wonder what I shall say about it? I suspect the pen will take its own way. The pen usually has a mind of its own, and runs off on paths the writer did not mean to travel by.

I'll do as you wish. Two post-cards and one letter per week.

Ever yours,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Oct. 2nd, 1909.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I am now quite alone. Indeed, there is no one in the house but Jessie and myself. The housemaid you saw left on Thursday and her successor has not yet come. However, I've no time to feel lonely, as I was occupied during three entire days with my long article—over 5000 words—for the *Glasgow Herald*. I got it off last night, and the proof comes to me to-morrow. It appears on Monday. It is not on a subject that would interest you in the very slightest or I would send you a copy.

I have had two letters from Lady Mabel Lindsay. I half fancy she wishes me to write to her sometimes, as she suggests

questions if she does not put them directly. She is almost as anxious as you that I should do something at once about my asthma—only her prescription is to go for three years running to Mont Dore in Auvergne and take the baths and treatment there. She says it cured her youngest sister completely.

To-day I'm very lazy. I've done nothing whatever, but read two very frivolous French novels. Yet I have a book beside me which is well worth beginning. *A Journey through Scotland and the Hebrides*, by a French man of science, M. B. Faujas de Saint Fond—a journey made in 1784. He was one of the early scientific geologists. It is not his geology but his description of the people and manners and customs of the times which attract me. I've taken it up twice, but have yawned and yawned over it. I seem too tired or lazy for anything to-day.

I have not heard from Susie for more than a week. I suppose she is too busy getting her house in order to have any time for correspondence. I gave Jessie your message—at which she was much pleased. She told me with many apologies, that she had promised to write to you if she found that I was too ill to do so. It is very good of you to think of it; and I hope that there will be no need for it.

My dear wife's cousin, J. G. Dunlop, is busy on the history of his family. He writes to me from Edinburgh, that he has just discovered a MS. history of the family in the Advocates Library, dating from the middle of the eighteenth century—and who do you think the author is? No less a person than the grandfather of the Denniston who wrote on the Dukes of Urbino.

Well goodbye. I trust the vintage is over and that you have good results.

Yours ever,

Thomas M. Lindsay.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Oct. 9th, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

I had meant to write yesterday, but was hindered all day. Two and a half days in bed have made me quite weak; and I have resolved not to over-tire myself with anything I can leave. Just now I'm in clover. My sister came post haste from St. Andrews, quite indignant that she had not been

told that I had taken to bed, and Susie has just arrived from Belfast. Sister and daughter are quite wrathful that I did not let them know I was ill. Why cannot sensible people see that it is just when I am pretty ill that I cannot possibly write or telegraph or do anything, but let everything alone. Of course, as Susie puts it, this length of mine of asthma, active and passive, is due to the "prolonged strain you have had over my affairs." That is it in a nutshell, and I'll take some time to recover from it.

My doctor is quite of your opinion about my "menage." He began on it yesterday. He said that he had heard that I was contemplating getting a man and his wife, and declared that he ought to say something about it from his (the medical) point of view. Jessie was so careful, took such trouble to obey his directions, was so intelligent in understanding them, that no one of his nurses could do better; that it would be a great mistake to part with her. I told him that his opinion was yours, and was becoming mine; and that I had resolved to make the experiment of keeping to the present arrangement for a year. So he was satisfied. I've got a new housemaid, or rather I made Jessie engage her. I have had a good deal of quiet amusement out of promiscuous ladies who called to enquire about Ellen. I told them how she dusted, how she waited at table, what her special virtues were, what her defects were. You would have laughed had you listened to the conversations and heard my house-wifely answers. But we always came to one in which I could see that *my* views were not theirs. "Has she followers?" was a question always solemnly put. My answer was always the same. "I really do not know; but I hope that she has. It must be very dull work, never to see one's friends from one week to another. Surely better to have the opportunity to see them in a nice bright warm kitchen, with everything plain and above-board, than to have stolen interviews in dark—often wet streets." Then the lady bridling would say: "I do not approve of followers," and she would begin to argue the question. But there I was quite ruthless: "Well, well, that is your own look-out. You must make your own arrangements with her yourself." I do not know whether Ellen has gone to a place where followers are or are not allowed. My arrangement with Jessie is simple. "You and the housemaid can see your friends in the kitchen, and I leave it to your honour that everything is as seemly downstairs as upstairs. I do not see why I should have my friends and you should not have yours." I think it works well. It was my dear wife's.

I'm keeping *Lorenzo* for Sunday. These days in bed have made my routine work, which always precedes the opening of the session, fall into arrears; and these arrears must be cleared off. I do not think I'll find time for more than one letter a week, but I'll supplement it by post-cards.

Goodbye my dear friend.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Oct. 14th, 1909.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I've got the College opened: the annual dinner of the professors and their wives took place last night (and I think I may interpolate that Jessie did her part well), and I am fairly started on my winter's work. I almost think that my last bad attack of asthma cleared out my system, for yesterday and to-day I've felt *very* well—just like what I felt when I got back from Italy in the end of July. I have lots of bothersome work for ten days or so, then I settle down to routine with more leisure—at present one is involved in the thousand and one details of the infinite little.

The trees are now almost, not quite, leafless. Everything is autumnal and foretells the coming winter. I am so glad that you have found out about Lorenzo's letter. It is always nice to hunt a thing down, and so few take the trouble to do it—and so bewilder themselves and their readers.

I've been reading Lenotre's *Last Days of Marie Antoinette. He* has hunted down all the original documents and has just printed them as they stand in the originals. Perhaps one or two historians had looked at them, made imperfect summaries —one taking this and another that according to his prepossessions. Then others have copied and in copying have varied—so the real original evidence has become garbled and distorted. Now we have got all the documents—simple human letters and statements—and the whole is an interesting picture. I've enjoyed reading it so far as I have gone—but I have not had very much time for reading, so my perusal has been by short fits and starts.

I may have time for a longer letter on Sunday. To-day is the Indian mail day, so please forgive brevity.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Oct. 19th, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

Our College is going to suffer a great loss. Professor G. A. Smith has been offered the Principalship of Aberdeen University and is going to accept it. This is a secret until the Royal Commission is made out; but that will be in a few days now. I've known that the appointment would be offered for nearly three weeks, as my friend, the Secretary for Scotland, wrote and told me of his determination. He said I was the only person he had told. Such things have to be kept very quiet as the King refuses his consent if the thing is published before the matter is laid before him, and it never is until the person to whom the appointment is offered consents to accept. Smith is the most noted Hebraist and Arabist in Great Britain. His going breaks the quartette which has made our little College so famous.

I envy you your weather and would like to be at Poggio Gherardo to enjoy it and other things along with you. The first week of the session has now passed and I have had no need for a cab yet. Of course I'm a little tired when I return from College; I always am during the first three weeks of the session. So I've not gone over your *Lorenzo* pages yet. I've too many small details of College work to do at home just now. I fear I am exhausting your patience.

Yours ever,

Thomas M. Lindsay.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Oct. 24th, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

Your post-card came yesterday. I'm glad the lumbago is better. It is a dreadful pain when it comes in force—one of those utterly overpowering things. It makes one so utterly helpless.

Life is very monotonous here and there is not much to write about. On till the end of this month I have no leisure even to read. A thousand and one trifles about the College absorb all my time till late at night on most days; and they are things that would interest no one. What classes a man ought to take; where he is to begin; what can he do to study a definite limited subject; what books is it best to read? etc. etc. When the course has run its length for a fortnight, then things

seem to run themselves ; but at starting everything has to be got started. I've no time even to read.

Then I'm far from solitary ; I'm much less solitary than when Susie was with me. What callers—many of them ladies —all full of the idea that I am solitary and need cheering up. Yesterday, Saturday—no classes. Thought I should get quite a lot of arrears worked off. I had eight visitors and not two came together, and none were very interesting. If it were not for the churlishness of the thing I'm tempted to nail a placard on the door, " Don't ring unless you have important business to discuss." Another of my small worries is that I cannot get people to send in their accounts. I hate to be owing money.

I began this session resolved not to do any work after dinner. My Doctor was very insistent on that. I try to keep to it, but only succeed twice a week. The appointment of my colleague to be Principal of Aberdeen University is adding to the small worries of work ; for we must make provision for his classes this winter. I am thinking of a young Cambridge man who can act as *locum tenens*.

Did I tell you that a cousin of my children was hunting up his pedigree ? I think I told you that he had found in the Advocates Library a MS. History of his family—Dunlop of Gairbraid. It did not solve the question I pointed out to him as the difficulty—who was the father of Alexander Dunlop who was minister of Paisley in 1650. Well, he has discovered an old pedigree in the Lyon's Office in Edinburgh which solves the difficulty and is happy. He can now show how Dunlops of Gairbraid were cadets of Dunlop of Auchenskeith, who were cadets of Dunlop of Dunlop, or, as we say in Scotland, Dunlop of that Ilk (*i.e.* of that same). His occupation is gone—poor fellow !

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 5th, 1909.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

It seems to me a long time since I have written to you, but everything has seemed long during the last fortnight. It is not that the asthma has been very bad, but it has been prolonged and is not quite away yet. My sister stopt with me till Wednesday and then departed for St. Andrews, but she was back again next day. She said I looked so ill when she

left that she could not get my face out of her head, and had to return. I expect to be all right by Monday. The asthma is weakening, and when one goes to College, lectures two hours, does the lots of trifles that must be done, and writes the business letters that must be written—why then there seems to be no more strength to do anything, not even to read, far less to write.

I'm much better this afternoon. The weather changed two days ago for the better as suddenly as it did for the worse. We had a fortnight of bright bitterly cold days, then of fog and hard frost—one day 19 degrees below the freezing point. That is gone and we have mild days. I only wish I could change as rapidly from ill to well as I do from well to ill. So *Lorenzo* remains unread, and letters lie unanswered.

Have you been taking any interest in the curious squabble about the waxen head which Berensons' great rival, Bode of Berlin, bought as a genuine Leonardo da Vinci, and which is said to have been carved by a Mr. Lucas from a head in a picture supposed to be painted by that great artist? The *Times* has been full of the controversy, but I suppose it is also in the *Morning Post*. Bode himself has not, so far as I have noticed, entered the fray; but the Berlin people have, and seem to have little to say on the subject, but to abuse all who doubt their infallible judgment.

The letter showing how Lorenzo paid foreigners like Philippe de Comines for diplomatic services seems to be both valuable and interesting.

Ever yours,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 11th, 1909.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Your post-card has just come. It is such a pleasure to see your handwriting. I do wish you were nearer—so near that I could come for a week-end every now and then. But that cannot be, so I must have patience till the end of April comes.

I am very well. That last troublesome attack of asthma acclimatised me I think to winter. I walked all the way to College yesterday and felt none the worse.

This and the two following weeks abound in student dinners. I dine my students every winter—ten at a time and invite ladies (young ones usually; you can see why I am rather a

popular professor!) to meet them. Of course in Susie's absence I must have a lady-of-the-house *pro tempore*, and I've already be-spoken five. The first dinner was on Monday, the second is to-night. My first lady was Mrs. ——. Then I had a new proof how wise your advice was not to let Jessie depart and set a man and his wife in her place. Mrs. —— could scarcely believe that Jessie had really cooked the excellent dinner she gave us. When Susie was with me she of course selected and invited the young ladies, now my lady-of-the-house *pro tempore* invites them. Each brings her own bevy of maidens. Don't you think that is a good plan? Mrs. —— was an interesting hostess. She was the first European woman to sail on the waters of the great central African Lake, Tanganyika, and her stories quite charmed my young fellows. Mrs. —— presides to-night.

The press of my work is over. So send *Lorenzo* as soon as you like. I think you said that you had re-written what you sent me lately. If not I'll read it and return it. But the press of correspondence remains. I wrote fifteen letters yesterday, and know not how many will come to-day. So I write this in the morning before starting for College.

A lady wrote to me in most matronly mood exhorting me to get a "lady" house-keeper who can receive my visitors. But I mean to answer that I do not wish a housekeeper in order to receive visitors; but one to cook my dinners, to keep the house tidy and clean, and to see that the rooms I occupy are warm and comfortable.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 14th, 1909.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I've been laziness itself to-day. It is the weather. This climate of ours goes its way as unsteadily as a half-intoxicated man. Yesterday bright sunshine: to-day slight fog and hard frost, with thermometer ten degrees below freezing point. So it being cold and somewhat foggy I'm lazy. I'd like to be a bear and hibernate when frost comes. It almost paralyses me.

On Friday night I had to dine with me Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie. She is a cousin of mine. About eighteen months ago he took to etching; his work seems to have "caught on," and is selling well in London and New York. They have just

come back from Holland, prowling about in Dutch towns, searching at bookstalls and waste-paper shops for valueless old folios which contain a few blank leaves of old Dutch hand-made paper. An old ledger with a dozen blank leaves is quite a god-send. He says that there is no paper like it to print his etchings on. I had a scrap of that thick hand-made Florentine paper on my table, and, putting it into his hands, asked him how that would do? He examined it carefully and long; and said he had never seen any paper quite like it and that he would like to try it. So I gave him half-a-dozen sheets and he is to report. If he finds it good for his work, I've promised to get him the address of the maker. I dare say you can help me to that as I got it in a shop you took me to.

I hope that you are taking care of yourself. You tell me to do so, and I can do no less than return the advice. I hope to have more to say in my next letter.

Ever yours,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 1st, 1909.

DEAR MRS ROSS,

I'm enjoying the liberty to be up for one and a half hours in writing a short letter to you; for as I have told you, I *cannot* write in bed.

Yes, I have been *very* ill indeed. I am still as weak as water, and still tended by a professional nurse—though the night-nurse was not required last night, and will not be again we hope. The illness has been asthma pure and simple; but of such a strength and fervency that I have not experienced for many a year. The Doctor's theory is that I have not been free from asthma since the end of August, and I believe he is right. So when that strange malignant fog came down on the city on November 14th, and held it in clutch till the 20th, it acted on the asthma already within me, gave it a double chill and kept hold. It was a wonderful fog. I see medical journals are full of articles upon it. It was black and very dense; it came on suddenly; it remained six days full. Our Glasgow death-rate, which is usually about 19 per thousand, leapt up to 33 per thousand during two days. and stood at 25 per thousand during the remaining days of the fog. It was a strange, poisonous, unusual, and unaccountable thing.

What a delightful thing it would be to go with you to Leucaspide in April—but I fear impossible for me. Do what

I can it would be impossible to get to Italy before the third week of the month. Then my boy Jim is coming home from India on a six months' furlough. He does not wish me to miss any of my time abroad. So he and his wife have taken passages in an Austrian Lloyds steamer, which gets to Trieste about April 21st. They are urgent for me to meet them there and to spend some days in Italy with me. I must do that if at all possible.

The *Memoirs of Marguerite* came safely. It was a book I wanted, and am glad to have. Please tell me what I owe you for it? Now I must stop for I've other letters to write and the time passes.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 2nd, 1909.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I am not yet allowed to be what I call "up." What is permitted is that I don socks and slippers and then sit in a chair by my bedroom fire for an hour or so. That is what I am doing now.

Last night I made a step in advance. As I am asthmatic I am supposed to have to sit up in bed. Well, it is quite true that I did need to be supported day and night for long; but I do not need those artificial supports any longer, and yet I cannot persuade the nurse to dispense with them. So last night I waited till the nurse was perfectly quiet, then I proceeded to demolish the fortification of pillows and bolsters built up most scientifically about me. Three pillows were thrown out of the bed on one side; one pillow and a bolster on another, and two pillows on a third. I got everything down to the primeval structure of one bolster and one pillow and slept comfortably. But you ought to have seen the nurse's face and heard her exclamations in the morning!!

The Kaki look in splendid condition, they have been put on a shelf to ripen. My sister looks after them.

I enclose a letter from a correspondent. She will not see that the *one* thing she *omits*, *i.e.* what day of the year was New Year's Day old style in any given country—is the thing of importance.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 10th, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

This is supposed to be the first day of my real convalescence. I was down in the Study for two afternoons, but then I had to remain in bed till after luncheon. To-day I've been up for breakfast. I'm feeling pretty well, but naturally very weak. The Doctor however is pleased with my condition. He permits me to lecture on Monday, and has done so after much thought and consideration. For he says : " You know that I must be specially careful. Every day all sorts of people stop me in the streets and say : ' Now do not let Dr. Lindsay back to work till he is thoroughly well ' "— which shows that a good many people seem to think kindly about me.

I am glad you are getting on so well with your book. How I have failed you—taking ill in this way just at the time when you wanted my help most. You must have found out what a broken reed I am. I wanted to read over these typed pages you sent me, but the Doctor found me at it and scolded me. He would not permit me to read anything but novels, and I did not read many of them. I slept and slept and lay tranquilly and idly awake thinking about you and other kind friends, and where you were and what you were doing. When I'm ill and weak it is astonishing with what ease I can do absolutely nothing—not even smoke.

Did I tell you that the house was on fire while I lay ill in bed ? One night, Friday of last week—the night-nurse felt the smell of burning wood. Her nose led her to the dining-room, and she saw smoke issuing from the tiles of the hearth. She woke my sister and the servants. Jessie ran out and found the policeman who guards the square. He came in and at once telephoned for the Fire Brigade. Two men came out with the speed of firemen. The tiles were lifted, the smoke came in abundance. They next smashed part of the hearth stone and discovered under it a beam of wood with the surface all red. The charred burning wood was at once hewn off with axes, and in twenty minutes the ignited matter was got rid of. Fancy a wooden beam right under a hearth-stone only one and a half inches thick ! Jessie's love for big fires had done it. On Saturday the Insurance man was on the spot and made quick arrangements. Of course the kitchen roof had been broken into by the workmen. Thursday saw that put right. My sister engaged two charwomen, and by

Friday at twelve everything was cleaned up. The Insurance at once paid all the bills. It was quick work. I calmly slept through the whole turmoil of that Friday night.

Goodbye, dear Friend. Oh, you asked me about Vermouth. We still have twelve bottles.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 16th, 1910.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Yesterday I did a very hard day's work. I do not suppose you know what it is to correct Examination Papers, and give the answers appropriate marks. After I had served my apprenticeship nearly forty years ago the work became easy, almost automatic. But *now*, somehow, it is hard and irksome. I had eight continuous hours of it yesterday and was rather tired of it. Then it came to me to refresh myself with doing my accounts for the year. So I was at that for about four hours. I keep receipts for seven years and then destroy them as a rule. Curiously enough the part which affected me most was the tearing up of the old papers—I suppose they contained a lot of dust—and that affected me.

I have a curious invitation which is, I suppose, virtually a semi-command. I am asked to be a witness before a Royal Commission which meets in London about the end of March—The Royal Commission on Divorce. A somewhat unsavoury subject you will say. The intention of the men who have sought for it is to assimilate the English law to the Scotch, and as the Anglican Church claims to send up witnesses to expound the Anglican ideas on marriage and divorce it is thought right that the Scotch and Presbyterian ideas ought also to be laid before the Commissioners. So I have been selected to expound them. I mean to try to get off; but I'd gladly write out notes about the views of the Reformed Churches on the matter—which is the part of the subject I was to have been asked to give evidence upon. I suspect the main point on which I shall be called to give evidence is whether wilful and prolonged desertion is to be a ground for divorce—as it has been in Scotland since 1573.

I am sorry your introduction is worrying you so much. I asked you on a post-card whether it was the general introduction to the whole book, or a particular introduction to the part on Lorenzo. If the former I'll try to draft a beginning

for you. I'm wonderfully better and feel fit for work, as I have not done since August. Still what I really need is you and Poggio Gherardo—but that is a bit off yet, I'm sorry to say. Now do not count on April—better count May. You know that I can never get away when lectures cease. There is always lots of work for me to do after the lectures cease—work that I must do. I wish I could start off at once, but that is not possible.

Yours ever, THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 23rd, 1910.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

We are still enduring hard frost and the snow which fell six days ago is still with us.

The newspapers are full of nothing but "elections," and as I care nothing for the details I spend less time over them than usual. It is rather too soon to speak definitely of the result, but I think the Government will have a working majority, and that the Budget will pass. If so, I'll rejoice greatly. What I am glad about, however, is that the two men who have been, in my opinion, grossly calumniated by the Tory Press—Mr. Ure and Mr. Lloyd George—are in with greatly increased majorities. I know that you do not share my opinions about them; but you will pardon me for differing from you. Yesterday I had a very curious bit of private information which I believe to be quite true—as it comes from the brother of the man concerned who is one of the highest permanent officials in the Treasury. It is that the portion of the Budget which has brought the execrations of the Tory Press on Lloyd George's head was the authorship of Mr. Asquith himself; and that Mr. Lloyd George's Limehouse speech, which was the beginning of the fiercest attacks on him, was carefully prepared for him by one of the most trusted officials of the Treasury, who is privately and personally a Conservative. So there is a little bit of behind-the-scenes information for you, which must be quite correct.

I was out at dinner on Wednesday. Of course I do not go out at night but for very special circumstances. Elma Story, whom you know and like, came to say that it was her mother's eighty-second birthday, and that she was anxious that two old friends should come to dinner, myself and another. The dear old lady did not appear at dinner, but she was in the drawing-room all the evening and very lively. When I told her that she must let me send her a birthday present, she

said eagerly: "Yes, give me your friend Mrs. Ross' cookery book." So I have ordered a copy for her.

I had meant to go to church this morning, but it has begun to snow. So Agnes Smith, who is staying with me, has been standing over me and scolding me for thinking of leaving the house. As I am naturally lazy I suspect that she will prevail. I have not the slightest doubt that if you were here your exhortations would be equally vehement and I am accustomed to obey you. It is very cold this morning. The snow has decided matters. It is now falling in large flakes, so the corner of the Study and not of the pew will hold me this morning.

You must not think of coming to meet me on my journey south. Of course, when I came from London I was very weak, but all that has gone. I am very well and hope to continue so. It may be that I'll feel pretty tired out before I start for the south at the end of April, but if so I'll not travel by night. There is no use thinking about that now.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 29th, 1910.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

The intense cold still continues here. The ground has been covered with snow for a week. But the state of France must be dreadful. A nephew of mine landed in London from India last week and had an exciting journey. The mail boat which plies between Brindisi and Port Said arrived at the latter place with its propellers broken in a storm and could not take the mails. So the large P. & O. boat, which goes direct to Marseilles, had to take Brindisi *en route*. When it at last reached Marseilles the seas were so enormous that it could not enter the inner harbour. So the nine passengers, luckily all men, had to get into a tug to be taken ashore. It took an hour to get the tug along-side the steamer. Then the nine had a perilous journey from the steamer to the deck of the tug with imminent chance of landing in the sea. Their train through France was delayed for hours owing to the floods. In many parts nothing could be seen from the windows but great stretches of rushing waters carrying all manner of *débris* with it, and nothing of houses but the tops of chimneys.

I hope you are not to have the disasters in Italy which have devastated poor France.

Ever yours,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Feb. 7th, 1910.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

Blame the breathlessness for my neglect. I submitted to persuasion and was in bed all yesterday ; I cannot say that it has made much difference. The weather is provoking and the alternations seem very trying, for most people of my acquaintance are more or less ill.

Well, about your letters. First political. I give up to you that Lloyd George's speeches latterly were not what they ought to have been, and that it is possible they may have done a lot of harm. But consider the Celtic temperament under a fire of malevolent attacks. Many of the peers made the most outrageous speeches against him, *before* he began to attack them. Barabbas, Judas, that insignificant Welsh attorney, enemy of his country, man who had cheered the news of Boer victories, and all sorts of scandalous and untrue statements. Would you have remained quite quiet under it all ? Perhaps you would, out of contempt for your assailants, and from dignity of character ; but a Celt once roused has not very much dignity, especially if he be prosperous. Of course, this does not excuse, but to me, it explains—which is always something.

It is possible that your friend may be correct, and that another general election may be imminent. It is not that the Ministry has not a good working majority. The majority is much larger than the usual old majorities—though it is small compared with the abnormal majority of 1906. But the situation is difficult—the House of Lords position makes it so. What the responsible leaders propose to do I do not know, and I mistrust the unauthentic rumours which are flying about. The Ministers have kept their own counsel well hitherto. We shall see.

Yes. Seven weeks will see the end of my lectures—but you know that I cannot start at once. Public duties and private ones may keep me still longer. The Bond on my house has been called up and my lawyer must find another, but that is an every day occurrence in Glasgow, and ought to be easily done. I do not anticipate being detained on account of this matter ; but one never knows when lawyers are at work. I hope for the best.

I'm wearying to see you, dearest friend, and to get through safely these seven weeks of lectures.

Yours ever,

Thomas M. Lindsay.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Feb. 25th, 1910.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

I have two of your letters. The last arrived this morning.

Are you sure that Lorenzo was called the Magnificent just because of his official position? Was there no giving him the name because of his personal qualities? Of course "the Magnificent" was regularly applied to magistrates. The custom went far beyond Italy. The official title of the magistrates of Geneva was: "the magnificent, noble and honourable Lord." If Lorenzo's title was no more than others bore, you ought certainly to say so. But be sure that you are right. Armstrong, if I remember rightly, implies that the title was a personal one; but then he is not to be trusted implicitly in such things.

Lady Duff Gordon has sent me all sorts of questions on Greek and Roman costumes, which I am answering to the best of my ability. She wishes to know if English models were ever copied by Parisian dressmakers. Curiously enough I can tell her that from 1750 to the outbreak of the Revolution English dress was copied in Paris.

I dine my last batch of students to-night. The session ends now in less than four weeks. I'm longing for the end. Now it is time to get ready for College, and as I have work all the afternoon I must stop.

Ever yours,

Thomas M. Lindsay.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, March 5th, 1910.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

I fear I have been rather negligent. I owe you answers to two letters again. But I have been very busy at small things, and, as you have guessed, have been doing something for Lady Duff Gordon. Questions have poured in. How were Athenian ladies dressed? What did Roman ladies wear? Did they wear stays, and if not had they any substitute? Was there not a time in the eighteenth century when fashions from England were welcomed in Paris? When was it? How long did it last? Who were the leading dress-makers in Paris in the latter days of Marie Antoinette and during the Directoire? All which questions, wonderful to say, I've been able to answer.

The way is gradually clearing and I am beginning to hope that I may leave London by the middle of April. I shall not need to go to Venice. My son says that he means to go straight through from Trieste to London. But he will spend a week or ten days with me on his return journey—about the middle of June, and then he will avail himself of your invitation to Poggio Gherardo and see me there. He has only three months' leave, but his wife will remain here till October. So he will be alone when he is in Italy. There remains one thing to be settled—the Bond on my house. I cannot leave it all in the hands of the lawyers. You would not I'm sure in similar circumstances.

No. I have not found for your friend the old recipe given me about stoutness. I suspect it must have been thrown away when my sister made her energetic clearance of rubbish. The two principal things, however, were: (1) Do not eat foods that contain starch—such as potatoes or paste; do not drink at all during meals. (2) Wear a band round the body, passing over the haunches behind and as low in front as possible. The object of the latter being to prevent distension of the stomach, which is both an effect and a cause of stoutness. It is curious that this wearing a tight belt confining the pit of the stomach is a very old thing. The substitute for stays among Greeks, Romans, ancient Egyptians, modern Hindu women—all races who are famed for women with good figures and upright carriage—is always the same—viz. two belts wound tightly round the body; the one just under and supporting the breasts, the other round the pit of the stomach to prevent distension. I typed most of my notes in double and can send them to you if you care to see them. I'm longing to get to you and am impatient.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I had intended to write to you two days ago, but this has been a very busy week—the week of written examinations at College. They have absorbed most of my time. Mercifully I have had almost no visitors.

You need not wonder at my ability to answer Lady Duff Gordon's enquiries. It has always been a weakness of mine to be quite unable to write about any period without being able to see in my mind's eye the people of the time. So I *must* know how they dressed. I fancy that this habit enables

one to write a little more vividly ; but it has its troublesome side. I have somewhere in my desk an unfinished paper, entitled a " Mediaeval Girton." It was meant for the *Contemporary Review*, and would have been accepted. But I could not get on with it, because I could not see in my eye how the nuns were dressed. I simply could not write it. So the MS. was flung aside. The information I wished did not reach me until six months afterwards, too late for my paper. So it was no difficulty to me to answer Lady Duff Gordon. I admit, however, that I could not help laughing at myself, when I was able to give her information on Paris dress-makers in the time of Marie Antoinette and after. I duplicated most of my notes, and so send you what I sent her on the Parisian dress-makers.

I think you have done well to say what you have done about the title " Il Magnifico." I have not Armstrong's book beside me, and my memory is not very exact, but I think he says something about the title. If I remember rightly he is describing Lorenzo going to meet the Prince of Naples (was it at Pisa?), speaks of his gorgeous attire, and says that it gives a foretaste of the future habits which gave him his future name.

Now goodbye, dear friend. I wish I could tell you when I can start, wish more that I were with you.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

NOTES ON PARIS DRESS-MAKERS IN THE TIME OF MARIE ANTOINETTE AND AFTER.

Madlle. Rose Bertin (her baptismal name was Marie-Jeanne, but she changed it to Rose), was born at Abbeville in 1747. She seems to have begun business in Paris in a very humble way. Her rivals speak of her contemptuously as, " la petite marchande de modes de l'humble quai de Gèsvres," and she rose to the top of her profession by sheer ability. Her first place of business when she became celebrated was in the Rue Saint-Honoré. She was as famous for her hats as for her robes. In those days when the houses in the streets were not numbered, celebrated shops were known by their " enseignes." Bertin's was " Au grand Mogul." Marie Antoinette in the days when she aspired to set the fashion for Europe frequently sent for Mlle. Bertin (and also for Mlle. Éloffe), discussed changes with them and delighted to see them and their workwomen cut out and sew. She compared herself to her

husband, surrounded with his ministers of State. Mlle. Bertin seems to have taken this quite seriously. She insisted that she was " le ministre des modes " in France. Her pride became unbounded after an event recorded by Pidansat de Mairobert in his continuation of the *Mémoires Secrètes* of Bachaumont. It occurred in 1779. " Le 5 Mars la marchande de modes de la Reine, qui a l'honneur de travailler directement avec Sa Majesté, s'étant mise a la tête de ses trente ouvrières sur le balcon de son atelier, qui donne rue Saint-Honoré, pour assister à une entrée de la Reine, Sa Majesté l'a remarquée en passant, et a dit : Ah voilà mademoiselle Bertin, et en même temps lui a fait de la main un signe de protection, qui l'a obligée de repondre par une révérence. Le Roi s'est levé et lui a applaudi des mains ; autres révérences. Toute la famille royale en a fait autant, et les courtisans, singeant le maître, n'ont pas manqué de s'incliner en passant devant elle . . . Cette distinction lui donne un relief merveilleux et augmente la consideration dont elle jouissait déjà." There is a wonderful scene for you. King, Queen, and the whole court bowing to Mlle. Bertin as she sat with her *ouvrières* on her balcony. It is said that when she was at last recognised as the supreme mistress of fashions in France and indeed in Europe, she became intolerably proud. She fought as long as she could against the new English fashions, and Marie Antoinette, who hated England, fully sympathised with her. But the tide was too strong for them, and both had to go with the stream.

Mlle. Bertin took refuge in England during the period of the Revolution, and, it is said, there carried on an extensive correspondence with noble French ladies, who were also in exile. She returned to France after the Terror, and was again a great modiste ; though she never recovered her early position. She retired from business and settled at Epinay, where she died in 1813.

Mlle. St. Quentin had her place of business also in the Rue Saint-Honoré. It was in her work-rooms that the famous *Poupée de Rue Saint-Honoré* was dressed and exhibited before it went the round of Europe, and it is said that larger crowds stood looking at it in her windows than gathered round those of Mlle. Bertin. The *Poupée*, as I dare say you know, was a doll dressed in the fashion of the month, underclothing, robes, hat and coiffure. It was sent first to London, and then went to Madrid, Vienna, Berlin, the principal Italian towns and also to Constantinople. Mercier describes it in his *Tableau de Paris* (Chap. 173), and calls it *le prototype inspirateur*, which

enables every nation to be the humble imitator of the taste of the Rue Saint-Honoré. Mlle. Saint-Quentin's *boutique* was one of the sights of Paris. It was called at the sign *du Magnifique*. Inside was a great statue of Minerva, a spear in her right hand, and a shield in her left. All round were exhibited the latest models in hats, coiffures, robes. At counters were half-open drawers displaying the richest stuffs, laces, etc. It was always thronged by a crowd of fashionables of both sexes, and Mlle. prided herself on the beauty of her work- and sales-women.

The custom of sending abroad, especially to England, dolls dressed to show the fashions of Paris was much older than the time of Marie Antoinette. It dates from the middle of the seventeenth century and from the days of Louis XIV. M. A. Franklin, in his *Civilité* et *Étiquette* (1.30), says :

" Elle parait avoir pris naissance parmi les *Précieuses*. C'est chez Mlle. de Scudery qu'étaient alors attifées la *grande pandore*, destinée a reproduire la tenue d'apparat, et la *petite pandore*, qui se bornait a porter le deshabille du matin." And the Abbé Prevost relates that : " par une galanterie qui n'est pas indigne de tenir rang dans l'histoire, les ministres des deux Cours accordoient, en faveur des dames, un passport inviolable *a la poupée*, et pendant les hostilités furieuses qui s'exerçoient de part et d'autre, elle était la seule chose respectée par les armes."

The " Modes " did not exist in Paris under the Revolution. Mlle. Bertin fled to England. Neither Journals de Mode nor fashion plates appeared in France. The *Cabinet de la Mode* was published at Haarlem and the *Gallerie de la Mode* in London. So far as dress went, men and women continued to use the fashions which had become more and more popular after 1786. What was called *anglomanie* continued. After the Terror, however, a new idea possessed the French people—the effects of which still survive.

It was held that the French Republic had overthrown monarchy and had served itself heir to the ancient republics of Greece and of Rome ; that a free people like the French should no longer remain slaves to the fashions of dress which had existed during an effete monarchy, but should seek for the inspiration of how they ought to clothe themselves by studying the costumes of the enlightened Greeks and Romans. Two societies were actually formed in Paris—*Le Club révolutionaire des Arts* and *La Société républicaine des Arts*—for the purpose of discussing in all its parts the question of the adoption of ancient fashions of dress.

Even during the Terror, David, Regnault, and other artists, had counselled the "free" people of France to adopt the costumes of the "free" Greeks and Romans. *Antico-manie* for the time being displaced the *anglomanie* of the last days of Louis XVI. But how to cut these desired robes? The associates of the two societies harangued with vehemence without coming to any definite conclusion. Anyone supposed to know something about ancient dress was besieged with requests. At last a lady, who signed herself "Une mère de famille," addressed a pointed letter to one of the societies, declaring that she wished to "se costumer dans le genre antique," and asking for directions. On this the debaters felt that they must do something and commissioned two of their number, Espercieux and Petit-Coupray to find out the way and actually cut out models of the antique costume. This example set abler hands to work. Mlle. Bertin adapted herself to the new mode and turned out elegant costumes of the Greek type. But she was soon distanced by two new dress-makers—Mlle. Nancy, who excelled in her Greek creations, and Mde. Raimbaut, who seemed to be the only modiste who could cut out accurately the old Roman feminine costume. The Tanagra figures had not then been discovered and the opinion was that the Greek ladies wore no colour but white, and that the material was of the lightest description. So white muslin and fine linen became the only fashionable materials and genuine attempts were made to copy the tunics of the Greek ladies of antiquity. The result was a garment which satirists might easily call a chemise, and we have songs such as:

"Grâce à la mode
Un' chemise suffit
Un' chemise suffit,
Ah, qu' c'est commode.
Un' chemise suffit,
C'est tout profit."

The robe made of muslin or very fine linen had what de Goncourt calls indiscrètes obéisances, for the slightest breath of wind made it obediently follow every turn and twist of the body. What matter, it was the fashion!

But time worked wonders. The Greek type adapted itself to a cold climate. The modistes followed only the outside dress of the Greek ladies. They apparently knew nothing of the two belts which supported the breasts and confined the lower part of the stomach. So there emerged the short waists of the Consulat, which were nothing more than a genuine

attempt to imitate the Greek tunic and adapt it to modern uses.

The shawl, first brought from the East, was found to be an excellent substitute for the *Himation*. In the earlier drawings of its use it appears with its corners weighted. Its time of greatest vogue was from 1804 to 1811, and fashion plates, drawings, and paintings of these years show how its wearers tried to arrange it in as many of the combinations of the *Himation* as they found it convenient to adopt. They never seem to have used it to cover the head or to veil the lower part of the face.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, March 19th, 1910.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

To answer your questions first. You know how ignorant I am of Italian History, but I've read a little about the Normans in Italy and know a little about Robert Guiscard or Robert the Wiseacre (Callidus). I do not know very much however, and cannot say whether any good book on his wonderful career has appeared within the last twenty-five years in English, or for that matter in German or in French. There must be one in German at least, but I cannot discover it here; I could find out in London as I'll have a day there when I pass through on my way to you. To write a really good book on Robert Guiscard would take an immense amount of labour—his life touches so many things: the condition of South Italy in the time of Pope Gregory VII. and his immediate predecessors; the Greek power in Italy; the state of Greece; the Byzantine Empire under the Comnenii. Brief outlines of his work abound in Gibbon, in Bury and in Finlay. Hodgkin must also have something about him in his Italy and its Invaders; but I think you have that book. I do not know what Robert's relation was to the Tancred of the Crusades, but I think that he was Tancred's uncle and that his sister Emma was Tancred's mother; he was the son of a somewhat petty Norman baron, whose name was Tancred. Tancred of Hauteville in lower Normandy. This Tancred had twelve sons by two marriages. Two remained in Normandy, and ten went to seek their fortunes among the Norman Adventurers in Apulia. Robert was the eldest of the seven sons by the second marriage. I enclose a list of authorities and such modern references as I and my Study can at present command. But they only serve as a beginning. If I set about the task

I'd begin with Bury's edition of Gibbon, then work over the references he, Finlay, and Hodgkin give. It is a big bit of work.

The three sons of Tancred, the first members of the family who went to Italy, were William, Humphrey, and Robert. William and Humphrey were sons of the first marriage; Robert, eldest of the second. William died early. Humphrey after winning his way to the headship of the S. Italian Normans, died, leaving young children. Robert thus came to headship. He died in 1085. Bohemund of the first Crusade was his son I think.

My way is pretty clear now. I have not got the Bond settled yet, but my lawyer thinks that I need not remain for this. It is curious how the panic among bond-holders—for it is nothing less—has arisen. A house not far away from mine, which was valued at £2000, had to be sold to realise an estate. It was in very bad condition, drains, etc., all out of order. It *had* to be sold, and it brought only £500 in open market. Hence the panic among bond-holders. All, or at least many, of my neighbours are in the same state as myself. This bond-holding, at least to the same extent, seems to be a peculiarity of Glasgow.

I said my way is clear. So it is, but I cannot say yet on what day I can get away from London. I have to finish up odds and ends of College work, and cannot get clear of them till the 2nd of April. Then I must spend some days with Sandie at Oxford. But in any case I hope to be with you by the 14th of April. Now goodbye, dear friend. It will not be long now till I see you.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, March 29th, 1910.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I'm making good progress with my preparations—dull work. For two days I've been struggling with my lectures. Now they are all arranged, tied up into bundles, labelled and stowed away ready for next session. I have now to tackle my letters and get them arranged, to finish odds and ends of College business—some not ready till Saturday, etc. etc. I never feel quite sure about getting away until I am in the train and it has started—never safely on my road to Italy till the train steams out of Victoria Station. Once I was summoned back from London.

I made a notable discovery on Saturday among my books. I had been reading Lenotre's Essay on "Le Salon de Mme. Roland," in his *Paris Révolutionaire*, when I remembered that long years ago, when a student, I had bought at a book-stall in Edinburgh two volumes on Mme. Roland. What were they? Had I them still? I rummaged. There they were in the corner of a shelf. I opened the book, and found a treasure—nothing less than the first edition of the memoirs Mme. wrote in prison, which were almost miraculously secured by her friend Bosc, buried by him in a wood, dug up when the Terror had passed and published early in 1795. Bosc was the man who took charge of Mme. Roland's only child, a daughter called Eudora.

The old title of the book is: "Appel a l'impartiale posterité, par la citoyenne Roland femme du Ministre de l'Intérieure, ou recueil des écrits qu'elle a redigés pendant sa detention aux prisons de l'Abbaye et de Sainte Pelagie. Imprimé au profit de sa Fille Unique, privée de la fortune de ses père et mère, dont les biens sont toujours sequestrés." Mme. Roland tells about her childhood, girlhood, marriage, etc. She gives a summary of her two trials, enters at length into the details of her husband's public life, and, after the fashion of the time, sketches the portrait of their most intimate friends and enemies. It is interesting to have the book in its first state. Of course, it has been edited more than once since, with gaps filled up by notes; but here it is with almost no editing at all, as it first came out not three years after her execution, and a few months after the death of Robespierre and the end of the Terror. Now I must get back to work. It is all bringing me nearer you and Poggio Gherardo.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Oct. 15th, 1910.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I've had a bad week since I wrote you a post-card. I told you I was going to Belfast to see Susie and her babe. Unfortunately all day services to Ireland from Scotland cease with September. I had to go by night; and night on the sea in these northern latitudes never suits me. I did not sleep and arrived at Malone Park worn out and very breathless. I was so all Sunday and Monday and dreaded the return night voyage. However I reached home no worse than when I

started. On Tuesday I had to type an opening address, and Wednesday, the College opening day, was as usual a very exhausting thing. To-day and to-morrow I have rest.

I am quite persuaded that your friend Sir Almroth Wright has done me a great deal of good. The asthma is not cured—as he said—but bronchitis did not come to aggravate it. Indeed, my Doctor M'Kendrick—to whom I gave your message to-day—declares that the asthma is very slight, and that I am more exhausted than ill.

I hope your *Medici Letters* will be translated into Italian—it ought to be. There was a brief description in the *Literary Supplement.* I am so glad you have Frank Crisp with you, give him my best wishes.

My sister is coming to-day to be with me for the week-end.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Oct. 21st, 1910.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Your post-card arrived this morning and two hours later the box of books. They were beautifully packed. Very many thanks for all your care and kindness.

I had a brief but very kind letter from Sir Almroth Wright, sending me the new serum (eight doses). My doctor gave me the first on Wednesday night. It produced great lassitude all next day and a headache at night. I suppose that this is good, for it was a disappointment to Sir Almroth that I felt little or no effect from his first series of injections. The "reaction," as he calls it, was not strong enough. I ought to have felt somewhat feverish and even sick. I have not felt sick but feverish certainly, and a desire to do nothing whatever—not very convenient when I have so much to do. Sir Almroth wishes me to go up to London to see him during the Christmas vacation. He told me that mine was a "rather interesting," which I suppose means difficult and puzzling case. I suspect that I shall have to take very great care of myself and do as little work as I can while these eighty days over which the injections are spread last.

I tried the Chianti you were good enough to send me. It is excellent, but I'm not sure that it suits me in this cold weather, so I'll wait till it is warmer.

Ever yours,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Oct. 28th, 1910.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

I've read all your *Medici* at last. I like it well. But I conceive it is a book likely to be more prized by scholars than by the general public. Biagi is quite right; it ought to be translated into Italian. I hope that he will do it.

You ask about your *Reminiscences*?—I would answer: do not overload your book with letters. Of course, some you must put in; all Meredith's for example. His death is so recent and there is such a popular desire to know all about him, that his letters will give your book present interest and value. But do not overload the book. I think you never give enough of *yourself* in your books—and in such a book as the *Reminiscences* there must be a great deal—a very great deal of yourself. I do not know whether you will like this suggestion. It involves a lot of trouble; but I'd type it all out—letters and all—and then cut it down by cutting out the letters which you find, when all is finished, may be left out with advantage. I fear that having the letters you may be inclined to substitute them for yourself—which would rather weaken the book. You are much too modest my dear—too too modest. Give them plenty of yourself. That is what people want from you. And, if I may say it, do not spare trouble. Am I too hard?

I'm still rather hard worked, but I'm ever so much better than I was last year. It may be the injections; but part must be due to the weather. We have not had such an autumn for many years. Of course I am rather careful of myself. I'm told that the students say that my lectures were never so good nor so fresh. But that news was whispered me by the janitor, who is very devoted to me. He is a prejudiced witness.

Goodbye, dear friend, for the present. I wish I had time to write oftener. It's nice to hear from you.

Yours ever,

Thomas M. Lindsay.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 5th, 1910.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

I ought to have written to you yesterday—but I was in bed, very, very breathless with a severe attack of asthma. It was a great annoyance to give up my classes even for a day;

but better than to go on and have to give them up for a fortnight. So I betook myself to bed, and as usual slept twenty hours out of the twenty-four. I am very weak as is to be expected, and cannot write anything but a short letter.

Your very interesting letter of the 1st came this morning. I am very sorry to hear of Mrs. Labouchere's death. She looked so much the stronger of the two when I saw them in the summer with you. The diary of the Italian traveller in England about 1450 ought to be interesting if carefully edited, with references to Æneas Sylvius' account of his travels in England about the same time.

I get my third inoculation on Wednesday. Dr. M'Kendrick is very interested in it all, and makes careful notes to send to Sir Almroth. Now I must stop as I'm very tired.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 16th, 1910.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Yours of 13th with enclosed photograph came this morning and while I write the housemaid comes in with a box of Kaki fruit addressed in the handwriting always delightful to see. I like the photograph very much, and am very pleased to have it, both for the central figure and for the familiar objects that surround it. It will be delightful to have one of Frank Crisp's sunsets. I hope he did get one with the Carrara mountains purple black.

To-day is lovely to look at. Bright sunshine—but anything but pleasant to feel. Hard frost and a better East wind. We have fires all over the house, the one in my bedroom has burnt now for four days and nights without being out any portion of the time. We have great oil lamps in bathrooms and pantry to prevent our pipes freezing. Thus we fight the frost.

Yes. I've seen vultures over and over again in India, and seen them assemble round a dead bullock more than once just as you describe. Indian observers of the flight of birds have often assured me that vultures patrol the sky at regular intervals, so high as to be faint specks—that when any one drops on prey the patrols on its four sides see it, and drop also ; and that this accounts for the crowd that appears out of an apparently empty sky. It is curious to see the huge disgusting birds round a dead bullock. Jackals, kites, and crows always abound, but jackals and kites keep at a respectful

distance till the vultures have made their meal; while the impudent crows eat away and skilfully dodge the blows of wing and beak.

I'm still trying to find out, so that I can use it and be able to describe it, the Béarn dance which the peasants of Béarn used to dance before Marguerite on the terrace of the Castle of Pau. By dint of rummaging in more than a dozen books I've got thus far. The dance she delighted in was the *Moresque* or *Morisque*. It was danced "par mesure binaire avec tappement de pieds et tappement de talons"; and the instrumental music was given by "le tambourine de basque, environné des sonnettes et des petites pièces de cuire rendant un son agréable." I *suppose* that the dancers carried the tambourines; but I cannot find out whether the measure was danced by one or by several, or whether women as well as men danced it. Men did dance it dressed in short jacket, vest and breeches of coarse thick woollen cloth—the vest always red, the jacket and breeches dark, often black—and with stockings of thick coarse wool. But I *cannot* see the women. However, I'll get their costume easily I've no doubt. Other dances of the country I cannot get any vivid description of save the *Farandole*. What were the "round dances" with the *sauté basque*; or the voluptuous dances which Marguerite tolerated and Jeanne d'Albret frowned on? Pity the sorrows of a poor historian.

Now I must cease if this is to catch the post.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 22nd, 1910.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

We have been living for two days in intense yellow-grey fog. It lies over the whole town. It fills squares, streets, lanes, and back-yards. It presses against doors and windows. It enters the house imperceptibly and the rooms are full of it in a rarified form. My electric light blazes from breakfast to bedtime. I go to College in a cab, deliver my lectures with some small difficulty, come back to the Study to gasp till 4 o'clock, when I gradually recover. I only hope I shall endure till Saturday, when a respite comes. The worst is that bright sunshine enlivens the whole land everywhere three miles beyond this city of eternal night.

—— came for a fortnight's visit yesterday, so I am not alone in misfortune. The housemaid is in bed with a chill, and the Doctor is in attendance ; but he predicts her recovery by to-morrow. Meanwhile we are somewhat of a hospital.

I am so sorry to hear that Mr. Berenson is ill ; he is always working at such pressure. Forgive a short letter.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 30th, 1910.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I did not think to have written you a letter this week, for it has taken all the strength I have to get to and from College and lecture there. But to-day I am compelled to remain at home. The thick fog has again enclosed us—worse and denser than ever it seems. So I have reluctantly resolved to remain at home. I felt that it would be singularly foolish to go out in it ; that to do so would probably mean a very severe attack which would unfit me for work for days. So here I am lazy at home.

The doctor comes to-day for the fifth injection ; so I'll tell him about Sir Almroth's pamphlet on *Vaccine Therapy*. I must also get him to write to Sir Almroth and tell him how I am. I see from your letter that he expects to see me at Christmas. I suppose I ought to go up to London, but I would fain remain here.

Yes, it is very odd that I cannot get any books to tell me about the peasant dances in the country districts of France in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries ; and yet know easily where to go to find out much about such things in England and in Germany—engravings as well as books.

Now I fear that I must stop ; these last days have left me rather weak.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 5th, 1910.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I'm sorry that you have been so ill. How those microbes seem to affect you ! How small is the effect they seem to have on me for the moment at all events. I was

vaccinated on Wednesday (the fifth time), but there was no perceptible improvement so far as breathlessness was concerned. The attack pursues its way imperturbably as if microbes, serums, and inoculations did not exist. Still I am rather better; but then the weather is better. It has become much milder; still very damp of course, but the severe cold and the fogs have gone.

So far as household management goes, I'm breathing more freely. I've now fed all my students and have that no longer on my mind. I may have to give one dinner more—but it may wait.

Thanks for your cutting from the *Morning Post.* I've forgotten, but I can easily recover by a little enquiry the name of the man who has written really a learned and accurate book on the old Morris and other dances of rural England. Miss Chapman and some others, inspired by his book, have tried to resuscitate the dances and the old music, and the paragraph describes one of her shows. It is easy to get information about the Peasant Dances of England and of Germany; the difficulty is France. In History unfortunately it is no use to "guess" or to "suppose"; one must know. Some friends in the South of France say that the old peasant dances have quite died out both in Béarn and in Provence, but they are going to try and find if some local antiquary has not written about them. We shall see if any information comes this way. There is a *Dictionnaire de la Danse, historique, théorique, pratique, et bibliographique*—but it contains absolutely nothing of what I want to learn.

You must forgive a short letter. This continuous coughing keeps me quite weak.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 14th, 1910.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

At last I've some leisure to write to you. I know that I ought to have sent you a post-card, but I always hoped to be able to write a letter. I had my sister-in-law for a fortnight, and she attracted quite a stream of visitors, who invaded not only the drawing-room but the sacred Study. She has gone, but my sister is now with me, and the days seem as interrupted.

The weather is wonderfully, unnaturally warm for this latitude and time of year, but it is very damp and muggy.

Still I like it much better than the frost or the keen winds or the fogs which beset us some weeks ago. In fact, I'm wonderfully well at present and have been so for ten days. My Doctor is greatly pleased with my bodily condition, and has no manner of doubt that Sir Almroth's serum is doing me a lot of good. He has had a letter from the great man, who seems anxious that I should see him in London during the Christmas vacation. To tell the truth I'd much rather stay here and vegetate. I feel immensely lazy and have no doubt that I am so.

So many thanks for Sir Almroth's paper. Doctor M'K., as soon as I told him of it, sent for it. He was intensely interested in it all, and could speak of nothing else. He is constantly recommending the treatment to his bronchitic patients. More than one person has spoken to me about his enthusiasm. Still I know that I do not " react " enough. I had an injection on Sunday and it did not affect me one bit—there was no trace of the usual lethargy which has been all the " reaction " I have previously shown.

How I sympathise with you—earthquakes and departure. I do not suppose that the earthquake was very severe or you would have said so ; but any shock, however slight, must make you nervous. And you must regret that such a bright, cheerful companion as Frank Crisp has been obliged to leave you. Goodbye, dear friend ; I am taking care of myself.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 20th, 1910.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Yes ! we had an earthquake ; but as far as this house was concerned, it was the tiniest baby of an earthquake. It took place on Wednesday, three hours after my letter to you had been deposited in the letter-box. My sister Lizzie and I were sitting in the Study. Suddenly the window gave two distinct rattles as if shook by wind, though the night was calm, and at the same time there was a noise of something falling. There was a tremor of floor and walls, but our electric light, which, as you know hangs by cords from the ceiling, did not move in the slightest degree. Lizzie was much puzzled and went off to explore the various rooms, but found nothing out of place. The maids had neither heard nor felt anything. Half an hour later the telephone bell rang, and Mrs. —— voice

came along the wire: "Have you felt the earthquake?" "Oh, it was an earthquake," said I, "yes, we felt it." Her maid had rushed up from the kitchen, "pale with fright"; her house had given "a distinct rock." The shock did no damage so far as I have heard. Some pictures swayed on the walls of some houses, a few ornaments were thrown off brackets and were smashed in others. Yet it caused a good deal of alarm, especially in the centre of the town. Crowds rushed out of the houses to wander up and down the streets, and were with difficulty persuaded to return to their houses.

I have resolved to go to London on the 27th. Really only to see Sir Almroth Wright—and because he has written to Dr. M'Kendrick that he wishes to see me. I would fain sit here and twirl my thumbs during my fortnight's holiday. Thursday ends the first half of the session.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 9th, 1911.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I'm back in Glasgow as you see. Your welcome letter has just arrived. I had a good journey northwards; still I'm tired and somewhat breathless. You are anxious to know what Sir Almroth said? Well, he *said* nothing—*i.e.* about my asthma. He injected. The sole reason medically for my presence in London was to produce sputum for further analysis. Is there not something humiliating to the dignity of mankind to need to travel some hundreds of miles in order to spit in a bottle and then hand the contents to a great magician—something "Arabian Nights" rather. I fear that my "bacterial flora" is not so simple after all—more's the pity.

But something was said and done at 6 Park Crescent besides the delivery and the injection. First Sir Almroth showed me a rather fine painting of a tube containing variously coloured liquids. He had got Crisp to do it for him. Of course it is for an illustration, as he was not pleased with previous attempts. Then he told me that a friend of mine was in the house, and led me upstairs to the drawing-room. There I found Frank Crisp a-painting Miss Wright. Sir Almroth's portrait, finished but unframed, stood against the wall. It is a very good likeness—but too stern. I liked the girl's face.

The London I was in knew the battle only from the evening papers. The place is pretty far East. Next day at the Club men told each other how much better they could have done the business than the heads of the police!

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 14th, 1911.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I cannot understand where my letters to you have gone. I wrote to you on Jan. 4th, and again on the 7th. I know that before Jan. 4th some days elapsed without my writing—but that was because I delayed till I had seen Sir Almroth and he gave me an appointment four days later than I had expected.

I was interrupted while writing my last letter to you and did not answer your question about Meredith's letter which you enclosed. Well, I have the general idea that of all your correspondents Meredith is the one whose letters, at present at least, will give a real value to the book. So I'd be inclined to include it. If you think that you must not print the names he mentions, I would leave out the letter. On the other hand, if you can print the names I would certainly print it; it shows your intimacy with the distinguished writer, and that is a valuable part in reminiscences.

I've been very busy with College work since I got back, employed all day. Indeed on Wednesday I was not able to finish what I had to do till 12.30 p.m. When classes are large examination papers, etc., are numerous. There seems too to be more than usual of the common routine work to do. So I'm not able either to read or write much—especially as I can only keep up by resting and, if possible, sleeping for an hour in the afternoon. So you will not blame me if my letters do not come with clock-work regularity. Such scoldings I get on all sides for not writing!

I'm longing to see you again; but at all events I fear that I cannot leave here before April 9th at the earliest. I must look after Tom as it is his examination year, and his future course of life depends on it.

Goodbye for the present.

Ever yours,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 20th, 1911.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

Have I been unduly long in writing to you again? I forget when I last wrote and this week has been a very busy one. I'm writing a very brief notice or article of 6000 words for an American Encyclopedia. Why do such a thing? say you. Well for two reasons—to oblige a colleague, *and* to make an experiment on myself. I think I told you that I was asked to write a short volume for the University Home Library, and that I hesitated. I've been pressed again; so I have given myself this task—dry, continual references to authorities; I said to myself that if I can stand this I am fit at least to attempt the book. I think the test is successful, and when I finish my task, which will be to-morrow, I hope to write to Oxford and say that I'll undertake the book.

Do you know that from your post-card and letter I'm almost sure that one of my letters to you, that written on the 4th, cannot have reached you. You say that your letter arrived together with the one for Miss Erichsen; I wrote both those letters on the same day, but I had written to you four days earlier from the Savile Club.

Our weather here for the last week has been delightful, like days in the end of April. Indeed the trouble has been that I cannot keep my room much under 70 unless I see continually that the fire is very small. Last night while I was at dinner Jessie invaded the Study and piled on coals, so I spent the evening in wiping the perspiration from my forehead.

Only eight weeks now till the classes end! I suppose I'll be glad when the term is over; yet it has been a very pleasant one and promises to be so till the end. I wonder when I can get away. Not till long after the end I fear. But sometimes I take quite a longing for you at Poggio Gherardo.

Goodbye for the present—I may almost say "au revoir."

Yours ever,

Thomas M. Lindsay.

Love to Miss Erichsen, I suppose she is with you.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Feb. 6th, 1911.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

The asthma departed on Saturday; but I'm still rather weak and breathless. Hard frost and dense fog set

in simultaneously on Monday late in the afternoon of last week and I was out at dinner! Tuesday the fog was so dense that I went to College in a cab, with a hot water bottle on my knees, lectured twice and returned triumphant. On Wednesday I summoned the Doctor. He came and ordered me, in the way doctors do, to lie there till he gave me leave to get up. I obeyed, lay in bed on Wednesday, all Thursday, and on Friday till 2.30. The fog was very dense, a sort of grey-black, denser than I have seen it here for years. It was so thick that the street lamps lighted could not be seen from the windows, that almost all tramcars and horse vehicles had to cease, that the Doctor's coachman had to lead his horse and could not drive from the box. I slept or dozed for over forty hours out of the forty-eight. Poor Doctor. The medical world is all agog about the sleeping sickness, and I believe that he flatters himself that once I begin one of my bouts of sleeping he is going to have an interesting case all to himself. On Friday when I woke up and felt quite wakerish I was sorry for him. Of course I told him that I was going to get up. He saved his doctorial dignity by solemnly giving me the leave I had not asked for. I *had* to get up. My charming—(I am not sure that it is quite proper to use that adjective now that the deceased wife's sister's Bill has passed; but I let it stand) —my charming sister-in-law, Molly, was coming to pay me a visit and was to arrive at 4 o'clock. You will see that I had to get up, however wobbly, to receive her. She arrived, out of due time necessarily—but arrive she did. She entertained me at tea (*i.e.* tea for her) with a brilliant account of new domestic mechanical appliances at Corsock. My brother-in-law makes his own electricity by means of turbines in a stream that flows through the grounds. It is always interesting to note new developments. The last time I was at Corsock it was hot towel rails in every bathroom and most bedrooms. Now it is all sorts of appliances for the breakfast table. Plugs and wires carry electricity to a hot plate on which dishes stand, to a milk warmer, to a hot-water jug, to an egg-boiler, and to a toaster. This last toasts two pieces of bread on *both* sides in three minutes. The combined effect of all these notable inventions is to make breakfast a very lively meal, and to afford a large amount of that physical exercise, so dear to the inhabitants of these Islands, to all that partake. The Hot-Plate is a staid and solemn affair, so would the Egg-Boiler and the Toaster be, *if* they receive the attention they deem due to their position in society. But the others have their frivolous moods. The Hot-water Jug suddenly

begins to puff out alternate streams of steam and water on sideboard or carpet. The Milk vessel bubbles and overflows at unexpected moments. Family and guests are perpetually on the move—pushing back chairs—getting up—sitting down and pulling them in again. The poor Toaster emits the smell of burnt bread and the Egg-boiler, forgotten in the excitement, delivers its eggs at the precise consistency the recipient likes least. In my musing way I told Molly that I thought that Archbishop Temple had discovered the one infallible way of boiling eggs properly. His recipe was to begin singing "Rock of Ages" as soon as the eggs were in the pan; to sing two verses if they were to be boiled soft, and the whole hymn if boiled hard. But Molly sniffed at that. It was too Episcopal and Church of England for such a strong Presbyterian. No, her recipe was the time honoured Scottish one: "Jemmy put in the eggs and come to prayers." The length of family prayers in all rightly ordered families gave the proper time for egg boiling.

Molly is to be with me eight days, *she* says. As one is to be spent in Edinburgh and two with Susie at Belfast, I cannot quite agree with her about the length of the visit. But that is due, she says, to my defective knowledge of arithmetic.

I fear this letter is rather frivolous. I've caught the disease from the electric Milk Jug! Forgive me. I'll be as dull as ditch-water in the next.

Yours ever,

Thomas M. Lindsay.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Feb. 17th, 1911.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

I've had a wretched week of it—coughing, coughing! I should like to have your David here for a week in a real Glasgow fog. He'd not only see but feel that I did not exaggerate one little bit. Still the punishment would be too severe for the scepticism. Has he never heard of the five and twenty Italians from Siena who came to work on our University buildings and who fled home after a fog? They said that it was worse than what the priests told them about purgatory. I fancy they thought we could live through it because we are Protestants.

Yours ever,

Thomas M. Lindsay.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Feb. 24th, 1911.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

It is very good of you to ask Tom to come with me to Poggio Gherardo. I hate saying "No," my dear friend, to any proposal of yours, but I must to this one. What he wants is cool bracing air. He wishes to spend most of his time in Arran. So, though I am longing to see you and would fain be at Poggio, I must just wait events here, and do not see how I can be with you till the end of the third week in April.

I forgot to say in my last letter that Sauveterre-de-Béarn is certainly in the heart of the Béarn country, and that something about the old dances might well be known there. So do write to your cousin.

You asked about my book. The fog knocked all the power of work out of me. I've been able for nothing but College work for the last four weeks. To-day is the first fine day we have had since February began. These detestable high winds seem to have passed for the time at least. They came to a height last night, when the house shook and the windows kept up a perpetual rattle all night. It was the night of all nights my sister chose to cross the Irish Channel to visit Susie at Belfast. She came from St. Andrews in the afternoon and announced her intention. Lizzie has any amount of courage, is a good sailor, and rather liked the adventure. She had been to the Steamboat Office; the man there dissuaded her from going. "Do you mean," said Lizzie, "that you think there is real danger to the steamer?" "No, No, not that, but it will be a wild night." "Then I go," she said; and she went. How I hate these high winds; they batter me by day and will not let me sleep by night.

I wish artists would let me alone. I've been persuaded, sorely against my will, to give sittings to Mr. ——. I'm to begin on Thursday.

Yours ever,

Thomas M. Lindsay.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, March 4th, 1911.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

I ought to have written to you yesterday, but I was too tired for anything in the three half-hours left me from the day, before dinner, and had guests. It has been such a week for odds and ends of work cropping up and needing to be attended

to. But the misfortune of the week and of next week and perhaps more weeks, is that in a weak moment I consented to sit for my portrait. The artist is married to a cousin of mine; and cousins, you know, are important persons in Scotland. So I go down to the artist's studio which, luckily, is not more than two minutes' walk from College—I go there after my lectures are over, take luncheon with the artist (that is my remuneration, I suppose, for sitting as model), sit in an old oak armchair, which came from Holland, sit for two and a half hours, drive home and reach my study too tired even to read. This week too I have a friend staying with me for four days. He is lecturing at College.

Our weather has been bad—high winds, strong rain, even snow. To-day is mild and sunny. I hope to-morrow will be as fine and then I may get to Church, where I have not been for three Sundays. Last Sunday I was determined to go and my sister, arrived that morning from Belfast, was equally determined that I should not. "There," she said suddenly, pointing to the window, "that settles it." I looked. It was snowing. I gave in. However, she will not be here to-morrow. I've the old-fashioned taste to like going to Church, as you know and wonder at.

I am glad you have had a visit from Count Hochberg; you will enjoy it. His name reminds me of a queer letter I had from Paris. *Le Figaro*, no less. A polite request that I would give anecdotal information about nineteen peeresses, whose portraits with brief biographical sketches are to be published in an album, and edited in the office of that newspaper. What dreadful sin have I committed that I should be considered as a sort of "Literary Whitely's Universal Provider." I did venture to send a few notes on Lady Aberdeen, Lady Warwick, and four others, but told my correspondent that I had no knowledge of English Peeresses. This morning however I received, very *a propos*, an advertisement from the office of *Who's Who*, about a book, *All about Society and Sport*, or some such title, and have enclosed the sheet in an envelope and sent it to the lady *Figaro*.

The new venture was to appear in February; let us hope that the editor of the French Album will purchase it, and find there what she craves. Hochberg's name suggested this letter, because the first name on the list was the Princess of Pless.

Goodbye for the present, dear friend. I wish I were with you and wonder when it will be—end of April I fear.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, March 10th, 1911.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

The Session is very near its end—its length now to be measured by days and not by weeks. We close on the 21st or 22nd. But between then and now I have the dreary task committed to me of preparing what is called a "Valedictory Address." The close of the session does not end the Principal's work. He has odds and ends of business which take at least ten days. Thereafter it is Tom who may chain me here some weeks longer.

Where do I go, you ask? I go no where—I sit still—the best thing for me. What I do is to see, from this spot, that he takes his right holiday. I believe largely in "wholesome neglect," so far as my children go; but there are limits in all things, and I must recognise them.

Who is —— you ask? He is a Glasgow artist who has married a cousin of mine. Had it not been for the cousinship I should have refused to sit; but I am Scotch enough to recognise a cousin's claim. I've given the artist five sittings of 2½ hours each, and I have a dread thought that the work is only beginning. I was allowed to see it yesterday. The old Dutch chair and the black professional gown which adorns me are beautifully and faithfully rendered. Miss Erichsen might admire the face. It is at present extremely post-impressionist. What it may grow to I know not.

Our weather has been delightful for five days. The wind has now begun to howl again. I must go out to-night. It is the evening of our Students farewell "Social," and I might as well resign as be absent. I suspect it will rain, but a close cab will take me to and from the College Hall.

March 11th. I had hoped to finish this letter and send it off yesterday, but the interruptions!!! First one of the University Professors, Dr. Milligan. He had been speaking in public about an old edition of Wyclif's Bible in Scotch of 1520, and his statement had been attacked in letters to the newspapers, and his opponent had quoted myself as an authority on the subject. Had he really made a mistake? Then a man whom I had asked to dinner elected to spend the whole afternoon with me and would talk and talk. Then came my sister from St. Andrews. All this in the one afternoon of the week I had to myself. I had expressly refused to "sit" yesterday afternoon, in order to write to you, and write a quantity of letters which I had left over for a day or two.

I might as well have done my "hard labour" at the artist's studio. The vexation brought an almost sleepless night.

Now I must leave off and betake myself to my weary correspondence.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Oct. 11th, 1911.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Your welcome letter has just arrived and I have half an hour to answer it before I start for College, where the session begins to-day. I am very much delighted to know that you have the society of Frank Crisp—if only for a short time. I have had that sunset of his you gave me framed, it is hung in the drawing-room and is much admired.

Your weather is indeed different from ours. Last night we had sharp frost and this morning a thick fog obscured everything.

To-day's work at College is nominal, so far as I am concerned. My lectures begin to-morrow. But it will be interesting, as we have to welcome and introduce a new professor and we shall meet in our largely extended buildings for which I collected nearly £20,000, and which we open to-day free of debt of any kind. Four days ago I received an unexpected cheque, which will enable me, I think, to equip a Gymnasium for the men.

I do not know whether I told you that Tom has just been appointed an assistant in the Physic Department in Baliol; it will be good training and an aid in his preparation for the Indian Civil Service Examination in August. Now I must be off to College.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Oct. 18th, 1911.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Yours of 11th and 12th came on Monday, so it serves as a birthday letter. I have quite forgotten what it was I wished you to date. My recollection is that you passed suddenly to a new subject without indicating when the incident took place. But whatever it was it must have been a small matter.

You ask what a cadet-ship is; it is a Government post in one of the Eastern colonies such as Hongkong, the Straits Settlements, Ceylon. The Ceylon cadetships are the best; but one can never be sure where one is sent to. In those smaller places there are no great prospects, no great future, and the pensions are not nearly so good.

Last week was a very busy one. On Wednesday I had my annual dinner to the professors and their wives—fourteen guests. Then I had two friends from Oxford staying with me. There was the opening of the College, etc. I ended with what I call a "consolation" dinner; Mrs. —— was guest and consoler. This week has seen begun the usual winter's work. I go to College in a cab, do my College business and deliver my lectures; return and don't leave the house again.

I've just finished a brief memoir of my old colleague Dr. Douglas for the *National Dictionary of Biography*. I think it is a little over my limit—600 words; but I trust the editor will not cut out any one sentence. Dr. Douglas' grandfather, a distinguished preacher, was called: "The goldfinch of the Gospel." Such a nice phrase.

Susie tells me there is quite a water famine in Belfast. St. Andrews on the East coast of Scotland is as badly off. Fancy parts of Scotland and Ireland rainless!

Now I must go to my work, so goodbye for the present.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Oct. 25th, 1911.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I wonder if few English and Americans will visit Italy this winter. The war will not deter them will it? And, so far as cholera is concerned, that is never once mentioned in the newspapers now, nor has been for long. So many thanks for sending me Gaston Phoebus' dinner *menu*. I had quite mislaid it and thought I had lost it.

What a pleasant surprise for you Count Hochberg's visit must have been. I think, but am not quite sure, that his "prophetess" must be the same woman I heard about in London last year. An American who was an apostle of "Higher Thought" or "New Thought." Her name was Searle. What the prophetess teaches I really do not know.

Old Lord Halsbury was not far wrong when he said that there is nothing too absurd for people to believe if they wish to get rid of Christianity.

I cannot say very much good about myself. I cannot get rid of almost continuous breathlessness which is weakening and trying. My Doctor is coming to see me to-day, and I'll not post this letter until he has come and gone. As for taking care of myself—I do little else. I'm never out of doors but in a cab ; I have not been at Church for three weeks ; I keep my bed on Saturday forenoon. I do everything the Doctor tells ; I'm his abject slave. What more *can* I do ?

I'm delighted to have your MS. and shall look at it carefully on Saturday or Sunday. The Dr. has just telephoned that he cannot see me to-day. So I must send off this without his report.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 10th, 1911.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I fear I have two letters of yours to answer. Do pardon me ; I'm very hard pressed while the session lasts.

I do trust that you will accept Mr. Lacaita's invitation and go to Leucaspide. A visit like that is sure to do you good—more especially when it is made to old familiar scenes and spent among usages you like. I hope to hear that you will go whether the last chapter be finished or not.

Our weather here is very trying in its changes. The East and the West winds seem to be in deadly conflict. When the East wind conquers we have hard frost, with fog till mid-day. When the West wind gains the upper hand it brings tempests and deluges of rain. It blew for nine squally days. On Sunday we had one of the fiercest gales I have ever experienced. What the strength of the wind was cannot be determined : for it was strong enough to blow the measuring apparatus at the observatory to pieces—a thing never done before. The damage to property has been enormous—chimneys brought down, walls levelled, lead stript off. The streets were littered with slates and broken chimney pots. Fortunately the loss of life has been small in the city—not more than six people. The damage to the College in slates, glass and lead will be about £200. Here we escaped wonderfully. Our roof suffered no damage, only the washing house had its zinc ridge

torn off and whirled away no one knows where. Now, dear friend, adieu for the present. I wish I were nearer you!

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 18th, 1911.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I sent you a post-card to say that your MS. had arrived. I've gone over it; there are more small slips than usual, I dare say I have missed some. I do not think that your ending is too abrupt. It seemed to me a good and rather bright close.

To-day is an oasis—a bright, cold day which has come after more than a week of continuous rain. My sister is with me for the week-end and is enjoying it. A letter from Jim has just come in. Fever abounds in his district at present. He, his family, and all his servants have not had the faintest touch of it. This immunity he thinks is due to a weekly dose of quinine which he makes them take. My daughter Esther's news from Ahmedabad is much better; the worst of the famine is over. The young grass is sprouting everywhere and the people are at last awakening from their apathy. Fodder for cattle had failed most and had risen in price eight times over the average. What had cost Rs.5 could not be bought for less than Rs.40.

I am so glad to think that you are at Leucaspide. I am sure Mr. Lacaita will be able to tell you much more about the new conservative leader than I can. His name is Andrew Bonar Law. He was born in Canada, but lived in Glasgow from boyhood till middle age, and was educated here. His father held an old Glasgow Minister—the Rev. Andrew Bonar—in high esteem and the boy was named after him. He first entered the House of Commons as one of the Glasgow members (at least the greater part of his constituents lived on the outskirts of Glasgow): but when he abandoned Free Trade for Tariff Reform Scotland would have none of him and he secured an English seat.

The first volume of the *Cambridge Mediaeval History* is published at last, and in it my chapter on "Julian and the Triumph of Christianity." The volume has been sent me.

Remember me to Mr. Lacaita.

Ever yours,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 25th, 1911.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

I scarcely expected to get through this week of lecturing without a slight break-down; but I have managed it. I've been very asthmatic and the bitter N.E. wind has not ceased to blow. I had arranged to have my American students to dinner on Thursday, and did not like to have the worry of putting them off and arranging all anew; and the dinner tired me a good deal. But I've won through this week and have to-day and to-morrow in the house.

I've been at work this week, in spite of asthma, for a few hours a day at the proofs of Dr. Black's *Life of Professor W. Robertson Smith*. You have Smith's book on the *Semites*. He was the president of the first Oriental Congress in London. As I was perhaps his most intimate friend on to 1884, when he left Scotland for Cambridge, and the most prominent of his supporters in his great fight with the Church on behalf of the Higher Criticism, my name occurs frequently in the biography. It is curious to read of yourself doing and saying things that you have forgotten completely until thus reminded of them.

Yesterday came a long letter from ——. She resolved on an experiment for this winter. She took lodgings in a cottage at Loch Alsh in the remote West Highlands, in order to put some little sweetness into the dull lives of the wives and daughters of the Highland Crofters. She has wonderful gifts for that sort of thing. Already the young women come to her twice a week. She has got down a great box of material from London; the girls select what they think they will like and pay for it; then —— teaches them to shape and sew and make garments of all kinds for themselves. So far as her intention goes she is quite successful; but I fear that the life and especially the food is much too hard and rough for her at her age. It might do in summer, but in winter it is far too hard. However, she declares that she will persist for a month or two yet; to see whether she can stand it. It is quite heroic.

If I can get rid of this asthma next week I must tackle the College accounts. Those sent me from the Treasurer's office I cannot understand. They show that we have £3000 *more* (not less I'm thankful to say) than I had expected. That must be looked into.

You will have to excuse a short letter this week. A long one would tire me too much. I am delighted that you are enjoying Leucaspide.

Yours ever,
Thomas M. Lindsay.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 1st, 1911.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

I suppose that you are now back at Poggio Gherardo, so send this letter there. I am glad to think, from your letters, that you have enjoyed your visit. Your description of the Taranto Museum and its terra-cottas was very interesting; also, in another way, your account of farm life and work at Leucaspide.

Susie is coming to pay me a visit next week; her husband is going to Oxford, so she will be here by herself. I am quite recovered from my asthma and have missed only one lecture.

So this interminable month of November has gone at last. I do not know why, but November seems to me always the longest month of the year; and this year it has appeared longer than ever; partly, I suspect, because I have had no visitors that count. My sister-in-law put off her visit five times, in October, beginning, middle, and end of November, 6th December, and now it is to be on December 21st. Her numerous "good works" in mass have become a sort of Octopus. When the time for the visit approached each has shot out a tentacle, clutched her, and effectually prevented her leaving home; and that has prevented me having any others to visit me.

However, the month has ended at last. Our Christmas vacations are longer than usual—from December 21st to January 10th. What I'll do I do not know.

If I followed my own desire I'd stay here quietly and rest; but my Doctor likes me to spend the days in London then, and if Susie backs him up, I'll probably give in.

This must be finished if it is to catch the post. So goodbye, dear friend.

Yours ever,

Thomas M. Lindsay.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 12th, 1911.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

I sent you a post-card to tell of the arrival of the Kaki. You are really too good to me, and in this year of scarcity it would have been a privilege to have got one—

but two boxes! Many, many thanks. It has been a great pleasure to have Susie with me for five days. She leaves to-night.

A curious document has been sent me which I have copied for your benefit. It is a list of the greatest men drawn up by Mr. Carnegie. I've been asked by a London editor to criticise it. The first remark I had to make on it was that the greater number of the world's greatest men were those whose inventions had helped Mr. Carnegie to make his millions. The great parade of mechanical invention and the almost complete ignoring of spiritual achievement made me think—"A poor pennyworth of bread to all this sack."

CARNEGIE'S LIST OF TWENTY GREATEST MEN.
ALL BORN POOR.

Shakespeare.
Morton, discoverer of ether.
Jenner, discoverer of vaccination.
Neilson, inventor of hot blast in manufacture of iron.
Lincoln.
Burns, the Scotch poet.
Gutenberg, inventor of printing.
Edison, applier of electricity.
Siemens, inventor of water meter.
Bessemer, inventor of steel process.
Mushet, inventor of steel process.
Columbus.
Watt, improvement on steam engine.
Bell, inventor of telephone.
Arkwright, inventor of cotton spinning machinery.
Franklin, discoverer of electricity.
Murdock, first to employ coal as illuminant.
Hargreaves, inventor of spinning jenny.
Stephenson, inventor of locomotive.
Symington, inventor of rotary engine.

I fear that I have no news to tell you. Life has been very monotonous this last week, but very pleasant because of Susie's presence. She is the first visitor I have had since I returned from Italy in July, who has been with me more than a bare week's end. So I had got to feel rather solitary. I do wish I could work more; but I do not seem to have the strength for continuous writing.

Goodbye for the present, dear friend.

Yours always,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 19th, 1911.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

Your welcome letter arrived this morning. The shadow of Christmas has begun to fall on all postal things, and the delivery was late. I am almost sure that I'll not go to London, so address your letters here.

Yes, I think that I've had more work than usual this winter. It has come from the enlargement of the College and the need of constant superintendence till we all settle down to our new surroundings. Besides, I've not felt mind and body so elastic as formerly. I've had no visitors with me till Susie came; many promises, but no fulfilments. I hope the new year will be kinder to me.

We have had quite a little excitement in the "Garden" (that is the name the inhabitants of our square give to their habitat). We have produced a hero—"the brave Glasgow engineer," as the London papers call him. A young fellow, ——, whom we all like and rather laughed at, recently received an appointment as an assistant executive engineer on one of the great Indian railways; and just a fortnight ago sailed for India in the "Delhi," the P. & O. Steamer which had as passengers the Duke of Fife, the Princess Royal and their daughters. We heard of the wreck of the vessel on Cape Spartal reefs and wondered what "Gibbie's" fate had been. On Saturday came the news that our Gibbie has saved the Princess Alexandria from drowning. How he and Mr. Halket, correspondent and cartoonist of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, (who has made him famous), happened to be in the boat in which the Royal party tried to reach the shore is still unknown. In the boat he was, and the only one in the boat who was without a life-belt. This the Princess Alexandria saw and insisted on tying a spare belt, which had been thrown into the boat, round the young man. The great wave which swept the Princess Royal and her daughters out of the boat, swept out "——" also. It was he, a good swimmer, who got the Princess' head above water; he who placed her hands on his shoulder and swam with her to the shore; he who steadied her in the surf, till sailors, roped, were able to dash out and rescue both. Nor did his services end there. When the boat load were all rescued and were being assisted over the long rocks by the sailors, "——" saw that the Princess Maud limped painfully. She had lost one of her shoes while struggling in the water. "——" took off his own (he is a

little fellow) and insisted on the Princess donning them, while he trudged manfully in his stockings over the sharp rocks. So we are all proud of " Gibbie."

I hope that you have not got Mr. Trevelyan's third volume on *Garibaldi and Italy*; for I am sending it to you. If his brother or any one else has given it, then I'll take it back and give you something else.

I'm so delighted to hear that Frank Crisp will be with you so soon; his presence is sure to do you good in every way. Make him use the clippers every day, it will be good for him, and really what are the use of his many inches if not to reach branches far above the heads of minor mortals?

Goodbye, dear friend. All the best wishes of the season to you and your household.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 26th, 1911.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

The weather here has been changeable, with sudden changes as is usual this winter. My lectures ended on Thursday, and as is my wont when vacation comes, I at once become breathless and to-day am slightly asthmatic.

So far as I am concerned, though my opinion is not of much value, I approve of the changes made in India and of what is practically the reversal of Lord Curzon's policy. The one good point in his policy, as it seemed to me, was that as Eastern Bengal was largely inhabited by Mohammedans, the division practically emancipated them from Bengali rule or what was equivalent to it. The new plan does not undo that one good part of Lord Curzon's dogmatic and hasty legislation. The wisdom of the new policy seems to be recognised everywhere out of Western Bengal and Calcutta—if one is to judge from telegrams in the *Times*.

Dr. Preserved Smith is an American Professor of Church History. His father bore the same name. He belongs to an old Puritan family where even more curious names were not uncommon. He has just written a book on *Luther—his Life as Revealed in his Letters*. I have not seen it yet, but I know some critical articles of his on what has been called Luther's *Table Talk*,—articles good and valuable. I do not think that " Preserved " is the " Christian " name; it is rather part of the family name, like Robertson Smith.

I thought that you had seen the last state of my chapter on "The Triumph of Christianity." I have a proof somewhere and will send it you when I can lay my hands on it; but please return it as I may make use of it in lecturing. It is very pleasant to hear that Mr. Berenson thinks so well of it. My own idea is that it does not hang together. The editors changed their plan *three* times. I was first asked to write simply on Julian. I did so. Then I was told that I was to leave out the political history of his reign as it had been resolved to put that in another chapter, and that I was to treat of the *Triumph of Christianity*, from Constantine to Julian. Then, and lastly, I was told that Constantine and his sons would be treated separately. So my article became a patch work and lost its unity of plan. I was glad to get it off my hands. I was hurried in the finishing; and after all declarations about need of speed the book did not appear until nearly twenty months after I had sent my part in. Of course it must be difficult to arrange for such composite books.

I sent off *Garibaldi and the Making of Italy* to you yesterday having first read it myself. It is wonderfully well done.

December is slipping away swiftly. Why should November be so slow and so long? Goodbye for the present, dear friend.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 1st, 1912.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I have had rather a time of it since I wrote you about a week ago. I really thought I was going to escape for once the inevitable fate which holidays always bring—a fit of asthma. Symptoms began in a very mild way as soon as the lectures ceased, but I took them gaily. "Pretty Fanny" or Fiendie was determined to have her way. After writing my letter to you I had to take to bed and was buried there, decently I hope, for four days. For years I've said that I am like the cab-horse in the *Pickwick Papers*, who could keep on running so long as he was within the shafts, but who fell down as soon as those aids to uprightness were removed.

You will get a very full account of Sir James Lacaita's dealings with Lord and Lady Russell in Trevelyan's book, as

you have no doubt found out long before this reaches you; and will have ample material to correct your statement, if you have erred in any way concerning the matter—which I do not think you have done.

The mail which came in this morning was the first which could bring opinions about the great Durbar surprise; and both my nephew Harry and Jim have something to say about it. Jim is loud in his praise of it; Harry, who is in the Secretariat in Calcutta, is by no means so sure of it—his objection to it is that of Mr. Berenson's Hindu friend at Baliol. It is quite possible that we may have some hard work in India in the near future, but now the seditious Bengalis will be dealt with by a Governor of their own who will not be hampered by the presence of a Viceroy in his neighbourhood, tempted to forget the wide general interests of the land in order to interfere with what is really not his work. As to your reference to Sir William Markby, my own opinion is that it is just that element of justice in Sir William that has enabled us to rule oriental races so well. They do not understand it; but they both fear and respect it.

Of course miniature Durbars have been held all over India; and Jim, supreme in his small way, had to represent the absent Emperor. Can you figure him on a great elephant, the Assistant Magistrate (European, and under Jim) on a second; the Head of the Police (also European) on a third, the centre of a procession going slowly to the place of the "gathering of the clans"? The local police in parade order; Jim on the decorated steps of the court house, the umbrella (symbol of authority) held over his head, solemnly reading a Bengali translation of the Emperor's official address at the Great Durbar; the noise of the instruments, human and other; the receiving of homages from all the native officials and great landlords. Even the BABY came in for something. He was out in his perambulator and happened to be met by the police corps as the men marched back from parade to their barracks; when the troop passed the child (twelve months old) they all saluted, and the child, early trained to princely habits, salaamed gravely—a mark of condescension which delighted the old officers (native) of the troop. I'm getting too tired to write more, so must finish another day. Kind regards to Miss Erichsen. Best love to yourself.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 3rd, 1912.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

Do you care to hear how they proclaimed the King in the rural districts of India? Thousands of miniature Durbars were held over the land as nearly as possible at the hour of the Great Durbar at Delhi. Jim had his at Jessore, and Esther tells how her husband presided at his in Western India. He is a resident Magistrate and was on a tour through his district, and his movements were timed to be at the central town on the Durbar date.

You must imagine a small encampment of seven or eight tents, one of them large and oblong, which served for reception hall, all set up under the tamarind, pepul, and wild mango trees outside the walls of the little town of Masora, which is the centre of Alcock's district. Within the walls the town boasts of a court house and there, on the days before the *fête*, the usual justice was administered. The day immediately preceding seems to have been devoted to athletic and other native sports. It witnessed the arrival of hundreds of natives from the surrounding villages and hamlets, and in particular of all their headmen. Esther, her husband and child, were the only Europeans amid the thousand or two collected—and they represented royalty.

On the great day, "the day over-full of pleasures," seems to be the Hindu phrase, Alcock and Esther rode in state into the town and to the Court House which forms, with its grounds, one side of the central square, and dismounted there. The magistrate's clerks were the aide-de-camps and the servants the Household. On the broad veranda of the Court House were assembled the notables of the town and the headmen of the fifty odd villages of the district. The town and district is famous for wood-painting, and every householder had painted his house afresh. Chairs were placed for the royalties in miniature, before them and at their feet were the sea of faces. One of the clerks, who held a large sheet of paper with both hands, salaaming deeply, pressed it to his forehead and reverently presented it to Alcock, who took it and read the Royal Proclamation, which King George was reading in far off Delhi. It was read in English and was listened to with adoring ignorance. A second clerk, with like ceremony, presented a second paper which Alcock took and read. This was a translation of the first into Gujerati. The reading was followed by enthusiastic acclamations. Then the headmen of each village at the same time received a copy of the Pro-

clamation which he swore to read in his village, that all might hear the words of the Great King.

Then followed a "feast for the Poor" provided by the town. Its elegant Hindu name is "Throwing grass to the oxen, and handing sweets to the dogs."

The most solemn part of the service was over and I suppose royalty rode back for lunch.

In the afternoon prayers for the Emperor King were made in the town mosques and temples.

In the evening when darkness began a procession was formed in front of the Magistrate's tents, Alcock and Esther riding in the centre. A large picture of King George in coronation robes was carried by relays of men before them. This was a suggestion of the towns-people. They had bought a large photograph, sent it to Ahmedabad to be enlarged, got it coloured by native artists and gorgeously framed. It will no doubt afterwards hang on the Court House Wall and be worshipped by thousands.

The procession took what is called "the way of tradition" through certain streets. The town was all lighted up in that wonderful simple and effective way Hindus employ.

The gift of the Government to the town to mark the occasion was a new well, so next day the digging was begun with ever so many ceremonies. In the evening "royalty" held a reception in the great tent and all the notables partook of tea and sweets—which all castes were free to do as a Brahmin cook had been secured for the purpose.

I forgot to say that on the night of the first day there was a brilliant display of fire-works, ending with what the Hindus call "the ceremony of the Bonfire." Whatever else it lacks the smallest hamlet will have its "ceremony of the Bonfire."

Neither Jim nor Nellie give me the same details. But I believe their Durbar was conducted in similar fashion save that it was more magnificent—no less than three elephants in the procession with Jim in a howdah on the biggest. Also the municipality of Jessore erected a temporary theatre and gave a state performance of the play of Shah Jehan. The curtain rose at 8 p.m. and was finally lowered at the end of the last scene about 5 a.m. The Royal Box was only occupied for an hour.

No, ——'s name was not in the *Times*, nor in any of the London dailies save the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Those newspapers got their news from the consulate, which was not near the scene; while a "correspondent" of the *Pall Mall* was on board the "Delhi," and actually in the boat which brought, or

rather did not bring, the royal party ashore. —— has sent me a Christmas card from Gibraltar. When he got to Gibraltar, Halket, the *Pall Mall* correspondent who made him famous, broke down, and —— had to nurse him ; the nursing over, —— succumbed and Halket was nurse in turn. But when nursing was over —— could not discover his boots—the boots that had protected the Princess Maud's feet on the rocks. He found that they had been seized and cut in pieces to be kept as relics.

Warmest greetings to your household and many thanks for their wishing me to make a long stay at Poggio Gherardo. I'll do my best to stay till June 15th at least. Best love to yourself, dear friend.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 10th, 1912.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

It was delightful to get your letter and to know that you were so much better. I do not wonder that you are still weak after the experiences you have gone through. I am sure your fall had something to do with the heart attack.

It is wintry enough all around us. We had on Monday the heaviest fall of snow that has descended on Glasgow for years ; between six and seven inches. The tramway lines were blocked by the afternoon and traffic was suspended. The thaw came on Tuesday night. Fortunately it has not been rapid, so we need not fear river floods in this part of the country.

My asthma has gone, but as usual it has left me both weak and intolerably lazy. I wasted this forenoon in trying to write an article. I could not get the first sentence. It is the second day of trying. The afternoon was spent in an equally useless way. My brother has been working at a MS. which originally came from Albi. He thinks from various bits of evidence that it must belong to the first half of the fourth century—but wishes to date it more accurately. The scribe has, in the way many of those scribes did, put in the margin a pious wish that the God of battles would assist Theohd—(the end of the word fails). Could I find any Theodoric or Theod—as he was a warrior belonging to that S.E. part of France? I could not. Neither Eginhard's *Annals* nor Alcuin's *Letters* give any clue.

I've sought in vain for that chapter of mine on the "Triumph of Christianity" in the first volume of the *Cambridge Mediaeval History*. I know that I have it somewhere—for I used it not six weeks ago. So I fear that you must get the book from Mr. Berenson—for whose complimentary remarks I am much obliged. I have not seen many reviews. That in the *Morning Post* which you sent me was, I think, good. It fell foul of the Editors, and they were to blame, changing their minds so often.

Goodbye, dear friend, and do take care of yourself.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 17th, 1912.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Once they are started your proofs come with speed. The first came yesterday, a second has arrived to-day. So I send with this not one but two sheets. I found them interesting but somewhat breathless reading—you hurry on so fast.

To-day is Glasgow at its worst—unless dense fog be worse. It feels damp, damp, everywhere. It is cold—the temperature just above freezing and no more. My electric light has been burning all day long in the Study. Can you imagine the scene?

So Labouchere has gone. The newspapers are full of long notices. Many of his more trenchant sayings are recalled—not, so far as I have seen, the one I always like: "I do not object to Mr. Gladstone having occasionally a trump card up his sleeve; but I do object to his constantly affirming that Providence placed it there." Had you seen him lately? Bronchitis and heart-failure are given as the causes of death in the newspapers.

I hope Frank Crisp is with you now. He timed himself very well to reach you with your proofs. Nothing like having all the good things coming together at once.

Now I must stop and tackle your proofs, as Elma Story is coming to dinner and they must be finished before she comes or I cannot keep my promise to send them off to-night.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

I've done the proofs and put my observations on the margin. Mrs. Norton's letter has been omitted. Did you mean it to

be? In my humble opinion it is worth inserting; and as you have almost the whole of the next page (p. 17) vacant it could easily go in. I would advise you to re-write the last sentence on p. 5. I remember thinking it involved in typing and printing has not made it clearer. Could it not be cut into two?

THOS. L.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 21st, 1912.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I'm not sure that I'll be able to write you again this week as it threatens to be a very busy one. Yesterday brought two interesting letters from my Indian son and daughter, both mainly concerned about the new arrangements set forth in the King's speech at Delhi. Esther gives the Western India ideas which are all favourable, and says that the common opinion seems to be that everyone and every class are coming round to warm approval, save the Calcutta landlords, who fancy that they will no longer get the exorbitant rents they have been hitherto able to enforce, and the small colony of English merchants in Calcutta who will no longer be able to sway the Government to the detriment of the commerce of Bombay and Kurrachi. Jim has been busy and worried by a command from Calcutta headquarters to get certain roads in tip-top order and to make some miles of new roads as the King may come to shoot snipe in his district. I suspect his work has been in vain, for I did not see that the King went snipe-shooting from Calcutta. But all this about the roads has compelled Jim to ride for days over his big district and to discuss matters with the local landed proprietors. He had a long talk with the oldest, a veritable Bengali patriarch, who had a great deal to say on the changes which he highly approved of. His concluding sentences were: "Our Emperor is a great prince and a strong ruler; He knew that his servant (Lord Curzon) had done wrong and he resolved to come and see for himself: he saw; he is just and strong; he has put things right with a stamp of his foot; He is a strong prince and we reverence him." Highly picturesque, but a real Oriental way of looking at things.

Jim was at the "Show" at Calcutta and had quite a choice place. ——, who is in the Secretariat, had to marshal those who were presented and Jim did not admire the diplomatic uniform he wore: "He looked like an overgrown boy in

buttons belonging to a big hotel," says Jim irreverently. He attended a big dinner of Bengal civilians in Calcutta, where he met Fred. Johnston, an old family friend about twelve years older than Jim. Fred. is in the North-West and was decorated at Delhi: he described the ceremony thus: "I knelt down on one knee and the King stooped over me and fastened the decoration; I kissed the back of his hand and the King wiped it on his tunic; it was all simple and natural."

I've had a long letter from Isabel MacDougall. She has met a Professor Beckswith, professor in New York Academy of Art, who told her about Sargent's youth. "Beckswith told me how thirty-three years ago he and some other students in Paris formed a studio to work under Carolus Duran, of which Beckswith was *Massier*. One day an elderly gentleman with a tall lanky son, carrying a huge portfolio, presented themselves and asked to see Carolus Duran. Beckswith asked them to wait till the "Master" had done criticising his pupils, and set them down on two chairs. Presently the "Master" came and sat down beside the strangers and asked to see what was in the portfolio. As he looked at the wonderfully clever drawings and water-colours by the lad of seventeen his eyes grew bigger and bigger, and he called his class round him to admire them also. The strangers were John Sargent and his father. The lad was instantly admitted to the studio. Old Sargent did not like leaving so young a lad all by himself in Paris, so before he left he arranged that his boy should "chum" with Beckswith, and the two lived for some years together. Sargent told Beckswith that he owed all his talent to his mother, who was a wonderful water-colourist, and who had taught him from childhood to draw and paint in water-colours; that she was the only master he had till he came to Paris. Old Mr. Sargent was a great friend of mine at Contrexeville.

Kindest regards to Miss Erichsen and best love to yourself.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 27th, 1912.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Your welcome letter came this morning. I'm so very sorry to hear you have been ill. I too have been almost laid aside. I've managed to lecture, but that is all and the work I had hoped to do is still to do. It was hard to lecture on

Monday and Tuesday; almost impossible on Wednesday; and I despaired of getting to College on Thursday and Friday. When I tottered into the house on Wednesday I summoned Jessie, told her I'd take no luncheon or dinner, but take a glass of hot milk, I made her light my bedroom fire and have *two hot* water-bottles in my bed. There I retired and lay amid my hot bottles till 8.30 next morning, sleeping most of the time and got up limp but no longer breathless. Yesterday I was not fit for much and did nothing but my College work.

I really think I'm about to have some visitors at last. I'll not expect my sister-in-law till she comes, she has disappointed me so often, but she declares that she is coming on Monday. ——, who always keeps her promises, will be here in the first week of March for ten days.

Miss Erichsen *is* taking time by the forelock. *Patience* is a most admirable game for old age when the faculties are too benumbed to take any interest in life; active people, like you and me, do not require narcotics yet; so we must not be too severe on the aged and helpless. Still there may be something in *Patience* when you cheat freely and positively; must be when you can persuade yourself that you do not cheat when, as a matter of fact, you do.

As I was reading yesterday I came on a child-story of Marie Antoinette which I had not seen before. Ludwig Mozart, choir-master to the Bishop of Salzburg, brought his two prodigies of children, a girl of ten and a boy, Wolfgang, aged six, to Vienna. The children made a great sensation with their clavier playing and were invited to court. After the concert Maria Theresa sent them to play with the royal children, Marie Antoinette being then a few months older than the boy Mozart. As they were playing the small Mozart slipped on the polished floor. Marie Antoinette flew to him, pulled at him and at last got him on his feet. When he was up the small boy thanked the little Archduchess, kissed her and formally proposed to make her his wife. She as gravely accepted. Six and six and a half! Mozart and Marie Antoinette!

I've had no more proofs of your book since the first two; you may depend on me sending them on to you within forty-eight hours. You have made a good job of the sentence I thought rather confusing.

Now this must go if it is to catch the post. Kindest regards to the victim of the Patience mania, and best love to yourself.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Feb. 11th, 1912.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

I had meant to write to you yesterday, but had not half an hour to myself. Callers, one of them remained *two hours*, the arrival of my sister from St. Andrews in the afternoon and of —— from Oxford in the evening, took up all my time, and though I raged inwardly I was politely calm, so far as the outward man was concerned.

I'm better, the asthma departed suddenly. Dr. Mackendrick, who as usual now, was singularly unsympathetic: "Not a touch of bronchitis, only pure asthma," was his constant statement made in the *tone*: which never hurt a fly. All the same he had determined to experiment on me with a new, quite new, medicine—so new that it might not be found in Glasgow. So the poor housemaid had to face the frost and fog, go off into town, only to return with the news that the stuff would have to be ordered from London and could not arrive before Tuesday at the earliest. Of course you'll desire to know its name. I take it from the prescription which, so far as I can decipher it, is: "Tablets anti-asthmatic, Martindale. Tube 12."

I hope you are the wiser; I am not. Now mark the mysteries of Providence. Had the stuff been procured and partaken of on Saturday, then, *Floreat res Medica.* The physician would have been praised for his skill and the drug for its efficacy. But as it did not come till Tuesday when the asthma was really gone. . . . The frost left us on Tuesday night. The mercury rose 25 degrees Fahr. within twenty-four hours. The weather since has been like what one expects in the end of April.

How the session seems to gallop to its end. Yesterday we fixed the days of the final examinations. They take place on the 19th or 20th of March; though the classes do not end till the 27th. Already I've begun to wonder how I can get all in to the lectures that remain to be delivered. As usual I find myself wishing that I had another month to finish all that I wish to say. I do not suppose that I'd like to be taken at my word! I return your preface, which is just what it ought to be, only does it not need a linking sentence something like what I have taken the liberty of adding? When I read it first I felt that something was lacking, and on going over it twice or three times I at last hit upon what seemed to be left out.

I'm quite overwhelmed by lots of trifles left undone while

asthma had dominion over me, and must be at my desk all day if I can make my visitors keep to the drawing-room—which will not be entirely possible. So, dear friend, adieu for the present.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Feb. 14th, 1912.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I've just remembered that this is St. Valentine's day; so you are at liberty to call this a Valentine if you please, which I do not suppose you will. I have —— with me still, she leaves to-morrow. The dog and mistress do not come till March 6th, no need for condolences till that date.

Our frost has departed; but not our cold. We had four days of balmy spring weather. Now bitter East and North East winds. Asthma has not come back, but I am a little breathless.

The session is speeding to its close. I really do not know how to get all my work done in the time I now have left; but I shall be glad when the end comes. Easter comes awkwardly for me I find. I do not see how I can get away before Easter week, and I do not care to travel during that week; so I'll be kept here a week longer than I need be, a nuisance which cannot be helped, I fear.

I have had no letter from Susie for a long time; but I've read two to other people. As I thought, everything about the Churchill meeting was grossly exaggerated. One must always deduct 75 per cent. from news of what happens in Ireland. —— was at the meeting and says that the audience was mostly of respectable Protestant farmers who were once against Home Rule, but have become disgusted with the Orange hysteria of the mob led by Sir E. Carson and Lord Londonderry, and are now resolved on Home Rule as the lesser evil. I'm glad —— took no harm from the meeting. It rained all day, and the huge tent roof was by no means watertight.

We have been having object lessons in cookery—the text-book being your cookery manual—for Molly Murray Dunlop and Erica. They go to the kitchen and see Jessie at work, then they eat the results at dinner.

Now this must come to an end if the post is to be caught. Kind regards to your visitors and best love to yourself.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, March 4th, 1912.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

I have been allowed downstairs five days now and feel all right again. To-morrow I resume work and, besides lecturing, have two important finance meetings connected with the College which I must attend. Personally I did not find Erysipelas such a painful and discomforting calamity as all my sympathising correspondents (and they have been many) imagined it to be. My face was swollen out of all shape and one of my eyes completely closed up, while the other was almost so; but there was none of that depression of body and benumbing of mind which even a slight attack of asthma gives.

I had a very nice skilful and intelligent nurse from the very beginning and she left me only on Saturday. The treatment, as I told both nurse and Doctor, seemed to me to belong more to the art of cosmetics than to the science of medicine. Of course there was the usual limitation of nourishment to milk, meat jelly and dainties of that kind. That was all in the day's work. But the special treatment was distinctly cosmetic. For five days, twice or three times a day, my face (all of it including the nose), top of head and skull behind the ears, were painted—yes painted with a paint-brush of a biggish sort—with a thick sticky stuff called, I think, Ichthyol—which, if words mean anything, was distinctly "fishy." Each coat was laid on its predecessor. "Would you like to see yourself?" said my nurse with gentle malice, presenting me a hand mirror. I looked. I was a rich dark brown—the colour of that rare Japanese lacquer work so much sought after. This was peeled off or got itself rubbed off on the pillow after painting had ceased. Then came three or four days of anointing thickly with a stuff whose name I do not know. It was by no means so ornamental as the lacquer. I looked the colour of putty slightly mixed with white lead. Then, in the end, I had such a complexion! Any society lady might have envied me. I was beautiful to behold. Traces of it still linger, but I fear the face is soon to resume its old tints.

You ask if I have coals enough. Really I do not know. Our coal cellar is ridiculously small. It was empty ten days ago and four tons were got in which filled it. Then if the worst comes to the worst the maids can keep warm and do their cooking at an electric stove in the pantry. We have reduced our fires—as the weather has been warm.

I expect —— to-night about 10 p.m. It is doubtful, however, whether she can come from where she is in one day.

For she is in Skye, and it is not easy to get away from an Island in winter. The one steamer is apt to be irregular. I'm a little anxious about her, for she is far from well, and the weather has taken a bad turn. To-day a bitter East wind is blowing. I've got a warm Shetland shawl to envelop head and face when I venture out to-morrow. You are right to warn me against cold ; the Doctor has been very urgent about that also.

It was very pleasant—it always is pleasant—to get your letters, dear friend, even when I cannot answer. This letter must serve for a week ; only I'll attend to the proof sheets, if they come. I cannot tell what my plans of travel are until next week.

Yours ever, THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Sept. 4th, 1912.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I hope that you have had a safe journey to Florence and are enjoying a delightful climate in your own house. I am in my own house, but the climate ! ! ! Tom arrived in the late afternoon, well and happy. He is interested in his work and is specially proud of having been selected to translate for the benefit of the Office some memoranda received from Berlin on the German National Insurance Scheme. Yesterday I tried to reduce to some order the chaos of accumulations of nearly five months' absence. I do hope to begin some real work to-morrow.

Susie proposes to come here for a fortnight during this month to set my house in order for the winter. If she does come she will be of great use to me.

Everyone at the Club seemed to be reading your *Fourth Generation*. Three men spoke to me about it—praising it highly. One was Mr. Chrystal, who is private secretary to the Home Secretary ; another Mr. Fortescue, who succeeded your friend Dr. Garnett in the British Museum, and a third was Hope Moncrieff, a writer of many books. Your volume must have been very extensively reviewed.

Monday was not a bad day here ; on Tuesday a gale blew and heavy rain fell continuously all day. You are well away. Jessie sends respectful greetings ; she was distressed when I told her how ill Carolina had been.

Now goodbye and do take care of yourself.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Sept. 13th, 1912.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

Here I am rather breathless, but it has not gone the length of an attack of asthma.

I don't think I've informed you about something curious which Mr. Fortescue (British Museum) told me at the Savile. Within the last fourteen months he has had visits from more than twenty (it was twenty-one or twenty-two) German Librarians, representing all kinds of German Libraries—University, National, Municipal—and they were all keen to know how the British Museum library was worked; what arrangements were made for readers, cataloguing, bookcases, assortment, etc. etc., in short, everything about the working of a great library. The visit of the first two or three excited no great curiosity for the Library is visited by such official persons from all parts of the world, but when the twentieth arrived, Mr. Fortescue became intensely curious, told his visitor of the number of German *confrères* who had come and asked if there was any explanation. Then the German unbosomed. He said that a wave of pessimism was passing over Germany and an utter lack of trust in themselves and their methods. When they looked abroad there was one country in which they saw everything done better—*everything*, education, municipalities, libraries. "Just look at the last effort you have made. Your National Insurance is very much better and more practical than ours. Even our army, we believe, is not so good as the French. So we are sending men representing all departments of public and social life to study your methods. I'm here on behalf of libraries. I've seen already how superior yours are to ours." "I could not help thinking," said Fortescue, "that to judge from common talk, *we* were as pessimistic about ourselves, and said so, but my German visitor would not believe me." Is not that rather curious? Fortescue added that he had taken his holiday in Germany this year, and had naturally looked mostly at the books in booksellers' shops. He had been saddened and shocked to find the change from ten years ago, the date of his last visit. Everywhere he discovered that book shops were full of such scandalous novels that they would have been seized and burnt in this country. "To judge by the book shops," he said, "Germany is very rotten."

Yours ever,

Thomas M. Lindsay.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Sept. 20th, 1912.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

Yours of the 17th came this morning. Many thanks for it. The weather here, for one must make it the first topic, has failed to fulfil the promise given us in three or four delightful days. All meteorological weather forecasts have utterly failed this season—not that I much trust in them. One of the best Scottish meteorologists, he who was set over the Observatory on Ben Nevis, once said to me: "For all our talk, it is quite impossible to predict the weather for more than one or two days beforehand, and even then we are often mistaken."

Mr. Bell ought to have a good time of it under your nursing and Dr. Giglioli's guidance. What a season this has been for rheumatism. Ever so many of my friends seem to be suffering greatly. I do not think that my sister is much better for all her baths and drinking at Harrogate.

I discovered lately and by accident that Jessie has a singular way of discriminating my lady visitors. She seems to apply it to everyone save to you and to Susie. What fixes them in her mind is the Jam or Jelly she believes they like best. Bramble-berry (benighted Englishmen call the fruit Blackberries) Jelly stands for Isabel MacDougall; Plum Jam for Molly Dunlop; something Jessie calls Rhubard Preserve for my sister; Strawberry Jam for Agnes Smith, and so on. I suppose I ought to give them their proper names and so Isabel will be Miss Bramble-jelly.

I have no more news. So must conclude.

Ever yours,

Thomas M. Lindsay.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Oct. 11th, 1912.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

You will be glad to know that I have got over my serious illness. I was not allowed to leave the house till the College opened on Wednesday. That day was no test for I had little to do but preside at the opening lecture and attend to some routine business, but yesterday and to-day I have had full work, lecturing twice each day, and have a good deal of College business besides. Yesterday I returned very worn out, but to-day the feeling of tiredness has disappeared. I

scarcely expected to get back to my ordinary strength. Susie and I have thought of a way of preventing what happened to me being repeated. She has written on a card the address of a nurse and in future, if taken so ill suddenly, I have only to say " nurse," and Jessie will telephone for one.

I'm so glad you are still getting reviews and letters of praise about your *Fourth Generation*. I saw the third edition advertised the other day. As I somewhat listlessly turned over the pages of a catalogue sent by a second-hand bookseller, I saw the book on *Florence* by Col. and Mrs. Goff. I sent for it, for the name's sake, and although the coloured reproductions are very much inferior to the sketches we saw—as indeed they must be—I am glad to possess it.

Have you seen Besley's account of the wreck of the *Titanic*? You may remember he was one of the survivors. It is having a prodigious sale and has already been translated into French and German. I think that you would like it.

Susie went back to Belfast last night, promising to return in a month. A month after that I expect Sandie and his wife Erica. My children, who are within reach, seem bent on keeping me company during this winter, which will be very pleasant.

It is idle to describe the weather here; less than twenty-four hours brings a complete change. I wish this to go to-night. So goodbye.

Ever yours,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Oct. 15th, 1912.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I know that I wrote you a week ago, but I've forgotten whether I have written since. So I may repeat myself. I think that now I am quite as well if not better than I was this time last year, and that my sad time of three weeks has really done me good by expelling or giving outlet to the evil that was in this frail body of mine. I was *very* bad; especially during the five days when I was quite alone gasping under the spasms of asthma. It is a thing not likely to happen again—to have one's doctor away on his holiday, to know that his substitute had fallen down a cellar stairs and was confined to bed; to be too weak and breathless to give orders to have a nurse. I ought to have had a nurse I know; but

when I am suddenly smitten with spasmodic asthma I've no breath to give elaborate directions.

Did the *Morning Post* tell you of an engineer's proposal to change completely the weather on both sides of the North Atlantic? He wishes to build a breakwater some seventy miles out into the ocean from the S.E. point of Newfoundland. The effect, he says, will be to make the cold Labrador current dive to the depth of the sea, allow the warm Gulf Stream to meander gently along the coast of Labrador and cross over to Scotland with its heat unquenched. So we are to have perpetual summer here in Scotland, while the rugged coasts of Labrador are to blossom as the rose. Only £38 millions are needed for the project! It will not do anything for Italy; but it may melt the ice round the North Pole etc. etc.

Very kindest regards to Crisp and to all your household.

Ever yours in haste (I don't mean *always* in haste),

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Oct. 31st, 1912.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Do not be surprised if you do not hear from me for ten days. My Dr. has insisted that I must remain in bed for a week; and, unlike yourself and the late Mr. Gladstone, I cannot write even post-cards when I am in bed. But I promise you that if I get really ill, which I am not, you will get the news somehow. The Doctor wished me to be in bed this week, but I compromised with him. I promised to obey when I secured a suitable man to take charge of my College work. That was done only yesterday. The nurse is secured, she is to attend on both my sister and myself. I'm to be sent to bed to get a week of rest—rest indeed—restlessness is liker what will happen.

I do not think it at all likely that my sister will go to Baden-Baden. Her present attack of eczema has rather been fostered than prevented by Dr. ——. He says that to bring it out is good for her. She is now much better. Meanwhile the nurse engaged for me is to wait on her also. I trust she will give my sister nine-tenths of her time and leave me alone.

Two or three days ago I heard accidentally the news that my old students are going to ask me to have my portrait painted to be hung in the College Hall. I hear too that the artist they are likely to select is Sir James Guthrie. You know

that I have no great desire for such a thing ; but I am grateful all the same to my students. I hope I'll not be too asthmatic to sit properly. I'm not supposed to know anything about it. It is to come with all the glory of a surprise.

What an adventure—your parrot hunt and rescue. Shall I see the bird installed at Poggio Gherardo, I wonder.

I'm told this season is a wonderful one everywhere for gorgeous colouring of trees. The news comes to me from England, France as well as Italy and Scotland. How are the olives doing ?

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 10th, 1912.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I'm free at last. The poor trapped creature has broken his bonds, burst his cage, and has re-become a human being. I had an excellent bed, large enough to hold five, and an admirable and careful nurse. I never had any one else who could so manipulate bolster and pillows that I could sit up comfortably and yet feel reclining. Of course she had to obey Doctor's orders and wash—regularly, hands, face, breast, back and feet : but to her lasting honour be it said, she never once subjected me to that crowning indignity of taking hold of my chin and brushing my hair. I got up and felt weak and staggery—the effect of *rest* I presume ; went down stairs carefully, clutching the banisters, sat down to lunch ; and am now in my Study. It was just as well that you thought I had retired some days earlier than I did, or your letters would not have come so soon. As it was I got two at the beginning of my imprisonment—which was the time I needed them most.

I do not know that my health look out is very good. " Now you'll do very nicely," said my Doctor, " if you take care not to catch cold." " That's cold comfort," I replied, " I do not catch cold ; it is cold that catches me ; and if there is a cold or a mosquito about it is sure to catch me, do what I like." He adopted his most bed-sidy manner and looked at me as if I were a naughty child. I am sure you sympathise with *him.*

I had a letter from Jim yesterday written from Darjeeling and enclosing a curiously worded request from Lord Carmichael asking Jim to call on His Excellency in order to " talk about

your district *and your father.*" The talk about the district must have been highly satisfactory for after furlough Jim is to return there as a full-blown Collector, and a special grant of rupees 25,000 is to be given for sanitation and to fight the malaria. His Excellency also informed Jim that he was resolved to learn to speak Bengali and asked him how he thought the pronunciation could be best acquired. To which Jim replied: "By going to the native theatre, where the actors speak the best Bengali." No Governor, writes Jim, has ever been seen in a native theatre, but I think he will go; it will make a great sensation. What was said about "his father" I cannot tell you; but your *Fourth Generation* was mentioned. Lord Carmichael said that he had ordered the book sometime ago, but that it had not arrived. So Jim lent him his copy.

Have you heard whether the Italian Government will or will not permit Sir Henry Layard's bequest of his pictures to the National Gallery? Horatio Brown thought that they would not interfere in spite of former threats.

I wonder whether the Turks will finally be expelled from Europe now. That has been my passionate longing since I was quite small; it is almost too good to believe.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 24th, 1912.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I did not get writing yesterday, as I expected. I had some arrears of College business to clear away, and I worked very slowly. This last attack was both severe and unexpected. My week in bed certainly did me good. It has cleared away every trace of indigestion. But it seemed to leave clear space for asthma and the "fiend" promptly took advantage —*pure* asthma; but the worst kind, spasmodic, which is very hard to bear and very weakening. I had a long talk with the Doctor yesterday to ask him whether I ought not to make some permanent arrangement about my classes, as the constant interruptions were not fair to my students. He did not think it necessary. I am, he said, quite well, save for this asthmatic tendency, better than I was in general health during the last two years, and that I should go on meanwhile at least. So I begin again on Monday. I have not much self-confidence however.

The second box of Kaki arrived safely yesterday. It is too good of you to send me so many when you have so few. You really ought not to have done it; though I *do* appreciate the gift.

I hope that Jim will not be out of India just when Mr. Lacaita is there. He has now got his leave definitely and I suppose leaves in the last week of February. Now, dearest friend, I must stop. A little thing tires me still and my pen has been very troublesome and irritating.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 1st, 1912.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

At last November is past. The two months I dislike most are November and February, and of the two November. I always feel a certain relief when that month is over. Its last days have been bad. On Sunday began a storm of wind and rain which continued all Monday and came to a height on Tuesday, when we had a tremendous gale. I do not feel the cold very badly; so I must be much better.

I expect Sandie and his wife for a fortnight, which will be very pleasant. The Doctor thinks that I should keep the house during the holidays, and perhaps take a week in bed; I am doubtful about that, but I'll probably obey in keeping the house.

The Historical Congress meets in London this year on the 3rd of April. It met in Rome the year before last and in Berlin last year. I had an invitation to both and did not go; but this year the Committee have made me a Vice-President of one of the sections, so if asthma permits I think I ought to attend. But I have refused to read a paper.

In leisure half-hours, when I feel strong enough, I'm writing out rough notes of my Pyrenées tour, simply putting down what things I learnt on it, so as not to forget them if I have ever strength enough to write about it properly. Some of the notes on the Cagots or descendants of the Pyrenées lepers, on the mediaeval pilgrim routes over the mountains into Spain, on the self-government of the communities etc.; however dry my notes are, they cannot be found in English, nor in any one book in French. I hope as I get on to put down some notes on the Bastides of South France, a much disputed

subject. Goodbye, dear friend, for the present, and many thanks for writing so often in spite of such small return.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 8th, 1912.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

This winter seems to be a rather miserable one for me—never quite sure but that asthma may come, and always weak and unable to do hardly anything. My students have selected Mr. Fiddes Watt or Watts, I'm not sure which, to do my portrait. Sir James Guthrie is two years deep in engagements and they did not wish to wait so long.

All that I seem able to do at present is to type from time to time rough notes on my tour in the Pyrenées. I've taken particular places and made them pegs for hanging general information about subjects really connected with more than those places I select. Thus Sauveterre-de-Béarn serves as a peg for my notes on the Cagots or descendants of the lepers; the vallée d'Aspe for those on the government of the semi-independent communities of the valleys of the Pyrenées and also for the habit of winter-pasturing of sheep far from home; Arthez for notes on Montgomery's raid and Romanist lying fables about it; the vallée d'Ossan for notes on Serfdom, the *Droit du Seigneur*, etc.; Bielle for pilgrimages, also for the use of the Church as the village ball-room; Saint Savin for curious Seignorial privileges; the valley of Cauteret for travelling in the sixteenth century; Cauteret for mediaeval baths in Southern France; Lourdes for the Free Companies, etc. etc. It is rather an Olla Podrida—but it seems to suit my mood, when I'm too tired to think it all out.

I've had a letter from Jim. He seems very busy in his district, as in the time of sacred festivals the Hindus and the Mohammedans are keen to fly at each other's throats. Now I must stop, so adieu for the present, dearest friend.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 15th, 1912.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

What are bastides? Drs. differ and for long I could get no satisfactory answer. Now I think I know, but it will

take some time yet before I satisfy myself. The word and the thing belong exclusively to the South of France; none are East of the Rhone and none further North than midway between the Loire and the Pyrenées. They were all built within a definite period 1250-1350, *i.e.* from the close of the Albigensian war to almost the end of the first part of the Hundred Years war between France and England, which is the period when the Free Companies were devastating the South of France and the wretched inhabitants of the country districts, as opposed to the Castles with lords and retainers, were loudly calling for some protection. They were almost all founded on waste or uncultivated lands and were peopled almost exclusively by the *rural* population. They all exhibit one definite structure and plan; they were fortified by a single or double wall of circumvallation; within the fortification they are either square or oblong with an open space in the centre in which stood the Townhall with a lofty tower, so high that the watchman could overlook the fortifying walls and all the country about; the streets were at right angles and the houses were set in square blocks, etc. etc. They had all charters which exhibit a curious uniformity of conditions and privileges, and all imply a connection between the town thus formed and the central authority, whether King of France, or King of England (Duke of Aquitaine), or great vassal who has thrown off allegiance and claims to rule "by Grace of God," not of King. They are for the most part on defensible sites and some were reckoned impregnable. Hence they grew up defences on the out-posts of territories holding the country for the over-Lord, cities-of-refuge for the harassed country folk and for serfs (who became free when they reached them), and the nurseries for the Tiers État, then slowly emerging. I knew very little about them when we started on our tour or I would have made arrangements for examining one or two thoroughly; but I am going to write a condensed summary of what I have learned in my rough notes of the tour. Two ceremonies invariably accompanied the foundation of the Bastide—(1) the commissioner of the granter of the charter drove a stake (*pal*) into the centre of the future central square, and (2) a herald with a trumpeter perambulated the neighbourhood and proclaimed the privileges granted to the town about to be founded. Then whatever the old name of the place of foundation, a new name was formally given to the new town, and some were curious; for, in default of anything local, names of known European towns were sometimes given. Thus we have *Pavie* for Pavia, and *Fleurance* for Florence, etc.

I was able to examine thoroughly the *inside* of one only of these Bastides, a town that I was sure must be a Bastide though the *Guide-Joanne* did not call it so: Montrejeau, about half-way between Pau and Toulouse.

I had a charming visit from my old friend Mrs. Whyte, from Monday to Wednesday, when Sandie and Erica arrived to leave again on Friday. This new office of Examiner in Greats compels Sandie to go some days earlier than he had meant. Adieu for the present, dear friend.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

I enclose my rough notes.

BASTIDES DIFFERENT FROM OTHER TOWNS.

They sprang into growth at once and had none of the slow early existence of other towns, and, for this reason, they could be and were built according to a preconceived plan which was rigidly adhered to and, in general outline, was the same for all Bastides; their charters all show the presence of three contracting parties—the central authority (whether King, or Prince who acknowledges no liege lord and declares that he rules "by Grace of God"), the local lord of the land on which the new town was built, and the population who inhabited it; they all came into existence between 1250 and 1360, which was roughly the date of the close of the Albigensian wars (Montsegur fell in 1244), and the close of the first phase of the Hundred Years War between France and England; and three motives prompted their erection—they were meant to serve as frontier defences, or to be centres for the cultivation of waste lands, or to safeguard districts over-run by lawless men who were freebooters, and these motives are usually expressed in their charters.

The GROUND PLAN of the Bastide was as follows—a site was selected invariably such as lent itself to defence and usually on the plateau of a hill which rose solitarily from a plain; on this site was traced a square, or more frequently a rectangular oblong, to mark where the wall of defence was to be raised. In the centre was marked out a square to serve for the market-place, the meeting ground of the inhabitants, and for municipal purposes. The surrounding wall had four gates, and from these gates went the four principal streets. The other streets, very narrow as a rule, were so drawn as to divide the town into square blocks of houses; the houses most sought after were those erected around the market place. Houses were at

the first planning of one storey ; they were commonly 25 feet in frontal length and usually at least as deep. All houses within one Bastide had exactly the same ground plan and were of the same size. The inhabitants had the right to use whatever building materials they might find in the near neighbourhood—stone, sand, lime, etc. But as one of their earliest tasks was to clear the lands around the Bastide of the dense virgin forest to prepare it for cropping, wood was naturally chiefly used in the construction of their houses. The commonest practice seems to have been to enclose the space allotted to them for their houses with low walls of stone, and on these to erect frame houses, filling the empty spaces with tenacious soil or hastily burnt brick (a style of building still practised in Switzerland). As soon as the sites were allotted, the families began to work at building their houses. The market-place was always arranged on one plan ; as I saw was still retained at Montrejeau. Whether square or oblong, sturdy stone pillars were raised along its four sides, and on them was built a hall which served for the Town Hall and also for the municipal chambers, and which was reached by a narrow stair. The lower portion, fenced with pillars and not with walls, served for the market. The houses which faced the square had porticoes, or a common arcade, round the four fronts—just as I saw at Montrejeau. From the roof of the Town Hall a slight tower raised itself high enough to see the four chief streets and their gates, to overlook the walls, and the neighbouring country, and there was placed the watchman. The houses facing the square were usually given to the more distinguished members of the new community—to cadets of noble houses, if they had thrown in their lot with the people of the Bastide, or to the *free* peasants. The custom of building the Town Hall on pillars leaving a free space for the market beneath was not peculiar to the Bastides. The Hotel de Ville of Paris itself was called *la Maison aux Piliers* in the fourteenth century.

The fortifications of the Bastides were all of the same pattern. An enclosing wall, thick and massive, high enough to prevent escalade, surrounded all the houses. It was pierced with four gates which each had a square tower. One or two smaller towers were built at intervals along the walls. Towers and walls were pierced with loop-holes shaped like a cross. The ground at the foot of the walls was cut so as to fall in rapid descent and its surface was kept free of bushes. At the foot of the slope was a deep ditch that went round the whole, and was crossed by four drawbridges at the gates.

Each drawbridge was defended by a small barbican. Sometimes there was a second ditch, less frequently a second circumvallation. These fortifications could not be erected by the poor agrarian folk who formed the first inhabitants of the Bastide. In most of the earlier ones, built to be frontier fortresses, the kingly authority paid for their erection ; later, it was often paid for by some tax. In a few Bastides the king's seneschal insisted on erecting a castle within the Bastide—in such cases the town commonly lost its freedom and its character as a Bastide.

The land immediately beyond the surrounding ditch was divided into as many portions as there were houses and these plots were the gardens. Beyond them lay the lands assigned for cultivation, one farm for each family. Besides these the inhabitants had grazing rights on the waste lands around.

These three kinds of land—sites within the walls, gardens immediately outside the walls, and the farms—were, for the most part, at the foundation of a Bastide, given by lots. The Bastide of Montréal was founded in 1255 by the Comte de Toulouse and his seneschal, Guillaume de Bagnole, appointed M. Pons Mainard, notary public in Agen, to act for him in all these matters ; *ad talliandum carrerias et paleau, et terras, caseralla, et loca domorum dividenda et adjudicanda.*

The charters of the Bastides make it clear that their first inhabitants were exclusively drawn from that class of the population who cultivated the soil and who were cruelly exploited under the feudal system. Some of them, especially in Béarn and Bigorre, were free labourers ; but by far the largest number were serfs who were completely at the mercy of their lords, and possessed nothing—not even themselves. When they became inhabitants of a Bastide they acquired rights, commonplace to us, but extraordinary boons to them. These privileges may be briefly put :

(1) So long as they paid the small dues they had covenanted, so long as they were not malefactors, they could not be seized in person and their possessions were securely their own.

(2) Their houses were inviolable ; the charters menace with pains and penalties any one who dares to force his way into a house.

(3) Fathers of families could marry their daughters to whom they pleased without paying for the privilege. Think what this meant to men who could not marry a daughter without their lord's leave and who had been compelled to see them subject to the atrocious *Droit du Seigneur*.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 28th, 1912.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

I had meant to write you on Friday and it was not from lack of time I did not do so. On that day and on Saturday I dawdled all day and did nothing, feeling useless and tired beyond measure. The perpetual gale knocks me quite up, though I never leave the house. I wonder when this succession of gales is going to cease. The lead has thrice been stript from the ridge of my house and from the outhouse and with it many slates; who knows what sort of bill I'll have to pay the slaters.

A calamity came last week. I broke one of the wires of my type-writer. For a year I had wanted a new type-writer, so this accident decided me and I have a new Remington, No. 10. It is a great comfort; though the key-board is not quite the same as the old one, so I cannot work very fast on it yet. I made them take away some of the fractions and put French and German accents on the keys instead. Also I can see what I write.

I'm so very glad, dearest friend, that you are so well. I would like to please you by saying the same of myself; but I fear I cannot yet.

Yours ever,

Thomas M. Lindsay.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 9th, 1913.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

Will you take the enclosed as part of my letter? When anything personal happens my children like to hear about it; so I type several copies—one for each. I thought you might like to hear about the first interview with the portrait painter—and added a sheet for you. I really have not much else to say.

No. No. I am not writing a book. I'm not fit for any original work at present; but Christmas and New Year bring tasks to me as to others. All I can do is to write out my notes and that is largely copying from scraps, pencilled notes I took either before or during the tour. But I am engaged on three or four new lectures on the Mediaeval Church in Scotland, and I work very slowly at them. They must be done by Tuesday, when I begin to deliver them.

Yours ever,

Thomas M. Lindsay.

Interview with Mr. Fiddes Watt.

I went to Edinburgh on Friday to be for a day or two with the ——, and my interview was fixed for the 6th. I had not expected to see Dr. —— or his daughter ——. They had been for three weeks in Switzerland, but when they heard I was coming they were good enough to hurry home. What a busy household. Dr. —— is in his study most of the day; —— manages the house; but Mrs. ——. . . . She has a private secretary, who is busy typing all day long, save when she is at the telephone—and that impertinent little bell emits its shrill tinkle continually. On Wednesday Mrs. —— got word from Sofia that the Scottish nurse sent to care for the wounded Bulgarians had broken down. On Thursday she wrote letters, and by Saturday had received in return the £35 needed to pay the expenses of a second nurse. On Sunday evening she interviewed a highly recommended nurse, who started on Tuesday for Sofia. "I wish I could retire to a lonely hermitage," she said to me. "Yes, a hermitage with a good going telephone," I replied.

Well, she mothered me nicely. On Monday (my interview with the artist was at 11 o'clock) she decided that my moustache and beard needed trimming. Twenty minutes later I found myself seated on a chair, a barber trimming away, and Mrs. —— sitting opposite to me to see that everything was done properly, and then insisted that she must accompany me to the studio. It was a long room with a roof light giving a north exposure and with a great many portraits waiting for finishing touches—among others Lord Minto, Lord Balcarres—all of them wonderful likenesses. The artist looked quite young, somewhat tall, hairless face, light sandy hair with a tuft at the top of the head which no stroking could compel to lie flat.

He explained that the first interview was always worrying to the sitter and to the artist; that it meant searching for the proper pose, and that in posing he considered the hands, the line of the arms and shoulders, the poise of the head, and the folds and line of the gown. Therefore he took repeated photographs. I was photographed fourteen times. A professional photographer was brought in, who removed the plates and snapped the shutters while Mr. Watts did the posing. He dodged about on hands and knees to get his head level with the lens, jumping forward to crook a finger, to shift my hands, to place an arm, to get proper folds to my gown. Mrs. —— did not interfere save to say several times: "Re-

member, Mr. Watt, he is a fighter, a born fighter! He does not look like it; but that is what he is. Oh, you ought to have seen him in the Robertson Smith case." At last the artist said that he wished my gown were more of a robe. "Are you entitled to wear another?" The St. Andrews' LL.D., I said. Then Mrs. —— jumped up: "I'll fetch one; I'll not be twenty minutes away." He took four poses in which I sat in an uncomfortable artistic chair and then in a commonplace comfortable one, and then Mrs. —— appeared in triumph with the St. Andrews robe. Luckily the artist was of my opinion that the garish red robe with its broad white silk collar was not satisfactory, so Mrs. —— departed with it. Both Mr. Watt and I were rather tired and he proposed a pipe. We smoked and talked; then time was called again. I placed my pipe on the mantelpiece, and was turning to take my place when something caught my gown. Clutching it with my left hand I drew it across me. "Stop; stand quite still; there is the pose at last." So the camera was wheeled round and I was taken thrice in that position with slight variations. So ended a very fatiguing but somewhat interesting two hours; for it always interests me to see how masters in their craft set to work.

Mr. Watt wishes me to give him sittings in Edinburgh sometime in July, he says six or seven will suffice, meanwhile he studies the photographs. That is his invariable way of working.

Such is my long story. I was very well while in Edinburgh; but the day in the studio rather exhausted me, while the cold East wind on Monday morning seemed to chill me to the bone. Still I am better just now than I have been since October, and am looking forward to the renewal of College work with less apprehension than formerly.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Feb. 8th, 1913.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

I had meant to write to you four days ago; but one has such arrears of work to attend to after three weeks' illness that time failed me. Besides I had a visitor and my evenings were not my own.

Our bad weather continues. Incessant winds accompanied with deluges of rain. Last night it blew so strongly that I feared the windows would be blown in. I've had bad luck every time of my recovery, and this last was no exception.

I do hope that during the seven weeks which now remain I'll be fit for my work.

Whatever Dr. M. says I do not mean to forego Poggio Gherardo. It would make too much of a blank in my life not to be two months at least with you. This year I'm a little uncertain owing to Jim, but I hope to be with you by the middle of April to stay till the end of June. July must be spent at home; both for Jim and for my portrait.

I've just been asked to write an article on Martin Bucer for the *Quarterly Review*. Bucer, as you know, was the Reformer of Strassburg, and in time of persecution fled to England, where he taught at Cambridge. The Strassburg people wish to erect some memorial to him in their city, and have applied to Cambridge to aid them. The Cambridge University has taken the thing up. The Committee think that it would help them to have an article on Bucer in the *Quarterly*, and the Editor, Dr. Prothero, has asked me to do it. I'd like to write it very much and yet dread it somewhat—fearing that asthma may prevent. It is wanted for the October number, and I think that I might manage it in Italy. Surely we'll not have another cold and wet time of it in Florence. If it is warm I've no fear.

I'll not be so long in writing again.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Feb. 15th, 1913.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Here I am in your debt—two letters which came this morning. I have now been a fortnight doing my work comfortably while there but returning home very tired and very lazy. I've ten or twelve letters which I ought to answer, and somehow have felt too tired to turn to my desk. I've said to myself that I must write them to-day, and, of course, have begun with you. It has been very good of you to write so often, for you know you always have cheered me, and I've been so very ungrateful. This last week I've done nothing but my College work—not a line even of my Tour, at which I could always do a little. I hope I've beaten this laziness this morning. I've been so idle and useless that I actually did not want my sister to come for this week-end, and telegraphed to her to wait for another week.

The weather is for me rather better, there have been five whole days without the moaning of the wind. But absence of wind has brought fog, which is not pleasant. I do envy you your weather.

Now goodbye, dearest friend, for the present. My College work will be over in six weeks.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, March 2nd, 1913.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I've got through last week's lecturing without harm, and only hope I may reach the end of the session without break. It ends on the 26th, when I deliver the Valedictory lecture. I cannot tell yet what my plans are after the 26th. Some days there must be here before I can start.

The *Quarterly Review* is to give me till the end of August for my article; so I've agreed to write it, only the Editor wishes me to say most about the part of Bucer's life I know least—his sojourn in England at Cambridge. I'm going through the *Theologische Jahresberichte* to see if there is any recent literature on him, quite unsuccessfully.

I do not know whether you remember my description of the Cagots of the Pyrenees in the notes of my Tour. I've just had from your cousin Mad. Comte's son-in-law a nice little photograph of the private door which admitted those outcasts to their place in the church at Sauveterre-de-Béarn, very interesting.

I'm tired now. It is provoking how soon writing tires me. So I think I'd better stop, dearest friend.

Ever yours,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, March 12th, 1913.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I had meant to write to you on Sunday and here it is Tuesday. I'm quite tired out in these days—I get up tired, feel tired most of the day; in fact the only hours in which I do not feel tired are when I am lecturing and from 9–11 p.m. But it will soon end. I have only seven more lecture days, though College does not close till the 20th.

I do not know yet when I leave Glasgow; that depends, among other things, on my strength. But the International Historical Congress meets from April 3rd to April 9th, and I am bound to be there at the beginning if at all possible. I've been selected to represent Scotland as a Vice-President in my section (Sect. V.). I can hardly expect to be able to leave London till the 13th. Paris is the indefinite part of the journey; if Tom's holidays permit I have promised him four days with me there. If they do not I'm free to do what suits me best.

My sister has been ordered to Florence by her doctor. She leaves with her friends, Prof. and Mrs. Scott-Lang, on the 26th I think. When I know her address in Florence I'll send it you.

Our weather is bad for me. On Thursday we had snow, on Friday hard frost, on Saturday thaw, and since then wind with short savage rain and in the intervals between the showers, bright sunshine. The wind is cold. Farewell.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, March 20th, 1913.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I think I sent you a post-card saying that I had finished the College examinations and closing Address on Wednesday. I was feeling remarkably well, but we have had three days of East wind and I am rather breathless in consequence. I have secured a bedroom at the Savile Club for a week, which is a comfort. I must attend the opening meeting of the Congress on Thursday forenoon if I possibly can, but I have refused to go to the great dinner given by the Government in the Cecil Hotel, and to the big reception afterwards. Instead I hope to have Tom dining with me quietly at the Savile Club that evening.

This International Historical Congress is evidently to be a big thing. I've just got the list of papers to be read and of entertainments to be gone to. I'll not go to hear many of the papers and I'll attend none of the entertainments. I hope we shall have no East wind in London.

What a lot of things one has to do in order to get clear away. I've got all outside things finished off, but there remains a good deal to be done—*e.g.* lectures to be arranged and put away for next year and things like that, and they take it out of me and make me very tired.

Tom quite expects his holidays will enable him to go with me to Paris, but is not quite sure. If it were not for the boy's sake I would come straight through to Poggio Gherardo ; but he evidently rejoices in the prospect of a visit to Paris along with me. I'll not know my fate till I see him in London. From there you will only have post-cards.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Sept. 28th, 1913.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I am almost all right again—but I have still three more sittings which may set me wrong again. Our weather is warm, rain comes occasionally, but one does not mind that much here. My breathlessness is gone and I seldom feel any twinge of rheumatism unless I write or type too much. All that is a great mercy.

I've just heard from Jim that he has been appointed to the district of Backergunj, with headquarters at Barisal. It is said to be one of the healthiest districts in Eastern Bengal, owing to the fact that it is not very far from the sea. Barisal is twice as far from Calcutta as Jessore was. He does not yet know what his exact work will be, but he expects he will be put at the head of and superintend all the criminal case work and all the police work. The same mail brought a letter from an old friend who had met Jim in Bombay, and who could not help writing to say how glad he was to meet the boy—" with his loyal character, his strong power of sympathy combined with his direct common sense, he is sure to go far." Well, I hope he will !

I forgot to tell you that Dr. Prothero found it impossible to put my article on Bucer in the October, and is reserving it for the January number of the *Quarterly*. He seems very well pleased with it—which is more than I am.

My friends are now returning, and I shall not be so very solitary as I have been. I start my " consolation " dinners with Mrs. Beith on Monday. The Story's will soon be back —in a few days, and others as well.

Farewell, dearest friend.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Oct. 5th, 1913.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

Your letter, very welcome, arrived yesterday morning. I am glad your grapes are safely vatted and that your vintage is over; for it is always a time of some anxiety, is it not?

Our weather is curious. It is so warm that even the smallest fire makes the Study uncomfortably hot. This has been a wonderfully warm and dry summer in Scotland. The harvest, save in some very upland parts, seems to have been safely secured.

I got back to Glasgow on Thursday night, dead tired but happy; for the portrait was finished. I do dislike "sitting," and it tires me out. Susie came over from Belfast for two days to see and criticise and Elma Story went to Edinburgh with us for the same purpose. I think they were both somewhat disappointed; perhaps they had expected too much. I think the portrait is very good as a picture and a very true portrait of me as I have been all the summer; for I have been unusually swollen both in face and body with almost continuous breathlessness, and the artist could only paint what he saw. He is very pleased with it and declares that it is the one he means to select for exhibition in London and Paris. He has certainly put a lot of work into it. Of course I'm not enthusiastic about it. I never had the slightest admiration for my own face and figure, and have always disliked the idea of being painted; only one had to consent for the sake of the College. Had it not been for that I should never have consented to sit. Well, it is done—and that is one trouble over.

We begin work on Thursday and this will be a very busy week. I hope I'll get safely through it. Then comes the usual jog-trot. I must end this very stupid letter; I seem to have a brain quite benumbed, and I must write several others.

Yours ever,

Thomas M. Lindsay.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Oct. 12th, 1913.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

I fear that I have two of your letters to answer. What a week I have had, and I emerged in a somewhat battered condition. As you know my last "sitting" was on Thursday.

I came back from Edinburgh very done up indeed, and on Monday had a slight attack of asthma, which was pretty bad next day, but had almost disappeared on Wednesday. Wednesday, G. A. Smith and his wife arrived from Aberdeen, my sister Lizzie from St. Andrews, and Susie and her husband from Belfast. Elma Story came to dinner. Next day I had to deliver the Opening Address, 12–1 ; Presentation of the portrait, 1–2 ; Luncheon, 3. Then we dined all the professors ; that evening Susie was the hostess. It was a very tiring day and left its effects on me ; I'm still tired and breathless.

Opinion seems to be divided about the portrait. Most people praise it highly as a good likeness ; but some find fault with parts—such as the eyes and forehead. All agree that as a picture it is the finest thing we have in the College. What affected me most was the extraordinary display of affectionate regard towards myself by my old students. Men representing every individual class for the last forty years were present at the ceremony.

I am feeling so very stupid during these past weeks. I hope the feeling will pass away now that my College work has begun. My memory also has become useless. I know those letters V.T.P. quite well ; but cannot recollect what they stand for. I'll write to Wallace.

I'm in great luck at present. Susie is with me and will be here for seven or eight days to start me with my daughter Esther and her children. Such need of preparation. Nursery knives, forks and spoons ; nursery tablecloths, etc. etc. I thought I had got beyond all that sort of thing and here, in my old age and frailty, it is upon me again.

Well goodbye for a week, dearest friend.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Oct. 19th, 1913.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I've finished my first week of full work and am certainly as well as when I began it. Our weather has been wonderfully fine for the West of Scotland at this time of year, warm and sunny with but little rain.

I expect an inflow of the family this week. Susie comes on Thursday in order to be with me when Esther and her two children arrive. We have had great doings in the way of preparation, but all that I have done in this business is to pay

the bills. I did, however, insist on making a small bedroom neat and pretty for the eldest child, as I think it good for a girl of ten to have a pretty room to be her own.

Of course the portrait is still much discussed. It is now hung in one of the College Halls, and is gazed at and criticised. So far as I have heard it is admitted that it excels every other picture in the College as a work of art, and most people declare that it is an excellent likeness. It is also said to " grow on one." But a great many people, especially students and very personal friends, say it has missed what they declare to be one of the most characteristic things in my face, a half-humorous glint in the eye. Susie, Elma Story, Mrs. Beith, and many old students are very emphatic on this point. My own feeling is one of devout thankfulness that the thing is done and done with, and that I'll never need to " sit " again. How you can so cheerfully undergo that ordeal again and again I cannot imagine ; and I envy your endurance.

I have started with fairly good classes. In one of the two, in which I mean to lecture for some months—up to Christmas in fact—on Mediaeval History, I have eight American students who have graduated in American Universities, and also a Japanese Professor of History. I was not quite sure whether my somewhat sketchy lectures sufficed for such learned gentlemen and took the liberty of asking one of the Americans whether he was getting what he wanted. He replied that he was. " It is what I've been trying to get hold of for ten years and have never succeeded," he said. So I was comforted. If I have strength enough I'll write half a dozen new lectures on what may be called the " underground " social and religious movements in the Middle Ages. I got some new points on the Albigenses and Cathari on my motor tour last year, and wish to get them in writing—so that they may not be lost. The Albigensian movement, properly so-called, was confined to the South of France : but what was in almost all respects the same under the name of Catharist (Cathari) appeared in many other parts of Italy. Did you ever hear of a legend that Dante was at the head of a Catharist congregation in Florence ? I once saw a book, but was unable to do more than take down its name : Aroux, *Clef de la Comédie anti-catholique de Dante pasteur de l'Eglise albigeoise dans la ville de Florence* (1856, Paris). This is likely to be all rot, but may contain some interesting information, if I could only get hold of it. I wish I knew more about Italian history. Do you know where I could get a list of Italian cities in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, which were known to be *Ghibelline*

(Pisa was), or to contain a large *Ghibelline* minority among their citizens. There is of course no real connection between Ghibellines and Cathari; but the two had the same idea about ecclesiastical interference in civil and political matters.

Have you seen a new book (I think it is new); Roger de Mouvel on *Eminent Englishmen and Englishwomen in Paris*? The last part would interest you, as it treats almost exclusively of your old friend Thackeray and Paris.

I hope, dearest friend, that you have some company and are not quite alone.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Oct. 20th, 1913.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I am so glad you have Frank Crisp with you. Somehow I never feel anxious about you when he is at Poggio Gherardo; though I may not say it I often feel worried when I know you are all alone. Yesterday and to-day I am feeling better than I have done since the middle of July. I hope the feeling will last. I fancy that winter is fast approaching. The thermometer is not often above 48 Fahr. outside, and the leaves, which have remained longer on the trees than in any previous autumn I can remember, are now falling fast. You, in Italy, seem to have had a wonderful autumn. I'm glad for the poor people's sake that you have had a quantity of wine, if the quality has failed. The poor will have wine to drink. That is some comfort. My house is now full with its winter cargo. My daughter from India with her six year old son arrived yesterday afternoon, and Susie with the elder child, a girl, came over from Belfast on Thursday.

The photograph Susie sent you was one of the many taken by Mr. Watt's photographer before he began to paint. My portrait is a ¾-length standing. I have one photograph of the portrait, but am almost sure you would not like it. In the portrait you will say, I am sure, that there is too much pose—but the pose is a natural one for me in my gown. If you care to have it I'll try to get one for you.

Take care of yourself, dearest friend.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Oct. 31st, 1913.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

I have had two letters from you since I wrote. I fear I am lazy compared with you.

First of all let me thank you warmly for the trouble you have taken about Aroux' book. It was curious to find it in such a place as Vieusseux. The author must be a faddist, as I thought he would probably prove. It, however, was not to be expected that he would say much about the *Cathari*, at least under that name. Being a Frenchman he would call them *Albigeois*, or Albigenses, and would not be practically wrong in so doing. The core of the Albigensian movement in South France was Catharist; and *les bons hommes* of the Albigensians were like the select of the Catharists. What I should have looked for were any *facts*, apart from fancied interpretations of passages in the *Commedia*, on the presence of Albigenses or Cathari in Florence. I suppose there are none. What quotations you give me are all grotesque sallies of the author's fancy. I'm sorry that I have troubled you, and given you so much bother.

We too are having mild weather, but it is anything but uniform. It is interrupted by biting winds. It does not seem to matter from what direction the wind comes, it is always cold. These bursts of cold and heat are rather trying—to me at least, yet I seem to be gathering strength. Here I am at the end of my third week of lecturing much better than when I started—though that is not saying very much after all.

I expect to hear whether you have undertaken the translation for Duckworth. You say you like translating; still it is hack-work, and as a rule translators are not permitted to select the books they desire to translate, but have to take what are given them.

Kindest regards to Frank Crisp, and best love to yourself, dearest friend.

Yours ever,

Thomas M. Lindsay.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 8th, 1913.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

To-day is the first of real winter. I have three letters of yours to answer. You are treating me so very well and I am

behaving somewhat shabbily, but my rheumatism makes it difficult to write more than a page without resting my arm for a long while afterwards, and I have a good deal to write. I'm getting on with my full household and am very little disturbed by the children. The girl, a very nice child indeed, is at school all day and the boy is too weak to be troublesome to me. Neither come into the Study.

As to the relation of Dante to the Cathari, properly so-called, I do not believe in it at all. I think I first saw it mentioned in Karl Schmidt's book—*Histoire et doctrine des Cathares*, 2 vols., published in 1849. He certainly repeats it, as if he believed it, in an Encyclopedic article. Several German writers refer to Aroux as if he were an important authority—which I cannot believe him to be. How the idea arose is just what I want to find out. Had Aroux mentioned any single *fact*, we might have had a clue ; but if one can go by your extracts, all he has is a general idea that Dante was anti-papist and then like the Shakespeare-Bacon people he finds hidden meanings in such words as "angels," etc. etc. Now that seems to me to be simply rubbish.

Dr. Mackendrick has just been. I read him the sentence of your letter about a cure for indigestion. All he said was : "Oh yes, that is a well-known thing. It is used when the patient has been eating too much starch. It is the great antidote for starch. Now you have not been doing so since you came home. No, I go back to what I said at first. You had been eating too much when you were abroad. Mrs. Ross has been too kind and has insisted on your stuffing yourself." I do not think you did try to stuff me. Did you ? He gives a very good account of my present condition.

Goodbye for the present, dearest friend.

Ever yours,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 14th, 1913.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Your box of Kaki fruit arrived safely this morning. What beautiful large specimens you have sent, how can I thank you enough for them.

To-morrow will see us half-way through the hateful month of November—for which I am devoutly thankful. I have never been too ill to lecture, though I have been weak and

breathless. I went out to dinner on Saturday to meet, as I thought, Mr. ——, whom I desired to see because he had been in India and with Jim at Jessore. But either I or my hostess, Mrs. MacLehose, had made a mistake. The man I did meet was Mr. ——, a member of Parliament for ——, full of what he believes to be knowledge of the inner circle of present political news. I'm never very prone to believe in such knowledge being imparted by leaders to their followers. One thing, however, I well believe. He says that the militant suffragettes have so disgusted men of all parties, that if votes in the House of Commons were taken by ballot, he does not think that more than fifteen or twenty votes would be cast in favour of women's franchise.

I've been reading again leisurely two books on Italian Mediaeval heresy and mysticism—both recommended to me by Professor Villari years ago. Jocco's *L'Eresia nel Medio Evo*, and Gebhart's *L'Italie mystique*. I had forgotten that they were in my library when I wrote to you about the Cathari. I've ordered the latest work on the subject whose name was sent me by Mr. Gardine. I wonder what it will be like.

Ever yours, my dearest friend,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 22nd, 1913.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I meant to write to you two days ago, but was continuously hindered. I am more sorry than I can tell to hear of the disasters caused by your great storm—especially of the damage done to your wonderfully beautiful camphor tree. Trees sometimes recover well, I hope it will. We have had one or two great storms in this country ; the wind was strong enough to do a deal of damage to slates and chimney pots ; and the continual moan of the wind kept me all-overish by day and sleepless by night. I do dislike wind. The entrance to the College stands fully exposed to the S.W. and W. which are our prevailing winds ; but there is a private door in a less wind-swept spot, and I've got a key now for it, and disembark there from my cab, and that is a great relief. It is not very good to boast much, but I have been better this last week than I've been for many a month. To-day began with a thickish fog, but now (10.30 a.m.) the fog has melted away and the sun is struggling to appear.

23rd November. Yesterday when I stopt at the end of the sentence I saw that the sun had cleared the mist away, and that I could go into town. I've got your Rhesus, but I think there must be some other translations you have not got. Tell me the ones you have not, and I'll get them. Then came the post and with it affairs which took me all afternoon and evening—the proof of my article on Bucer for the *Quarterly*. It had to be corrected at once. I do not like it ; it seems stiff and rough. I thought it would be so, but I feel as if it were worse than I expected. I'll send you the proof when it is returned to me.

I'm sorry you find your translation work dull. I should expect to find it so and was always surprised when you said that you liked translating—but that meant I suppose translating things *you* liked and not what a publisher has given you to do. Still the work will give you some of the employment your active mind and body needs and likes.

You do not take much interest in Marie Antoinette, I think. A book, interesting to me, has just been published under the title *Marie Antoinette, Fersen et Barnave*. It is founded on, and prints, a parcel of letters which have lain long in an old Swedish Castle, where once lived Fersen's favourite sister, and consists of a series of familiar letters from the brother to the sister and a packet of letters from Marie Antoinette to Barnave, supposed to have been given to Fersen for safe keeping.

Now I must stop. Do take care of yourself, dearest friend.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 30th, 1913.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I fear from your last two letters that you are not feeling well, and I have been rather anxious about you. I'm glad that you are not here for your sake—not for mine. We are having days and nights which you would hate as much as I do. Wind is constant and every afternoon it becomes a gale about 4 p.m., and so continues till about 7 a.m. I am thankful that November has passed without any severe attack of asthma and that I have been fitter for my College work than I have been for two years. The worst part of the session is over. Of course I may succumb later, February is a bad month—cold and foggy.

Have you ever heard of psycho-analysis as a new method of medical investigation in diseases of the nerves. A friend of mine who began life as a fairly successful young doctor, and then came into a fortune of about £3000 a year, gave up all paying practice, but still investigates all new things in medicine and is specially interested in "freaks." He hands over paying cases to a doctor friend, and keeps the poor patients who cannot pay in his own hands. The new idea which engrosses him at present is that in most cases of pronounced nervous queerness the disease has been started by some great fright received probably in infancy, and that if the fright can be tracked and the patient made to see plainly what has started his nervous condition, he will probably be cured. He has succeeded in one or two cases which were considered hopeless. If I go to Edinburgh for a day or two at Christmas, I'll probably see him and hear more about the method.

My arm still hurts when I write, so goodbye, dearest friend, and take care of yourself. I'm glad Frank Crisp is still with you and hope his studies of white oxen will come to something.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Dec. 26th, 1913.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

To-day I've a holiday from rheumatic pain and can begin a letter with some prospect of finishing it. I have had anything but an idyllic Christmas—an attack of real asthma came to aid the rheumatism to subdue me, and I have had two days in bed, much to my disgust. I had to cancel two dinners, for rheumatism and dress manners do not go well together. Yesterday, Christmas Day, brought me amid a lot of things two really nice presents: one was a delightful water-colour of the pergola at the end of your Terrace garden with the distant view of Florence. As you know, Elma Story made one or two sketches of it while she was at Poggio Gherardo, and this is the result worked out from them. The other was a book on, what do you think?—*The Russian Ballet.* It is rather sumptuously got up, author A. R. Johnston, artist René Bull, and contains sixteen coloured and ever so many black and white illustrations. The coloured ones are by an entirely new process, it is said, and are really

exquisite. As for the letterpress I have not looked at it yet.

You asked me about the new Marie Antoinette-Fersen book —whether there was anything said about the intimate relations of Fersen and the Queen. Yes there is, and just what is always said by all who have thoroughly examined the correspondence between the two, that while there is evidence of the utmost devotion and respectful love on the Count's side and real affection on the part of the Queen, there is not a trace of illicit passion. I have read a great deal about the two and I have no evidence of anything else. There is *no* real evidence for the scandal. That was first propagated by Lord Malmesbury (I think), who gave as his authority a lady-in-waiting; the lady promptly contradicted him. Those who wished to believe the scandal spoke of erasures made by Fersen in the letters he had received from the Queen. Baron de Klinckowstrom, Fersen's grand-nephew, published some specimen facsimiles of those letters which contain the erasures to show that what was erased concerned the intimate political secrets and nothing else. He has assured us that he has gone over the whole correspondence and has found nothing in it whatever to justify even the suspicion of a scandal. Still some people who relish such things persist in believing it. Of course in this new book there would not be evidence one way or another; for Fersen's letters are to his sister —a young girl, and the Queen's are to republican politicians.

Dr. —— has been visiting me, his patient. His brother, Dr. —— who has risen high in the Indian Medical Service, is now on furlough and living for a few days here. From him come two bits of news you may like to hear. It seems that Carl Pearson, a great mathematician and well-known authority on statistics, has been attacking some of Sir Almroth Wright's theories (do not ask me which, for I do not know), saying that they could be mathematically proved impossible, and that Sir Almroth replied brusquely that he knew nothing about mathematics and did not care, but that he was correct. —— is really a great mathematician and always spends much of his furlough on abstruse mathematics and their application to physics. So a few weeks ago he applied himself to Pearson's attack on Sir Almroth and has proved that mathematically Pearson is wrong and Sir Almroth correct. —— also told me that Jim's work, combating malaria at Jessore, has been written about in the medical papers of the Indian Government Medical Service and that the Director-General of the Service,

Surgeon General Lukis, delivered a lecture at Bombay expounding them, and citing the Collector of Jessore as an example to be followed by Indian Civilians.

I do hope you are well.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Jan. 15th, 1914.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Yours of yesterday came yesterday, rather a quick passage. I suspect everyone everywhere is cold at present. At the end of last week the *Times*, in all the solemnity of big type, announced on the authority of the meteorological Office that the frost had not only gone but was not to return for weeks. It was back in forty-eight hours.

College resumed on Tuesday and I've been lecturing for three days and feeling very well. Asthma has ceased to trouble and even rheumatism is at rest. I wish I could be sure that this state of things would last. Perhaps it may.

What a "row" in our newspapers about the Kikuyu business. Some days a whole page of the *Times* is filled with letters and statements and portentous leading articles abound. I get letters actually beseeching me to join in the fray—which I am not going to do. I do not think that anything serious will come of it. Those Southerners say that we Scots are theological; we may be; but we are not hysterical. The Church of England is having a bad attack of hysteria at present; but it will soon calm down, or I am much mistaken.

Now it is time to be off, so goodbye, dearest friend.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Feb. 1st, 1914.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Yours of the 28th has somewhat relieved me. I was worried and anxious at your continuous cold. Now you tell me you have had influenza. You must be careful; the aftermath of influenza is to be dreaded, do be careful.

Elma Story has brought me a queer battered little book which she found in her father's library and could make nothing

of. I sat down to it on Monday night. It was in black letter and rather fascinated me. At last an inspiration seized me; could it possibly be a late sixteenth century edition of the poems of Sir David Lindsay? I got down my edition and found that it was. Had the book not been so mangled it would be very valuable. It lacks sixteen pages at the beginning and at least nine at the end, and does not contain more than half of his poems. I have no time at present for minute investigation, so I've returned it to Elma and lent her the modern edition to work from.

Goodbye for the present, dearest friend. Take care of yourself. You need the advice as much as I do.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Feb. 6th, 1914.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

What a severe winter you have had and appear to have still. Our days are sunless, we have much rain, and always dampness. I long for some of your sunlight. My electric light is always needed in the Study till 11.30 and has to be turned on again at 3—so dark are our days.

I'm enjoying a few days without classes; to-day the students from Edinburgh and Aberdeen come to College to hold debates and to read and criticise papers in our College, and classes meeting between 11 and 1 o'clock (when my two classes meet) are suspended for the day. No classes are held on Saturday or Sunday at any time; and Monday is the ancient statutory, called by the curious name of Meal-Monday. I dare say you have heard of the old saying that Scottish students (poor ones) lived on a little oat-meal. Well, ever since the beginning of the seventeenth century the Monday before the first Tuesday in every month was a holiday to enable the students (so it was said), to lay in their monthly stocks of oat-meal. Of course the need for the holiday has died out generations ago, and all the holidays have gone save those in February and March. They have remained and are sacred student's privilege. Only they are sometimes moveable. This one ought to have been a week earlier; the students asked it to be changed from the 2nd to the 9th. The four days' rest will help me greatly.

My article on Bucer came back safely. You are partially

right. Bucer was not "a dull old boy," but my article is very dull. I told you that I felt it to be so. It is.

I am still in complete darkness about my plans. Only this is certain, that I cannot leave before April 5th.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Feb. 11th, 1914.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I have another of those mysterious attacks of asthma—mysterious for I cannot tell how it has come. Suddenly on Monday I became cold though in my warm Study and then to breathe heavily. It has not become severe as yet, and I've lectured yesterday and to-day; also my rheumatic arm has made me shirk writing letters.

I had rather a treat yesterday. —— sister-in-law, who is here on a visit, came to see me and show me some of her exquisite work. She has devoted herself to photography and has been very successful; during the last two years she has been working at colour-photography and won the gold medal at the London exhibition last year. She is applying it to portraits. It was a great pleasure to see them and talk about them. I never saw such shades, and delicacy in shading, say, on a black dress; such truthful colours. Of course such plates are only on glass; coloured copies cannot be made. When copies are said to be made they are really produced by the "3 colour" process—which is not photography.

My lectures cease and the College Session comes to an end in six weeks. Adieu for the present, dearest friend.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Feb. 20th, 1914.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

Friday has come and is going; it is now 7 p.m. and I have actually been able to lecture twice a day, and what is more I am very much less rheumatic than I was on Monday and Tuesday. I really never dreamt that I could have gone on all the week; but I stuck to it and have done myself good rather than harm.

Winter seems to be still reigning in some parts of Scotland—not here. My sister-in-law writes from Kirkcudbrightshire that snow and heavy rain alternate.

Thank you for sending me Jim's letter. London critics seem to be going mad over Tagore's poems in their English form. I've seen review after review of them. I've just got Champion's book which has been promised for at least two years—*François Villon, Sa vie et son temps.* It will be rather hard reading as it is full of very minute facts; but I find it interesting if I do not read too many pages at one sitting.

We seem to have a good many Americans in Glasgow at present. I had two American professors listening to my lectures to-day.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Sept. 6th, 1914.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I ought to have answered your letter three days ago; but I have been in bed—sent there by my Doctor to cure what he calls abnormal fatigue. I have no time, nor have I the strength to tell you how I was confined in France and how at last I got out of the country. The Declaration of War found us at Orange where we arrived on the 13th day of our motor tour. We had to hurry to Avignon to enable our chauffeur to join his regiment and to prevent the car being requisitioned before we returned it. We got into a good hotel. We could not get away. No passenger trains were allowed until the mobilisation was over. That done we expected to be able to leave. But then came the collection of the troops in Algeria—sent across to Marseilles and north past Avignon. So far as we were concerned we had no trouble; the hotel was good; the climate delightful, only we had to get permits to stay, which we easily did. My passport, which you laughed at, was a great protection. Only we could not leave. Fortunately I had plenty of money.

Isabel MacDougall wished to get back to Switzerland, but neither letters nor telegrams brought any answer from Mrs. MacDougall; she never got any of them until we had left Avignon, and most of my letters never reached their destination. After *three* weeks we could get away and went on to Lyons. There difficulties arose; but the English Consul was

a great assistance. Isabel MacDougall found through him that her mother was still at Bex, and that although the journey would be tedious and tiring it was not impossible to get to Geneva. My case seemed worse and but for Mad. Faverot I do not see how I could have got away. She went to the General in command; he had known her husband, General Faverot de Kerbrech, and gave her a note to the Préfet du Rhone. His Chef de Bureau said that orders had come that no foreigner was to enter Paris without special permit from the Minister of War. He got that for me: he telephoned to the station master to give us seats in the daily or rather nightly Paris train. At the station we had no end of worry, but in the end our luggage was put in the train; the station master had kept two seats for Mad. Faverot and myself, while Isabel easily got a seat for Bellegarde on the Swiss frontier. We had a dismal night in the train packed with passengers, the corridors crowded with men and women who had to stand. The train went very slowly; but we got to Paris at last, intensely tired. That was Thursday forenoon. In Paris I had to get passport viséd, a French *Laisser Partir*, etc. etc. I tried to get away on Friday, Saturday and Sunday —but found it impossible, although I was at the station more than an hour before the scheduled time. At last I tried the Havre route and succeeded in reaching London after an awful journey—the worst part of which was getting on the steamer. I was crushed in a swaying crowd from 6.45 to 9.45, and when I did reach the deck I fell exhausted, having dropt handbag and great coat in the crowd from sheer weakness. Two English ladies revived me with copious rubbing of eau-de Cologne and I managed to sit on deck. After an hour or so a steward took me down to the second-class saloon and I lay on the floor. At Southampton I was so weak and helpless that I remained on board till almost all the passengers were out; then came examination of passports and papers, hunting for luggage. In the rush I saw my luggage on board the train but could not get a seat anywhere. This did not worry me much. I got a cab, drove to the West station, found there was a train in thirty-five minutes, and got something to eat. I had eaten and slept very little for two days. The journey to London was easy enough; my train was only a few minutes behind the Boat-train. I got my luggage and went to the Grosvenor where I at once wrote to you and to Tom; sent telegrams to my children. I had thought of waiting in London for two days, but finally decided to get home at once. So I left Euston at 10 a.m.; at Preston a Government train with

coals for the fleet got before us and delayed us till Carlisle. We did not reach Glasgow till 9 p.m. instead of 6.20. To my great relief Esther met me, put me in a Taxi and saw to my luggage. My condition alarmed me. I fancied I had strained my heart. But when the Doctor arrived he pronounced that the heart was all right, but that I was abominably tired.

I am very much troubled about you, dearest friend. I've had no news of you from the first week in August, I know nothing and could learn nothing about you; and I actually wrote to Poggio Gherardo. I do wish that I could make you comfortable here; I should be delighted to have you for the whole winter and would insist on your coming if I thought that you could be comfortable. As it is I do invite you most heartily. Only I must tell you that only the small bedroom in which you were once is vacant. Esther and her children are with me and will be with me all the winter and all next summer also. The Indian officials have been recalled to India, so my son-in-law was only four weeks in this country. It is a poor thing to offer; but if all else fails we shall try to make you as comfortable as possible.

Now I must stop. I am still very tired. I'm anxious about so many people—my sister and niece are shut up in the Tyrolese highlands and no possibility of getting money to her. Mrs. MacDougall and Isabel at Vevey, and I'm not sure whether they can get money. It took eight days for a letter to come from Switzerland a week ago, and no one knows how long it will take now.

Yours ever, dearest friend,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 11th, 1914.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

At last I have an hour to give you. I was at College to-day—perhaps too soon—and I returned very tired. Work awaited me when I got back; and I have just got it done. I had a severe bout of it. Asthma, produced I think by overwork and anxiety about College and classes all through the month of October, and involving four days in Edinburgh, of a tolerably severe kind aggravated by a cold which could not be got rid of, and rheumatism in the left arm. I have the idea, however, that I should not have been so ill or so weak had it

not been for the war, and the depressed nervy condition it seemed to produce. I was a year ago in a slight sand-storm in England. Fine, invisible, almost impalpable sand everywhere—sand in nostrils, mouth, ears, throat; sand in what we ate and breathed; sand between skin and innermost clothing—sand everywhere producing irritation, a restless lassitude and overcoming every attempt at exertion of any kind. That is the only physical analogy I can think of resembling what the war seems to produce in me and in others. Some sort of unseen and utterly impalpable war-dust pervades one's whole mental and even physical atmosphere. It clogs the brain, benumbs the memory, irritates the nerves and makes me hopelessly sluggish—incapable of facing brightly things that have to be done. I seem to have lost for the time being a good part of my power of taking things lightly. This is probably worse with me than with many because of my sedentary and almost solitary life. At any rate the war seems to produce a depressed condition of mind and body, which is a great ally of the Asthma Fiend. I suspect that you, my dearest friend, are in the same if not in a worse condition. You are further away from news, and you have your special anxieties about Frank Crisp. So far as he is concerned, remember that the chances are much greater that he comes through all right. We hear of slaughter, carnage, horrible loss of life among the brave young fellows who are fighting and the news seems to produce the idea that all are doomed. But that is not so. Young Faverot has been in every battle round Verdun and in innumerable skirmishes we hear nothing about; he has had one—I think two horses shot under him, and he has not had a scratch. So Sursum Corda.

Giglioli's statements about the political position of Italy were very interesting. I wonder whether they are quite accurate. If I were an Italian Statesman, I almost fancy I'd do my best to keep my country in its position of benevolent neutrality towards the Allies. Italy has done a great deal for the Allies—much more than she seems to get credit for. Her partial mobilisation in the north seems to keep 200,000 Austrians guarding the Austrian frontier; before the end of the third week of the war the French found that there was no need to keep the great part of the 200,000 men she had massed on the Italian frontier; and we were kept six days longer than we would have been otherwise because the French Government used the railways to bring those troops away to use against the Germans. Of course, Italy is eager and anxious

about Italia Irredenta. I wonder what sober minded Italians mean by that word, or rather phrase. With extreme men I suppose it means not only the Trentino, Trieste and the peninsula on which Pola stands, but also the whole strip of the Dalmatic coast extending down to Ragusa and perhaps to Cattaro. If Germany wins, Italy will get nothing; if the Allies win I should think that, whether she takes part in the war or not, she is bound to get the Trentino and Trieste. I doubt whether she has much right to Dalmatia. I acknowledge that the commerce is all in Italian hands and that Italian is the language of the educated classes everywhere; but the lower classes in the towns and all the country people are Serbs. If the Allies win I suspect that Russia will see that Servia gets Bosnia and Herzegovina with their coast-line, which is Dalmatic in great part. How foolishly Austria behaved in 1909, in formally annexing the two provinces and in preventing still earlier Montenegro from having Cattaro. Well—I need not weary you with politics.

I forgot to tell you of our meeting a Russian at dinner at Avignon. Next to me and opposite to Mad. Faverot was a tall, handsome young man of about thirty, evidently a person of some distinction (we discovered later that he was a Russian Prince, with large estates in the Caucasus, who was entering France in the endeavour to take his wife and children to England). The conversation, always in French, turned on the conduct of the Germans in Belgium. "They will pay for it," said the Russian. "My uncle is colonel of a Cossack regiment. He and his men are in East Prussia or soon will be. They will not leave a German, man, woman or child, alive in any village on their line of march." "Is that civilisation?" questioned Mad. Faverot. "Madame, we Russians are not civilised, and that is our advantage over you French and English in this war. We are primitive enough to say: If you Germans kill and mutilate our women and children, we will kill yours."

He told us that he had been summoned to Moscow to be present when the Czar met his people there. He had never seen and never expected to see again such an assembly—so full of deep, quiet enthusiasm. The Czar, in the end, broke down in presence of the all pervading emotion, wiped his eyes in presence of them all—then when he could command his voice, which was not for some seconds, he raised his hand and said: "I swear in God's Presence to you all and to each one of you that I will never make peace until I do it in Berlin."

The news yesterday was that the Embden is at last destroyed. Her captain is a gallant and courteous enemy. That can be said for him. Now, it must be goodbye, I'm rather tired.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 21st, 1914.

DEAR MRS. ROSS,

I have meant to write to you during the last two days, but have been physically unfit. For nearly a week after my illness I was very well and wrote to you, but since then for a week we have had yellow fog day after day, which has made me very weak and breathless. If it continues I suspect I shall have another bad attack of asthma.

Yes, the post is worrying in these days; but how can it be otherwise? War penetrates everywhere and overturns the whole organisation of peace. For you it must be specially trying. It is not that letters always take twice and often three times the time they usually do, it is their uncertainty that is most trying. One can never count how long a letter will take to come and go. I sympathise greatly with you in your lack of news about Frank Crisp. You suffer with thousands. Mad. Faverot waited long weeks, I forget how many, before she even knew where her son's regiment was, and much longer ere she had any word about him, and so it is with many, many women here in Glasgow. These are wounds almost as bad to bear as those given in the fighting line—the weary, weary waiting, knowing nothing whatever of the dear ones who have passed out of sight into danger.

I am glad the Berensons are expected soon. Their presence will not lessen that prolonged gnawing anxiety from which you must be suffering; but it will be some companionship. Three nephews of mine are in the East African Horse fighting the Germans in British East Africa (Mombasa). We have heard nothing of them for two months, though we occasionally read in the newspapers of skirmishes and men killed and wounded. I can easily fancy that your translation work is very dull and does not help you much to take your mind off your anxieties.

I'm getting pretty tired and fear that I must stop.

Yours ever,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 23rd, 1914.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

I quite forgot to tell you that I've just been looking over a book entitled *The Berry Papers*. It consists of the correspondence between the Misses Berry and their friends hitherto unpublished. I thought it rather dull. But there are two letters in it from your grandmother, Mrs. Austin, and there is a portrait of her different from any one that I have seen.

Then I enclose two short poems—both rather curious. The first is that German Hymn of Hate, which has been alluded to pretty often. The original appeared in *Jugend*, but I cannot get the month and have not seen it. The second—The Day—is composed by a Mr. Chappell, who is a railway porter at Bath, and has, I believe, occasionally published verses in local newspapers.

Yours ever,

Thomas M. Lindsay.

37 Westbourne Gardens,
Glasgow, Nov. 28th, 1914.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

I do not know whether many of my letters have been opened by the censor; but very few that come to me have been touched. Of course I do not object in the slightest degree to the opening and deleting what the censor thinks ought not to go through; but I do object to the censor writing what I consider impertinent remarks—viz. that the letter is too long and that the hand-writing is illegible, as was done with one of Isabel's to her cousin.

The fogs and the frost have ceased for the time and we have S.W. gales and great splashes of showers—anything is welcome instead of that continuous fog. I've wrestled through this week as I did the last, getting worse and worse as the days passed; this forenoon I spent in bed and that has done me good. If I can only hold out until December 17th, our Christmas vacation begins then, and I'll have three weeks for regaining strength. This session which seemed so long in anticipation is really passing fast. My daughter Esther came back from St. Andrews to-day and will now be with me for a month or two at least. I heard from Robert Smith yesterday who is high up in the Egyptian Government; he scoffs at the

Turks being able to do much, and says that the Bedawi and the Arabs are quarrelling already. He is highly gratified with the quality of the British troops in garrison, and also with that of the Indian troops there. The quick fall of Basra seems to have impressed all.

I trust you are much better.

Yours ever, dearest friend,

THOMAS M. LINDSAY.

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